This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

+ *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.

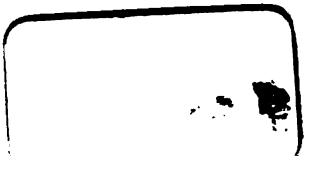
+ *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.

+ *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.

+ *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

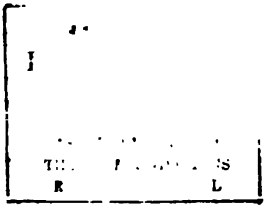
About Google Book Search

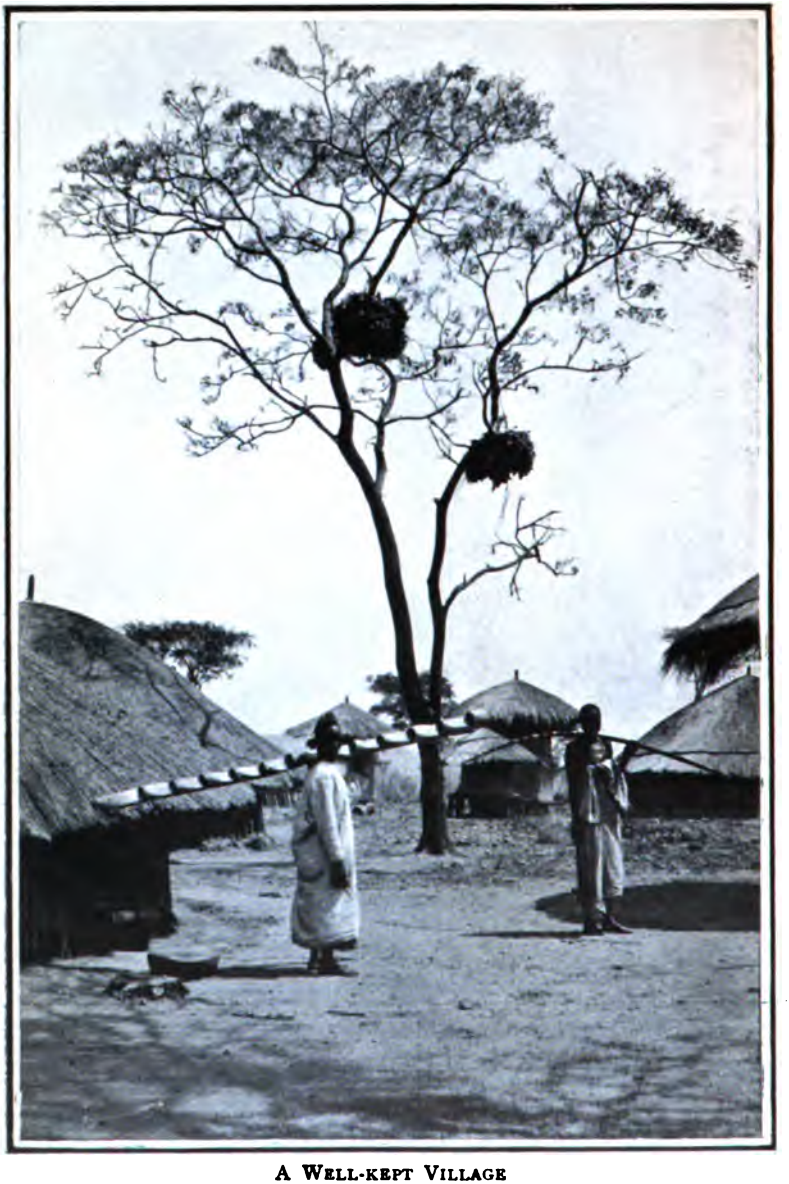
Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at `http://books.google.com/`



BLR
Swann

FIGHTING THE SLAVE-HUNTERS IN CENTRAL AFRICA





A WELL-KEPT VILLAGE

The native on the left has bought a new garment and fez, showing he has adopted Mohammedanism. He is carrying a ladder of the kind used all over Africa for getting on to huts. The man on the right is carrying a piece of sugar-cane. A flat stone for grinding rice is on the left. From the tree the seed for next year is suspended to preserve it from rats and white ants.

FIGHTING THE SLAVE-HUNTERS IN CENTRAL AFRICA

A RE[illegible]
[illegible] YEARS OF [illegible] & ADVEN[illegible]
ROUND THE GREAT LAKES
AND [illegible]
[illegible] OVERTHROW OF [illegible] KUMBIZA
AND [illegible] THEIR GREAT [illegible]

BY

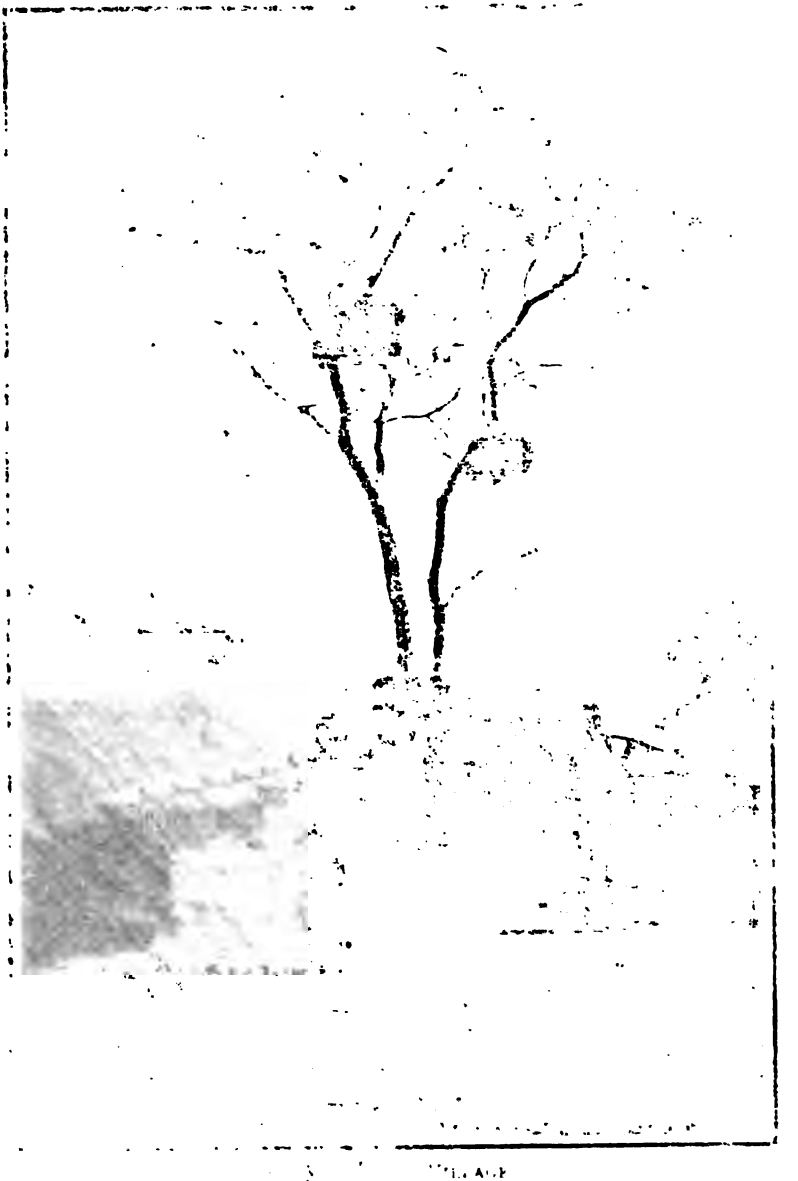
ALFRED J. SWANN
[illegible] Rhodes Magistrate [illegible]

WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY

SIR H. H. JOHNSTON, G.C.M.G., K.C.

With 45 Illustrations [illegible]

PHILADELPHIA
J. B. LIPPINCOTT COMPANY
LONDON: SEELEY AND CO. LIMITED
1910



FIGHTING THE SLAVE-HUNTERS IN CENTRAL AFRICA

A RECORD OF
TWENTY-SIX YEARS OF TRAVEL & ADVENTURE
ROUND THE GREAT LAKES
AND OF
THE OVERTHROW OF TIP-PU-TIB, RUMALIZA
AND OTHER GREAT SLAVE-TRADERS

BY

ALFRED J. SWANN

Late Senior Resident Magistrate of the Nyasaland Protectorate

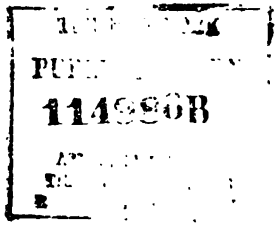
WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY

SIR H. H. JOHNSTON, G.C.M.G., K.C.B.

With 45 Illustrations & a Map

PHILADELPHIA
J. B. LIPPINCOTT COMPANY
LONDON: SEELEY AND CO. LIMITED
1910

R. G. S.



Printed by Ballantyne, Hanson & Co.
At the Ballantyne Press, Edinburgh

916.7 — Sw 2

Library: The New York Times. 187

INTRODUCTION

THE Africa about which Mr. Swann writes—as I think, with such absorbing interest—has already passed into history, the history which is least read because it is that of yesterday.

The conditions of East Africa twenty-five to twenty years ago are so extraordinarily different to the appearance and conditions of life in that region at the present day, that it might almost be thought Mr. Swann was writing not of experiences within the limit of the life of a man of middle age, but of some remoter period coeval with Livingstone and Cameron. Indeed, the East Africa first seen by Mr. Swann (and by the writer of this preface) was not a whit changed from the East Africa through which Burton, Speke, Grant, and Thomson struggled to find great lakes, vaguely rumoured rivers, and in their quest first beheld many a strange beast and extraordinary human tribe new to science.

We have too easily and readily forgotten the East Africa known to Livingstone, and the Arab slave-trade has become a vague legend, possibly disbelieved in to a great extent by the somewhat cynical white men who now swarm over Tropical Africa and say to us weary ones of those pioneer days: "I can't see what you beggars made such a fuss about. The Arabs seem to me a devilish good lot of people, quite easy to get on with; and if they did come down rather hard on

41 X 51

the nigger for not working, why, it was all for the nigger's good. And I don't call it half a bad kind of country—splendid shooting—why, I got such and such a bag in so many days with my (quoting the latest invention in rifles and soft-nosed or explosive bullets). Talk of dying of thirst in such and such a desert! What rot! Why, there's an artesian well at the principal rest-house, and you can get awfully good iced drinks and perfect lager beer at all the stores in Unyamwezi. Besides, how can you be much bothered by this particular piece of route when you can bicycle sixty miles in a day in the dry season, to say nothing of motoring. Why you should ever have been ill, *I* can't think. . . . Absolute pleasure trip to me." And so forth, and so on.

Perhaps Mr. Swann's book (which I sincerely hope may be widely read) may enable people who care to follow closely the history of African development to realise in the first place what the Arab slave-trade was like, and why it so concerned the minds of Livingstone, of the early missionaries, of several consuls, and of trading associations like the African Lakes Company, which could not wholly divest themselves of human feelings.

Mr. Swann's book will also give you the romance of East Africa before it became tourist-trodden and vulgarised. This quality is irrecoverable. Just as the once beautiful English scenery is passing away under our eyes in favour of corrugated iron, paper-strewn roads and lanes, red-brick villas, pollarded beeches, incongruous rhododendron shrubberies, excellent but ugly factories, flashy hotels in lieu of old-world inns, and asphalt esplanades in place of a pleistocene shingle, so the Africa of Mr. Swann's days, with its unlimited and even dangerous wild beasts, its men and women just emerging from the Age of Stone, the *Nyika* innocent of eucalyptus groves, dense forests scarcely altered since the Miocene, Man at his

most barbarous and most heroic (this last applies to the white pioneers) has disappeared in favour of railways, motors, telegraphs, negroes that are drilled in European fashion, prosperous mission-schools and technical institutes, the bang, bang, bang of the slaughtering British sportsman, the lisping accents of the lady traveller who is trying to write a book about Africa in a four months' tour (lapped in luxury as she passes from one hospitable station to another), the Africa of the cinematograph and the gramophone records, of fashionable diplomacy, highly trained administrators, royal guests, and banished malaria.

Of course, the real truth is that Africa is becoming more interesting than ever, the problems more complex, the history of its past—its distant past—better and better known, the condition of its native inhabitants far, far and away happier than in the times of which Mr. Swann writes.

His own part in bringing about that happiness has been considerable. He took an even larger share than he relates (of his modesty) in curbing the Arab slave-trade round about the shores of Tanganyika. He believed—and I think with justification—that a British Protectorate over many of these regions would be of vast benefit to the indigenous people. Therefore, when I met him on the south shore of Lake Tanganyika in 1889, and told him that I was prevented by serious complications in Nyasaland from pursuing my original plan of carrying the British flag (allied with the necessary treaties) right through from the north end of Tanganyika to Uganda (so as to complete the Cape-to-Cairo route), Mr. Swann agreed, when furnished with the necessary authority, to complete this section. With the assistance of my Swahali head-man, Ali Kiongwe (who is now living on a small Government pension at Zanzibar), he completed the scope of British treaties at the north end of Tanganyika, which, had

they been all ratified by the British Government, would have given to the British Empire (without robbing anybody else) a continuous all-British route from Cape Colony to Egypt, on the assumption, of course, that the waters of Tanganyika were free to all nations.

H. H. JOHNSTON.

AUTHOR'S PREFACE

THE following pages contain my recollections of twenty-six years spent in Africa. They have been written at the repeated request of colleagues of various nationalities, with whom, in the years 1882–1909, I travelled and laboured in Central Africa, co-operating with them in the work of undermining, and finally destroying, the Slave-Trade around the great lakes.

The thrilling stories of explorers and missionaries had appealed to my natural love of travel and adventure, and fired me with an ambition to follow such men as Livingstone, Stanley, Burton, Schweinfurth, and others, and to help in healing what Livingstone called "Africa's open sore." When I went out in 1882 the great partition of Africa had not taken place, and the hideous trade was at its worst. Caravans from the interior brought thousands of slaves to the East Coast, and left thousands dead upon the road.

Lakes Nyasa, Tanganyika, and Victoria Nyanza were in the hands of Arab and native slave-traders, and beyond a patrol—admittedly unsatisfactory—of portions of the East Coast, nothing much was being done to crush the accursed traffic which was eating out the heart of Africa. For twenty-six years I was able to take part in the determined efforts for its suppression which were then made, and to fill a place in the ranks of those African pioneers whose deeds had kindled my ambition. I earnestly hope that my experiences may bring encouragement to some whom a love of justice and liberty is spurring on to fresh exertions on behalf of those tribes in Africa which have not yet been delivered from the curse of slavery.

AUTHOR'S PREFACE

So many years of labour and anxiety have naturally been diversified by many adventures, both of travel and sport, the narratives of which may not, I hope, be found uninteresting.

At the close of my career in Africa, I should wish to place on record my great admiration for other pioneers, American, German, French, Belgian, and Portuguese, whom I met, and with whom I worked, and who vied with my own countrymen in a healthy, courteous, and vigorous competition to advance civilisation in their respective Spheres of Influence.

All the photographs here reproduced are copyright, and my grateful acknowledgments are due to the owners for their permission to use them. In preparing these pages for the press, I have been most ably assisted by Miss Bennett of Tarring, Worthing, without whose co-operation the task would not have been undertaken, and to whom sincere thanks are rendered.

A. J. S.

WORTHING, SUSSEX,
January 1910.

CONTENTS

CHAPTER I

PAGE

ARRIVAL AT ZANZIBAR—PREPARATIONS FOR THE JOURNEY . 19

CHAPTER II

PORTERS AND THEIR LOADS—THE LONG MARCH TO LAKE TANGANYIKA COMMENCED—AN AMUSING INCIDENT—THE CHARM OF AFRICAN LIFE—INSIGHT INTO NATIVE CHARACTER 35

CHAPTER III

CRUELTIES OF THE SLAVE-TRADE—MAJOR VON WISSMANN—DIFFICULTIES OF THE ROAD—"PAY OR FIGHT"—LOYAL SERVICE—A NARROW ESCAPE—THE MIGHTY MIRAMBO—NATIVE AND LION 48

CHAPTER IV

A GREEDY FERRYMAN—FETISH—UJIJI AND LAKE TANGANYIKA—LIVINGSTONE AND STANLEY—A WHITED SEPULCHRE—IVORY AND SLAVES—LAUNCHING A CANOE—THE PEOPLE OF THE PLAIN 68

CHAPTER V

OPPOSITION OF THE NATIVES—LAUNCH OF THE "MORNING STAR"—TIP-PU-TIB—THE LOFU RIVER—BUILDING A STEAM VESSEL—A TRAGEDY—RUGARUGA BULLIES . . 81

CHAPTER VI

FIRE AND SWORD—A SCEPTICAL NATIVE—AN ANGRY HIPPOPOTAMUS—LAUNCH OF THE "GOOD NEWS"—MEDICINE AND SURGERY—A CRUEL PUNISHMENT—A NATIVE DUEL: ITS TRAGIC RESULT 98

CONTENTS

CHAPTER VII

PAGE

A Diplomatic Scramble—Manna—The Amambwi—Unpleasant Visitors 115

CHAPTER VIII

Navigating the Shire River—Blantyre—Ramakukane—Game and Fish—Shupanga 135

CHAPTER IX

A Visit to England—A Sailor's Blow—Charles Stokes—Germans and Arabs—Encounter with Masai—White Man's Medicine—Warnings. 150

CHAPTER X

Shooting Giraffes—A Cool Reception—A Visit to Rumaliza—Tip-pu-Tib—Anger of Rumaliza—Hostilities Commenced—Congo State Officials—Emin Pasha . 167

CHAPTER XI

Captain Trivier—Game Pits—An Annexation—The Walungu Marriage Customs—The Curse of the People 185

CHAPTER XII

Making Treaties—Hunting the Hippopotamus—Boiling Springs—Religious Views—A Nugget—Scenery of Lake Tanganyika—A Native Regatta . . . 203

CHAPTER XIII

The People of the Tanganyika—The Cannibal—The Warundi—A Conjurer—The Fauna of the Rusizi—Attacked by Leopards—A Storm on the Lake—Swamped 221

CONTENTS

CHAPTER XIV

PAGE

SALVING THE BOAT—A GREAT DISAPPOINTMENT—TROUBLE WITH THE ARABS—A MISCHIEVOUS MONKEY—AN ACT OF REVENGE 239

CHAPTER XV

GENERAL UNREST—STORMING STOCKADES—RUMALIZA THE SLAVE-TRADER 255

CHAPTER XVI

THE POTENTIALITIES OF THE AFRICAN—SUPPRESSION OF RAIDING—CHILDREN'S GAMES—ANALYSING THE NATIVE CHARACTER 275

CHAPTER XVII

BIG-GAME HUNTING—A WILD TRIP ACROSS NYASA—AN ECLIPSE—A MEMORABLE INTERVIEW 291

CHAPTER XVIII

BISHOP MAPLES—CAPTURE OF MWASI'S STRONGHOLD—INFANTILE MORTALITY 309

CHAPTER XIX

WONDERFUL INDUSTRIAL DEVELOPMENT 323

CHAPTER XX

TRAITS OF CHARACTER—RESOURCES OF THE COUNTRY . . 339

INDEX 355

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

A Well-Kept Village . . . . . *Frontispiece*

PAGE

The Author 27

Porters Encamped 37

A Dug-out Canoe 51

A Method of Securing Slaves 51

African Mimicry 63

In the Wake of the Slave-Raiders 63

Fetish Idols 71

An African Path through High Grass . . . 71

A Slave-Dhow 83

The "Morning Star" at Anchor 83

A Cannibal 93

A Thorough Scoundrel 93

SS. "Good News" 103

Tropical Creepers and an Elephant Path . . 103

A Medicine Man at Work 109

A Village in Making 117

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

PAGE

Aemba Mutilations 117

A Medicine Man 125

A Pot of Beer 125

A Game-Trap 131

Native Porters 131

A Village Belle 139

A Village in the Open Country 155

Pounding Maize into Flour 181

A Marriage Procession 195

Male and Female Fashions in Hair-Dressing . . 199

Lake Fishermen and Canoes 209

A Native Smelting Furnace 213

An Elaborately Carved Pipe 223

Drying Fishing Nets above the Sand . . . 223

Blacksmiths at Work 227

Elaborately Carved Drums 251

Head-dress of Aemba Girl 257

A Typical African Stockade 263

Gathering Honey 267

Girls at Play 285

Brick Making 285

Masterly Inactivity 293

Wickerwork Baskets for Catching Fish . . . 305

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

PAGE

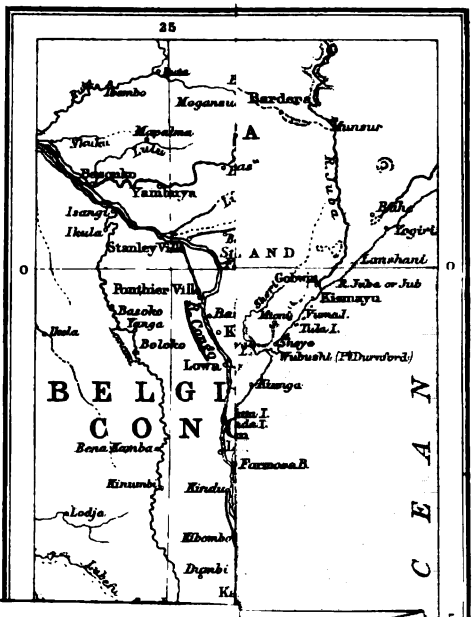
BUILDING A FORT 325

A BEAUTIFUL NATIVE-BUILT CATHEDRAL . . . 325

BASKET-WORK 335

THE DAWN OF CIVILISATION 335

DEATH IN THE FAMILY 345


25
Ibembo
Moganzu
Bardera
Munsur
Mapalma
Yamburya
Isangi
Ikula
Stanley Ville
Lanshani
Yogiri
Gobwin
R. Juba or Jub
Kismayu
Ponthier Ville
Basoko
Yanga
Boloko
Lowa
Wubusht (Pt Durnford)
Kianga
Bena Kamba
Kinumbi
Lodja
Kibombo
Dumbi
Formosa B.
0
5
B E L G I
C O N
C E A N

FIGHTING THE SLAVE-HUNTERS IN CENTRAL AFRICA

CHAPTER I

Arrival at Zanzibar—Preparations for the Journey

"Who will Volunteer for Central Africa?"

IT was in May, 1882, that I read the above words in a journal published by the British and Foreign Sailors' Society. The question was addressed to the public by Captain Hore of the London Missionary Society. He was about to proceed to Lake Tanganyika with a steel life-boat, which he intended to transport in sections through East Africa, on carts specially constructed for so great an undertaking; for it is 820 miles from the coast to Lake Tanganyika. There are no roads, and the native paths leading from village to village are too narrow for carts. However, it was not my business to question the Captain's ability to overcome the innumerable difficulties familiar to any one acquainted with the writings of Livingstone and Stanley. *My* work was to respond to the appeal if I wanted to take a hand in the opening up of this part of Africa. Applicants were required to possess a Board of Trade certificate as chief officer in the Mercantile Marine, and to be willing to submit to an examination before the rather formidable Board of Directors of the London Missionary Society.

Having spent twelve years at sea on both steam and sailing vessels, and possessing the necessary certificate, I at once wrote

and offered my services. In due course they were accepted by the Society, and I was appointed second in command of the expedition to Lake Tanganyika; afterwards to act as chief officer in the marine department which we were going to establish on the Lake.

The London Missionary Society had received a large donation from a supporter for the express purpose of commencing mission work around the great Lake. As the undertaking was certain to be an expensive one, it was decided to utilise the more economical transport by water in order to get into close contact with the tribes living along a coast line of 900 to 1000 miles.

Our expedition was organised to enable the Society to occupy these regions. Captain Hore and myself were instructed to transport the small life-boat and to build the S.S. *Good News* as soon as it could be sent to us; to survey the Lake, and to organise and maintain a regular mail service between the Mission Stations and Zanzibar. Captain Hore did not scruple to place before me the pros and cons of travelling in Africa.

I had but a vague idea of the Interior. In one's schooldays the lessons on geography (when they happened to be about Africa) were illustrated by a camel, a palm tree, mountains of the moon (whatever they might be no one seemed to know), with the Nile, Zambezi, and Congo Rivers, vaguely depicted as rising somewhere in the heart of the great Unknown. Livingstone, Stanley, and others had, on the part of Britain and America, made known to us the great facts that the Interior was not a desert, but inhabited by a large population of coloured people—some more or less hostile to Europeans, but the majority quite ready to respond to civil treatment by strangers.

The great partition of Africa by the European Powers had not yet taken place, and not one of the now great Protectorates of East Africa, Uganda, and Nyasaland had become a part of

the British Empire. The whole of the East Coast and the Interior was either in the hands of native chiefs, Arabs, or Marima half-castes who had all one object, and whose ambition was to sell and transport to the coast as many of the inhabitants as they could possibly capture. It is true that commanders of British gunboats and British officials at Zanzibar did their utmost, with the limited powers at their command, to bring pressure to bear on the Sultan of Zanzibar, and to check the slave trade at the coast; but none knew better than themselves how inadequate were their combined efforts. At best they only touched the very fringe of the disease, which had its ramifications all over Equatorial Africa, and its great centres far away up-country at Tabora, Ujiji, Uganda, Kotakota, and the Upper Congo.

My youthful enthusiasm had been fired when I learned the facts of slavery as set forth with noble humanity by Livingstone, with manly disgust by Stanley, and pathetic emphasis by the author of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," and I resolved, if ever the opportunity offered, to join with my countrymen in an endeavour to crush the slave-trade.

My chance had arrived, and May 17, 1882, found me on board a British-India Company's vessel bound for Africa. It was in October of this year that Mr. (now Sir) Harry Johnston first visited the Congo, and practically commenced his long and well-known African career. Little did I imagine how very much we should be thrown together in after years, or that I should be privileged to take part in his successful administration of Nyasaland.

Stirring events were taking place in North Africa as we passed through the canal, for preparations were being made to bombard Alexandria; the great men-of-war, like huge birds of prey, were circling around the entrance to the Suez Canal. We luckily passed through before the actual firing of the 80-ton guns of H.M.S. *Inflexible* began; both ship and guns are now practically obsolete.

My fellow-passengers included Bishop Hannington, Ashe, and Gordon of Uganda, each of them destined to play so conspicuous a part in opening up Uganda to civilisation. How well I recall Hannington! His delightfully buoyant spirits and optimistic character made all on board happy. I little thought, as we played at chess together, that those eyes, then so full of laughter, would soon be dimmed by tears shed, not for himself, but for those very Africans to whose benefit he had determined to devote his life and who, in their ignorance, so cruelly imprisoned and murdered him. Such are the perils to which the pioneers of civilisation are exposed in a land of superstition, ignorance, and savagery, that not even the attractive qualities of Hannington could save him from a fate which has for ever stained the throne of Uganda, by the sacrifice of one who would have been her best friend and champion. The Buganda have long since realised the great crime committed by their king. Tens of thousands of her sons and daughters are to-day endeavouring to lead lives which the great martyred missionary would have blessed.

In addition to the Church of England missionaries, there were on board several belonging to the London Missionary Society, most of whom ultimately lost their lives in the Interior by disease, which has taken such a heavy toll amongst the ranks of pioneers.

One other of our company met a violent death during the great struggle between European and Arab for predominance in Africa. This struggle was about to commence in real earnest when we arrived at Zanzibar in June 1882. Wild as our project appeared to many residing in Zanzibar, who frankly told us we should never tramp that 820 miles to Tanganyika, much less drag on wheels our steel life-boat through roadless forests and plains, yet Mrs. Hore, who had determined to accompany her husband, was not to be frightened; she declared that wherever it was prudent for her husband to go, she saw no reason why she should be considered

unfit to accompany him. Brave words indeed—but braver deeds followed their utterance; for her patient, tactful perseverance never failed through innumerable trials, inconveniences, dangers, and sickness, and this brave Englishwoman will be remembered as the first woman to make that wonderful journey in Africa, and with her little son to reach the historic shores of far-away Tanganyika.

It was at Zanzibar I first realised that Great Britain was doing all she could to undermine the cruel slave-trade. Although our eyes beheld men and women in chain-gangs walking and working on the public roads, we knew that they were not slaves, but in reality criminals who, for various offences, were being punished in this manner; and that in such a hot climate it was by far the most sanitary method of dealing with prisoners, as they were permitted to enjoy the open air and good exercise. Still, the sight of human beings in neck-chains was, to say the least, repulsive to every one of us who, no doubt, were too full of our mission of emancipation to be capable of impartially analysing the local conditions which influenced the rulers of this eastern island.

Zanzibar has been described so often that I will not weary the reader by entering into details, except to say that, so far as slavery was concerned, although it was not a legalised custom to buy and sell slaves in the open market, yet thousands were undoubtedly bought and sold both at Zanzibar and on the East Coast. In fact, during our stay on the island, a pinnace of H.M.S. *London* (which was then the Port guard-ship) cut out and captured as a prize a large slave-dhow which had anchored under the very shadow of the British Consulate—so daring were the Arabs at this exceedingly profitable game.

We found Sir John Kirk pulling the strings of British policy at Zanzibar, and so deftly were they handled that not only was legalised slavery in the Sultan's dominion successfully suppressed, but the valuable island was prevented from passing into the hands of other Powers.

We heard much criticism of the manner in which Sir John attacked the curse of Africa; but people did not then realise as they do now that, unless the matter had been handled with great skill, the astute Arabs, with their natural love of intrigue and avarice, might at any moment have foiled all Sir John's attempts to get our flag established on the island, and that there was nothing to prevent the Sultan handing over his dominions to another Power.

We were initiated into some of the delicate phases of this political game, and thus somewhat put on our guard and prepared for dealing with the powerful Arab lieutenants of the Sultan who reigned supreme in those regions, far away from either British diplomacy or British guns, to which we were proceeding. In the midst of their vile operations it was our fixed determination to live, and, in time, to undermine or destroy their diabolical trade in human souls and bodies. Looking back after a long struggle with the Arabs I can understand and appreciate the enormous difficulties Sir John Kirk had to overcome, and I can now measure more accurately the services rendered to the Empire by the astute British representative at the Sultan's Court in those early days.

We found real empire-building in progress at the coast. To lay foundations for more work of the kind at the sources of the slave-trade around the great lakes of the Interior was our earnest intention. It was our greatest stimulus and support to know that behind us was the man who had been a close companion in travel of the immortal Livingstone. No one realises better than myself, that it is upon Sir John's solid foundations that much of the present magnificent superstructure has been erected.

There was little time for indulging in sentiment, no inclination on any one's part either to exaggerate the task before us or to minimise its difficulties. Whilst engaged in the difficulties of preparing for a three months' tramp through a more or less rough country, one became unconsciously

impregnated with ideas of caravan life. Our days were spent in packing and repacking all kinds of collapsible utensils, too often omitting from our calculations the stern fact that it was not upon railway trucks our boxes were to be transported, and therefore we must not think it of no consequence how heavy they weighed; for black men would have to plod along day by day through dense grass, over mountains, through rivers and swamps, with all these precious loads on their heads.

Our keen-eyed leader was not slow to bring us to our senses by quietly asking us to try the weight ourselves.

It has been said, and with great truth, that one cannot spend too much time in the careful preparation for a long African journey, for so many valuable lives have been lost for want of real necessaries.

The most difficult matter to us seemed to be to solve the problem of carrying our cash, as in this instance it meant not really cash (which of course was of no use to Central Africans!) but calico, beads, brass, wire, salt, &c. &c.

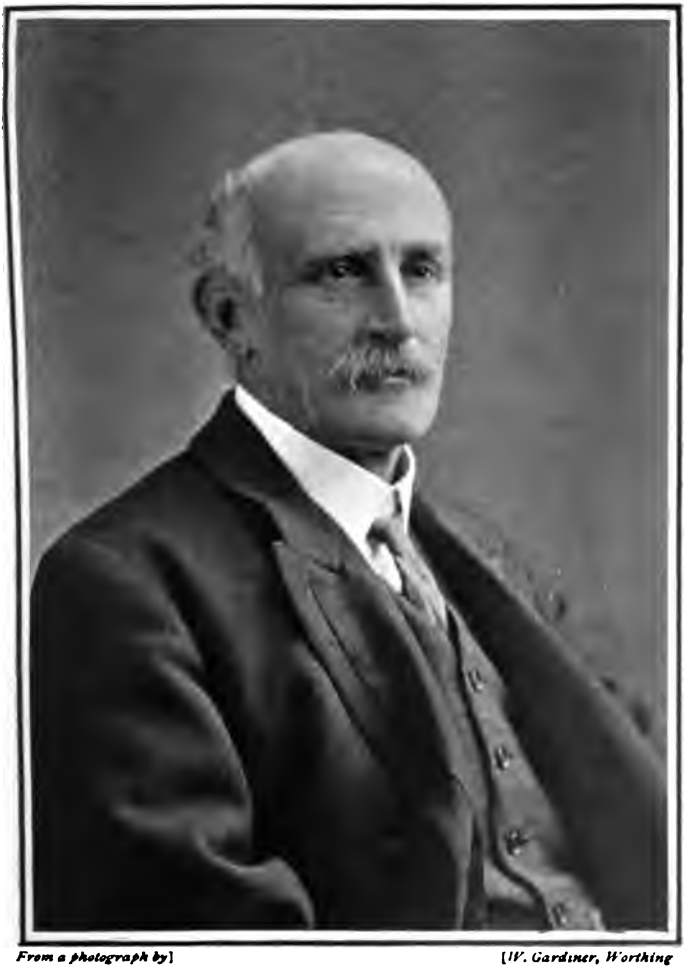
We found it would be necessary to supply each porter with two yards of unbleached calico per week in order that he might buy food. Now, considering that we had to engage about nine hundred porters, and that we should be at least three months on the journey, it will be obvious that the commissariat for the men alone amounted to a considerable sum, and must form a large number of loads, each weighing 60 lbs., which is about the full load a man can carry over a long distance, although the Wanyamwezi will often carry 75 lbs. of dead weight. It is astonishing how they do it day after day—plodding on apparently without undue exhaustion under the tropical sun. In addition to this formidable equipment, we had to convey a year's provisions and the *Morning Star* life-boat. This, being built of steel, was divided into sections and laid bottom upwards on specially constructed hand-carts, light and yet strong, made narrow in order to minimise the cutting down of trees.

PREPARATIONS FOR THE JOURNEY

As the Captain and myself were sailors by profession, we naturally considered there was nothing like good rope for wear and tear, and we forthwith spliced sets of harness to fit three men to drag the carts, one man being in the shafts. The first touch of African humour enlivened us here, as we harnessed our team of men for a trial run. They were standing ready to move on with the yokes around their necks when a wag, who was in the shafts, turned towards the crowd of onlookers and, without a smile on his countenance, exclaimed: "Kweri; sasa mimi Punda," or, as we should put it, "Yes! there is no mistake about it, I am a donkey at last!" The whole of us burst into fits of laughter; whilst the little black urchins, who had assembled to see the fun, rolled over and over in the sandy soil, imitating the well-known laughter of our four-footed friends.

I could see by the man's face in the shafts that the ludicrous situation in which he found himself had suddenly dawned on his mind; but, beyond the above exclamation, he was like the costermonger who had "no words for it." To one totally unacquainted with African porters and travel as I was, nearly the whole of our preliminaries at Zanzibar were, to say the least, extremely novel as well as fascinating. Those Europeans who to-day land at Mombasa, purchase a railway-ticket, tip a porter, and jump into an express train for Uganda with scarcely a thought about their huge packages which are swung by cranes on to the trucks in the rear, will scarcely realise what it meant to start on such a journey then. I can even now see the energetic Hannington literally jumping on the contents of his box, so as to compel it to go into a space which his mathematical mind could have easily proved with a few figures to be a physical impossibility. One could hear the various Europeans addressing to themselves such questions as the following:—

"Must I *really* shave? No! I can leave this dressing-case and use a waterproof bag!"



From a photograph by] [*W. Gardiner, Worthing*

THE AUTHOR

"Boots? Ah! must have good boots, but those gaiters are *not* necessary."

"Happy man!" says the transport agent. "I hope you may never want them; but don't load yourself up with that huge book! Why, it must weigh several pounds."

"What is it? Oh! I *must* take it, even if I have to carry it myself. It's a lot of back numbers of *Punch*."

A roar of laughter went up from his comrades. One more grave than the rest suggested that "only light and necessary articles ought to be carried."

"I don't care," replied the owner. "I contend that *Punch is* exceedingly *light* and *trifling*."

With this appropriate repartee the British Jester was jammed into the box; and as I think of isolated camps, lonely voyages, bitter disappointments, intense longings to hear my own native tongue and to see a happy civilised face, I know the young pioneer was right, and that he had packed the best literary tonic, one which has hundreds of times brought me back to my own land, and lifted me out of that desponding state into which frequent attacks of malaria are at times apt to plunge the most hardened traveller in the Tropics. What I have just said will serve to emphasise the fact that in those days every pound of weight had to be studied, as, besides the actual expense of porterage, the number of men had to be reduced to a minimum, seeing that for three months we had to be responsible for their food, at times no little tax on the meagre resources of the small native villages, in places many miles distant from one another. The first great disappointment came to us as we learned that part of our vessel had been *left at Aden*, and at least one month must elapse before the next British-India vessel was due. However, as our party consisted of missionaries proceeding to stations up-country, and as it was only possible to travel in the dry season, it was deemed advisable to make a start at once, and the sailors, Captain Hore and myself, could "come back from Mamboia,"

which was said to be about 160 miles inland, and at that time in charge of a missionary and his wife.

"Come back again?" I replied, as I heard the decision.

"Don't come back!" some one shouted to me years before, in London, as I went out to face the Board of Trade Examiner at Tower Hill. I was returning at the time, having forgotten something in my excitement. "It's unlucky," he continued, "to come back."

Was this coming back a good or bad omen? I experienced neither good nor bad luck at Tower Hill; but a very salt old sea-captain of the Black Ball Line very much impressed me with the stern fact that a practical knowledge of duty was the only passport to success, and, having succeeded in that instance, I had no dread of ill-luck on the present occasion. The eventful morning arrived when, with the hundreds of black porters and our baggage, we were packed into large dhows (vessels used for carrying slaves and merchandise), somewhat like herrings in a barrel, and so parted from the scene of our first contact with Arabs and slavery.

British officers on the deck of H.M.S. *London* gave us a polite salute, and a Jack Tar standing forward shouted, "So long!" The old and to me familiar send-off of that British sailor was very cheering, and, as we sailed past the great ship, we returned the salute almost under the shadow of the St. George's ensign which floated proudly from her stern. One of my comrades asked:

"What does 'so long' mean?"

I replied: "It is used by sailors, and means, 'Until we meet again.'"

"What a strange expression!" he said. "It seems to imply a *certainty* of meeting."

My mind was too full of the actual going to dwell on the possibilities of coming back; but the eyes of the questioner were then gazing for the last time on the Naval Flag of Britain. Even at that moment he was almost within sight of

the spot where years afterwards, when returning home and almost out of Africa, he fell mortally wounded, shot by a treacherous half-caste Arab. At the time of addressing the question to me he was surrounded by comrades; at his death he was alone, and Africa never so much as provided him with a grave.

"So long!"

I hear that sailor's voice even now; it was almost like a requiem over no less than three others of my comrades, who, sitting by my side at that moment, had their faces towards their last resting-place in Africa.

The old dhow took but a few hours to cross the 25-mile strip of water which separates Zanzibar from the mainland, and, running close into the shore, we dropped anchor.

"Rukeni! Rukeni majina upesi!" cried the Suahili captain. "Jump quickly into the water, all of you!" and if you can picture two or three hundred schoolboys tumbling out of a London barge into the Thames on a sunny day, you have a fairly good idea of our porters landing for their 820-mile tramp, knowing they had each to carry on their heads a load weighing 60 lbs.

Yet every man of them was a slave, even the head-men were slaves, and part of their three-months' advanced wages had already gone into the hands of their masters at Zanzibar. They were just a merry, happy lot of laughter-loving grown-up boys—no care, no thought of the morrow, no repining at their lot!

"Come-a-day, go-a-day, God-send-Sunday," was their formula and rule of life, and experience has revealed to me that these words accurately describe the outstanding natural characteristics of coloured races in Central Africa. These romping, excitable men, gambolling in the sea around the old Arab dhow, with no worldly possessions beyond a yard or two of calico, had engaged to transport "white men" through a country quite unknown to many of them, though they knew

from those who had previously travelled that there were many real hardships and dangers to be encountered before reaching Lake Tanganyika.

As I tried to realise what this meant, what a demonstration it afforded of loyal service of black to white men, I could only hope that no want of patience, knowledge, or tact on our part might have the effect of jeopardising the realisation of what at times appeared but a dream.

Dreams, however, had to give place to solid hard work in the shape of tent-pitching, stacking of loads, preparing to pass the first night in camp not far from the calm water of the Indian Ocean, and what was still more necessary, providing and cooking our own dinner. We were to shift for ourselves at last, with state cabins, stewards, and general luxury a thing of the past—"outward bound," as sailors call it—and if we were ever to see the waters of distant Tanganyika one thing was essential, we must not make martyrs of ourselves, not even for Africans. We must take every reasonable precaution against malaria, and above all attend most scrupulously to our diet, and not only live on the best food to be procured in the country, but make ample use of those proved digestible foods which science has enabled us to bring in metal tins. I say without hesitation that a missionary or traveller who fails to live as well as possible whilst exposed to the tropical sun and malaria is certain to become prematurely a most expensive, if not altogether useless, servant to any government or philanthropical society. And, even with every precaution, none wholly escape; whilst many fall victims to the deadly microbes now known to be conveyed to the human blood by a species of mosquito.

We were soon initiated into the art of making our tents comfortable, and, as the sun disappeared behind some lofty cocoa-nut palm trees, insect life swarmed out to enjoy the cool air. Then commenced those choruses of sounds from pool, bush, and tall rank grasses, which never cease to serenade African travellers from sunset to sunrise.

Mosquitoes in great numbers were buzzing around our ears, stinging the ankles (a favourite spot), neck, face, and hands. At first we tried to pass the whole thing off as a joke, or at most a temporary annoyance; but first one, then another, European had business in his tent, until all were found safely in bed under their mosquito-curtains. At that time it was generally thought the deadly malaria was more or less contained in stagnant pools underneath decaying vegetation, or closely connected with tall rank grasses. The mosquito was not suspected by us of being the *direct* channel through which the poison entered our blood, hence our attention was directed towards avoiding the supposed malarial deposits, and the mosquito evaded simply because it was a persistent nuisance. We have travelled far since then, with the assistance of science, and know it is one of the species of mosquito which injects the malaria-microbe into the blood as it inserts its proboscis through the skin.

I lay awake that first night listening to the hoarse croaking of the bull-frog, and to myriads of insects I had never seen, which kept up a perpetual humming sound both inside and outside my tent.

The Indian Ocean joined in the lullaby as its waves broke on the sand, whilst I could hear in the distance the never-ceasing hum of our porters' voices which now and then broke forth into rollicking choruses; but the refrain was, of course, quite unintelligible to me at that time. Later on, as I became acquainted with the language they spoke, I realised that my ignorance at the coast had not caused me to lose anything of an edifying nature.

My own private servants were sitting around an open fire not far away from the tent, one playing a stringed instrument; its soothing and seemingly pathetic appeals were at intervals answered by the player's voice, and, in perfect time and harmony, one after another of his companions joined in the song, each taking a separate part. After a

slight pause the wailing string issued its final appeal, and the whole of the singers mingled their voices in a chorus which, if it was not of a classical nature, was delightfully soothing to one who had just taken leave of the busy, bustling, civilised world of humanity, and was being hushed to sleep for the first time in the land where

> "Man's inhumanity to man
> Makes countless thousands mourn."

CHAPTER II

PORTERS AND THEIR LOADS—THE LONG MARCH TO LAKE TANGANYIKA COMMENCED—AN AMUSING INCIDENT—THE CHARM OF AFRICAN LIFE—INSIGHT INTO NATIVE CHARACTER.

OUR first morning in Africa was ushered in by a pleasant bugle-call, and the camp at once presented a busy scene. The morning mists still hung like a soft mantle a few feet above the long low seashore, whilst the high grasses provided a shower-bath of glistening dew-drops for the early traveller who was compelled to tramp along the narrow footpaths.

Black boys who had elected to serve as our personal attendants brought water for the morning toilet, whilst the porters stood ready for the word of command to seize each his particular load.

It was a sight not easily to be forgotten.

Babel but faintly describes the howling of that half-civilised crowd as, with strained countenances, they scanned the pile of miscellaneous packages; each man mentally appropriating to himself the smallest, softest, and what he judged the lightest load. The reader must bear in mind that a mistake at this first selection of loads would certainly mean a tremendous addition to the ordinary physical strain of carrying such a burden for three months; an awkward load, or even one extra pound of weight, might not only cause painful sores on either head or shoulders, but so handicap the bearer as to make his pace the slowest in the caravan; and dragging wearily along, far in the rear of his more fortunate companions, he would finally either throw away his load out of sheer inability to carry it into camp, or be murdered for

the sake of its intrinsic value by those villains who, being too idle to work, infest certain uninhabited portions of the track, shooting down the lonely and tired porter.

These possible dangers were well known to all that crowd of black humanity; hence, when their head-men could no longer control them, they hurled themselves *en masse* on the prepared burdens, and not a few unparliamentary disputes followed over the possession of those little handy bales of calico which fit so softly on the head, and are of course the ideal load to carry.

However, beyond having to separate couples who were evidently training themselves in the manly art of self-defence, we were not seriously annoyed by this rather boisterous "jump off" of our noisy crew. I would have given a great deal at that time to have understood the sallies of repartee which passed between the smiling possessor of a neat package and the burly black who had for his daily companion a hard box, which in his mind he was doubtless determining to exchange, at the first opportunity, at the expense of a companion. I could only stand amongst these half-wild children of the sun and admire the pluck and strength which they possessed, enabling them so merrily to commence a task which no white man could possibly have undertaken in this tropical division of the world.

It being barely 8 A.M., the sun was not yet high enough to cause us inconvenience when we were ready to commence our long journey. The black races are early risers; they retire soon after the sun sets, sleep well, and get through a great deal of work before it becomes unpleasantly hot. Being bare-footed, they find marching during the middle portion of the day extremely painful over the hot, sandy paths, the heat of which causes deep cracks in the soles of their feet. At times these ulcerate and completely incapacitate them for travelling; therefore it is imperative to get away on a journey as early as possible, for a lame porter means having

PORTERS ENCAMPED

They will sleep under these hastily constructed and open huts even in a lion-infested country, and snakes never seem to trouble them. When hundreds are thus encamped their fires make a weird as well as picturesque scene. Rain alone causes them discomfort.

THE NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY

ASTOR, LENOX AND
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS
R L

a load without any one to carry it, much delay, and at times serious loss.

When the general scramble which I have described was over, and each man's name and load entered on the lists, the Europeans were allotted their several duties *en route—e.g.* superintending the commissariat, tents, loads, hygiene, accounts, &c. &c., and we decided to start on the following day. During the afternoon we were visited by the head-man of the town of Saadani and district. He was accompanied by a number of white-robed followers, evidently arrayed so as to make, according to Eastern custom, a respectable show of authority.

They were very polite, making numerous inquiries about our outfit and intentions, as well as promising, not only to assist us to the utmost of their power during our sojourn at Saadani; but to capture and return to us porters who might desert on the road.

This promise was faithfully kept; and although the chief was an old slave-trader, who knew full well that every European then in his power had determined to ruin his trade, I always found him ready to assist us in all matters in which he was concerned. His son was not so friendly; but little did my young companion, Arthur Brooks, imagine that the hand of yon white-robed, smiling-faced boy would one day strike him dead without a moment's warning, leaving his bones to be picked clean by vultures and his skull to whiten in the sun.

In the cool of the evening I strolled through the village; its main characteristics were untidiness and filth. The huts were carelessly built, and no attempt to observe the most rudimentary laws of sanitation appeared to be made by either chief or people.

The more favoured women wore cheap, gaudy clothes, thrown somewhat gracefully over their bodies; but their features were made hideous by the insertion of circular

ornaments through the nose and ears. Between these belles and the poorly clad worn-out old creatures who toiled from morning to night there was a vast gulf, almost as great as in our own country between rich and poor; yet all were "domestic slaves," most of them quite happy and proud to be able to claim allegiance to "Muinyi" or "Saidi," as the case might be. If not actually born in slavery, they had long since forgotten from whence they were stolen; even if they could have remembered the name of their village, few had any idea where it was situated, and none would have accepted their freedom if you had offered to redeem them, knowing full well that it was an utter impossibility for them ever to travel back to the old far-away home.

This was my first contact with real slaves, and it seemed to me that they were not badly treated, and were for the most part tolerably happy.

I had not long to wait before another aspect of this matter was revealed to me in all its cruel nakedness, the sight of which burned out of my mind for ever the last remnant of toleration for domestic slavery which I may have entertained, and made me an avowed enemy of all who soiled their hands with the accursed system.

It was soon apparent that the mixed population at the coast gave little indication of what the tribes of the Interior were like. There were no native industries to be seen anywhere. The ornaments and clothes they wore had their origin in Manchester and India rather than in Africa; even when dressed in the height of coast fashion they presented an artificial appearance. One looked in vain for the lithe cat-like forms to be found in vast stretches of the country; but these lazy, slave-depraved people were, I felt positive, many degrees below the primitive, half-savage tribes of the Interior, amongst whom we were about to live. Mohammedanism had done little for them except to make them consider the Creator their special Protector, and the vast multitudes of natives

their legitimate prey, ranking them about on an equality with the animals in the forest.

I felt glad to turn away from the village to seek something edible in the forest, so, shouldering a fowling-piece and calling my boy, I went into the outskirts of the maize gardens, and was not there long before up flew a fine flock of guinea-fowl, and two plump birds graced next day's dining-table as the result of our first hunt for game in Africa.

We were up and away from camp the next morning before 6 A.M. At the head of our long line of porters marched what is known in Africa as a "kilangozi." He is a man chosen on account of his intimate knowledge of what we might call "the rule of the road."

In addition to being physically strong, he must know which paths to avoid, and this is by no means an easy task where the vegetation is dense and no conspicuous landmarks can be used as a guide to camp.

Amongst such a large number of men, many are sure to be utterly unable to grasp the simplest geographical feature of the country or to understand verbal directions.

Therefore the leader must never omit to close all paths which he does not wish those who follow to take. This is done by placing on the path either a few leaves or sticks, or, if these are not procurable, he simply draws a line across with his spear.

I have frequently lost porters who, after tramping for hours, had walked on mechanically, never noticing these signs, and were only brought to their senses by arriving at a strange village many miles out of their way.

The sight of game made me forsake duty; for, as we opened out into a beautiful green valley, we saw a fine harte-beeste quietly grazing. It was the work of a moment to decide that sport was not to be despised, to say nothing of the mass of venison which would make glad the hearts of both master and men. Calling my boy, I slipped into

cover; alas! I had reckoned without my host. Thorns of every imaginable size caused me to halt. It was the first taste of bush-work, and how much I regretted leaving behind those gaiters which the transport agent hoped I should never need! I now understood his meaning!

Too much attention to the thorns made me forget the more important matter of stalking the animal, and, on emerging from the bush, I was mortified by seeing the hartebeeste about to disappear into the forest on the opposite side. I might possibly have wounded him, but a certain kill was out of the question.

"Pepo, bwana" (wind, master), was the only word uttered by my companion.

"Yes, boy," I replied. "He got our wind."

I had omitted to remember that animals must be approached from the *lee* side, and an African lad had given me a lesson in big-game hunting. We circled round for some distance, and, failing to get another sight of game, made for a village for water. It was soon apparent that a white man was, to say the least, a novelty to the inhabitants, probably on account of their being off the main caravan road, as well as from the fact that but few Europeans had passed through this district.

My boy soon put them at their ease, but what yarn he told them I did not know; his instructions were to ask for water, and to say we were hunting. Water was brought, and, being tired, we rested. The natives soon collected around, and became quite talkative with the boy. At last, seeing they were curiously interested in my boots, I asked the boy what they were saying.

"That you have hoofs like the zebra," replied he.

It struck me as a novel idea, and, entering into the fun of the thing, I replied:

"Tell them they are wrong; I have feet like their own."

At the reception of this news they shook their heads, saying to my boy:

"If he speaks the truth, tell him to show us!"

Ah! How many times in after years have I realised that to impress anything on an African's mind, *to win his confidence*, you must demonstrate the truth of what you say.

"Deeds, not words," is inscribed on the minds of the whole of the coloured races.

A few seconds sufficed to remove the boots. I shall never forget the outburst of laughter which ensued. Being totally ignorant of what they were gone mad about, I said to my boy: "What in the world are they amused at? I have shown them I have not hoofs, are they not satisfied?"

"Yes, master! But—now they declare you have *no toes!*"

"Oh, *do* they? Well, you just tell them I have ten toes," and holding up both hands, I proceeded to count them, at the same time joining heartily in their laughter.

"Show us! Show us!" came back their reply.

And show them I did. The simple act of pulling off a sock must have almost prepared them to see the foot itself drop off, for I could see the younger ones were quite ready to scamper away at any unexpected developments.

Wondering what they would have to say, I gave a final pull, and with one voice they yelled:

"*He's white all over!*"

"Yes, I am," I cried; "and you must take it on trust, for no more clothes will be removed for your pleasure."

Whatever Tom told them must remain a mystery; all I knew was that they suddenly became quiet.

Having rested, I thought it time to make them pay for their entertainment, so, filling my pipe, I lighted a match and, as I half expected, my audience cleared in all directions.

A few of the most daring stopped, and pointing to me exclaimed (so Tom said):

"Now we know you are a spirit, for you can carry fire in your clothes without being burned."

Leaving the box of matches on the ground, and Tom

to show them "how it was done," I moved away, glad to have witnessed an exhibition of friendly, innocent fun amongst Nature's children of the forest, and delighted to have had an early opportunity of demonstrating to Africans that a white man's word is his bond.

The next business was to pick up the path and camp, for, beyond a general idea as to the direction, I was somewhat at sea. Tom, however, displayed no hesitation, but entered the forest, saying:

"Master! we must walk quickly, or it will be dark before you reach camp."

I was struck by the perfect confidence he had in his ability to find the path, and all doubt was quickly dispelled as, after crossing a few miles of forest, he struck a pathway, scrutinised it for a second, and exclaimed:

"It's all right. Our people have passed."

A few miles ahead, the camp was reached in good time for dinner, and over the evening pipe we laughed and joked about the day's experiences, my companions declaring that, had I exhibited a little more common sense when stalking that hartebeeste, the whole of the party would at that moment have been discussing the flavour of our first African venison, instead of having to be satisfied with tinned meats.

The rains were now over, but as yet the grass (standing about six feet high) was not burned up by those devastating fires which annually sweep over nearly all tropical Africa, destroying or stunting most of the young trees.

It is this repeated scorching which partly accounts for the wretched specimens of trees growing in most districts of East Africa, and, when the country is little short of a vast charcoal desert, travelling becomes unpleasant. On the other hand, the rains and dense vegetation make it almost impossible to enjoy camp earlier in the year. Nevertheless, there is something very fascinating in African life and travel.

Few men can satisfactorily explain to others wherein lies

the charm, and one often hears from friends, who have never been there, expressions of surprise that any one can really enjoy the nomadic and isolated life. They too often forget that those who go there have some strong motive, some goal to reach which nothing but failure of health can make them relinquish. It is in the intense pursuit of these aims that mosquitoes, privation, and danger are forgotten. There is also the total absence of conventionality. The silence of the forest is a welcome change from the noisy city, and one's manhood seems to assert itself much more when entirely cut off from European associations.

Perhaps the sense of individuality is the main attraction. In the constant whirl of civilisation the personal element is somewhat lost in the mass. Out in the forests of Africa you are *the* man amongst your surroundings. It may not be very much in reality, but at all events it is enough to make you enjoy your environment; and the coloured people unconsciously weave themselves into your life as you study their lives and their language, and realise that in most instances you are each others' protectors, and, for the time at least, *friends*. This fascination was beginning to cast its spell over me, and for twenty-six years it never ceased to chain me to the Dark Continent.

Our westward journey to the first sectional halting-place continued without any remarkable occurrence; but, as we neared Mamboia (136 miles from the coast), fever bowled me over and well-nigh ended my career. Owing, however, to the skilful attention of Mr. and Mrs. Last, I recovered and, leaving the remainder of our party to march on to M'pwapwa and await us, Captain Hore and myself returned to the coast for our boat, reaching Zanzibar in eight days. We soon had the carts ready and again started up-country. It is all very well marching along a narrow path, but to draw wheeled vehicles is another matter. Every rock and tree-stump was a vexatious hindrance, and it required a company of axe-men to clear away

obstacles. The men pulled, perspired, and "said things." A broken trace, a capsize, up to the axle in mud, wheel off, &c. &c., would be a fair summary of the daily life and the pin-pricks one had to endure for three months. But those black fellows never gave up! Had they known what was before them, it is certain none would have chosen to be yoked as "donkeys" to those boat-sections. In order that the reader may quite understand what these men had to do, I may here explain that two boat-sections weighed 300 lbs. each, and four others 230 lbs. each, besides the carts on which they were lashed. The pathway seldom exceeded two feet in width, with trees and tall grasses growing close up to its edges. If you picture these men dragging such burdens under a broiling sun, along that path for 825 miles (it took three months), you will probably join with me in calling them a brave set of black men.

In order to avoid the mountains, I was ordered to take these carts through the Mukondokwa valley (Captain Hore travelling by another road to escort his wife and son, who unfortunately had to return to England, but who later on went to Lake Tanganyika). The valley was very lovely, and, but for the dense vegetation, would have been most enjoyable to travel through.

Whilst alone with this division of our party in the valley, I had an amusing insight into native character. The high grass was nearly dry, and one evening, shortly after dinner, I heard the ominous crackling of a grass fire quite close to the tent and my men making a fearful noise. Calling Tom, I asked for explanation. "Moto, bwana, moto" (fire! master, fire!) exclaimed he. Sure enough, the grass was on fire. I saw ruin staring us in the face as I pictured the boat, tent, calico (money), rifles, ammunition, and outfit adding to the general conflagration. In the space of a few seconds the tent was down and everything removed to a safe place.

None too soon, as directly afterwards the fire passed over the very spot. I rewarded the men who were most energetic in subduing the flames. I had not long retired to rest before a second alarm was raised, and again the same process was repeated and small presents distributed. But by this time I had become suspicious of trickery, so, pitching the tent on a burned patch of ground, I awaited events.

As I expected, the grass was fired in another direction, and on being called, I replied, "Let it burn!" I knew it was only a plot to extort presents. They had purposely set it alight; but, as I was alone, I deemed it prudent to wait for daylight. Tom next morning confirmed my suspicions, saying in an undertone in broken English: "Master no yet speak our language—not know black men. Porters not much bad and not very good. They play with you as you are new to country. Master, never put tent up in grass; plenty fire." "All right, Tom!" I replied. "Master plenty wake up *after* breakfast."

It is needless to assure the reader master never again slept in the grass during his African life. One lesson was enough! Without entering into details, I may say that "*after breakfast*" the head-man of our party was publicly reminded that a white man takes a serious objection to unnecessary excitement in camp after the labours of the day are supposed to be over; and I doubt if he will ever forget the lesson learned in company with his young master in the Mukondokwa valley.

CHAPTER III

CRUELTIES OF THE SLAVE-TRADE—MAJOR VON WISSMANN—DIFFICULTIES OF THE ROAD—"PAY OR FIGHT"—LOYAL SERVICE—A NARROW ESCAPE—THE MIGHTY MIRAMBO—NATIVE AND LION.

ON the 29th of November we arrived at M'pwapwa, where the main portion of the party had encamped. They were thoroughly tired of waiting in that uninteresting district. Although about 200 miles from the coast, the natives bore most of the objectionable characteristics of a slave-depraved race. Situated on the outskirts of the Ugogo plains and forests, the neighbourhood had become a convenient halting place for all the slave caravans *en route* to the coast.

Here we met the notorious Tip-pu-Tib's annual caravan, which had been resting after the long march through Ugogo and the hot passes of Chunyo. As they filed past we noticed many chained together by the neck. Others had their necks fastened into the forks of poles about 6 feet long, the ends of which were supported by the men who preceded them. The women, who were as numerous as the men, carried babies on their backs in addition to a tusk of ivory or other burden on their heads. They looked at us with suspicion and fear, having been told, as we subsequently ascertained, that white men always desired to release slaves in order to eat their flesh, like the Upper Congo cannibals.

It is difficult adequately to describe the filthy state of their bodies; in many instances, not only scarred by the cut of a "chikote" (a piece of hide used to enforce obedience), but feet and shoulders were a mass of open sores, made more painful by the swarms of flies which followed the march and lived on the

flowing blood. They presented a moving picture of utter misery, and one could not help wondering how any of them had survived the long tramp from the Upper Congo, at least 1000 miles distant. Our own inconveniences sank into insignificance compared with the suffering of this crowd of half-starved, ill-treated creatures who, weary and friendless, must have longed for death.

The head-men in charge were most polite to us as they passed our camp. Each was armed with a rifle, knife, and spear, and although decently clothed in clean cotton garments, they presented a thoroughly villainous appearance.

Addressing one, I pointed out that many of the slaves were unfit to carry loads. To this he smilingly replied:

"They have no choice! *They must go, or die!*"

Then ensued the following conversation:—

"Are all these slaves destined for Zanzibar?"

"Most of them, the remainder will stay at the coast."

"Have you lost many on the road?"

"Yes! numbers have died of hunger!"

"Any run away?"

"No, they are too well guarded. Only those who become possessed with the devil try to escape; there is nowhere they could run to if they should go."

"What do you do when they become too ill to travel?"

"Spear them at once!" was the fiendish reply. "For, if we did not, others would pretend they were ill in order to avoid carrying their loads. No! we never leave them alive on the road; they all know our custom."

"I see women carrying not only a child on their backs, but, in addition, a tusk of ivory or other burden on their heads. What do you do in their case when they become too weak to carry both child and ivory? Who carries the ivory?"

"She does! We cannot leave valuable ivory on the road. *We spear the child and make her burden lighter.* Ivory first, child afterwards!"

I could have struck the demon dead at my feet.

For downright savagery this beat anything I had met with. "Ivory first, child afterwards!" I repeated over and over again. Alas! I was destined many times to witness the truth of that cruel statement.

Thus early in my life I understood what Livingstone meant and felt when, in 1886, he wrote the following: "Besides those actually captured, thousands are killed, or die of their wounds and famine, driven from their homes by the slave-raider. Thousands perish in internecine wars, waged for slaves with their own clansmen or neighbours; slain by the lust for gain which is stimulated by the slave-purchasers. The many skeletons we have seen amongst the rocks and woods, by the pools, and along the paths of the wilderness, all testify to the awful sacrifice of human life which must be attributed directly or indirectly to this trade of hell." Strong words, but not a whit too strong!

As the last poor creature in that living chain of wretchedness passed me, every humane feeling within me rose up in rebellion as I realised for the first time that, though a member of a philanthropical society, I was unable to respond to the natural impulse of an Englishman and set the whole company free. Nevertheless, our indignant protest was despatched both to Zanzibar and England, and I am glad to say we were then looking at the last slave-caravan ever permitted to leave the mainland. The reader, however, should bear in mind that although those Eastern slave-routes are now closed, there is yet at the present day a considerable area in Africa still remaining wherein are practised similar cruelties which call for speedy suppression by those European Powers who have acquired the regions as a sphere of influence.

It was a pleasant relief next day to meet the genial German explorer, Major von Wissmann, who had crossed the Continent from west to east. With eyes sparkling and full of laughter

A DUG-OUT CANOE

This is used for fishing. The land on the opposite side of the lake is not visible. The men have scientifically distributed their weight to preserve a proper balance.

A METHOD OF SECURING SLAVES

When travelling a shorter pole is used, one end being held up by the preceding person. The neck is often broken if the slave falls when walking. Lunatics are also imprisoned in this way to prevent their running into the forest. It is also used to torture enemies, who are fixed in this manner over the nests of ferocious ants.

he apologised for his attire; explaining that, to replace his hat he had bought a cap at Ujiji; having worn out his foot-gear, he had purchased some weird-looking boots at Urambo; and, wanting the necessary materials for washing linen, he had made himself a vest of unbleached calico. It was my privilege to meet him again both at Tanganyika and in Nyasaland, where his ability, tact, and cheerful optimism won him the admiration of all pioneers. Germany has given many brilliant sons to Africa; but I doubt if any name deserves, or will receive, more lasting honour at her hands than Von Wissmann, subsequently Governor of her Eastern Colony.

Leaving camp on December 2, we made for Mkambi, beyond the hot pass of Chunyo. The country was very rugged, necessitating the cutting of new paths in many places through the dense scrub. About thirty miles ahead we entered the plains of Ugogo, and travelling became easier; but the second day's march will not soon be forgotten, for every yard of road was disputed by thorny bushes, which, meeting overhead, made walking upright out of the question. The men found it difficult to push forward with their loads, whilst to drag our carts through appeared almost hopeless.

At sunrise our vanguard attacked with axes the tangled vegetation, and succeeded in enlarging the tunnel so that the carts could pass. But it was heart-breaking work. At noon we had covered but a few miles, whilst most of the men who carried loads were tired out by constantly stooping under the creepers. To make matters worse, rain fell heavily about 4 P.M. The road at once became sodden, and, with wheels sinking up to the axles in mud, it is no wonder our men became exhausted after ten hours of such toil without food. Unfortunately for me, it had been my turn that day to superintend the transport, so the night was extremely welcome; for, being dressed in a canvas suit which was soaked with rain and covered with mud, I was fairly miserable.

Turning to a head-man I asked if it was far to camp.

"I don't know, master," replied he; "but we cannot reach there to-night with these carts."

This was not cheering, for it was raining and dark. All were hungry, tired out, and cold. The ground was covered with water, and to spend a night in dense bush under such conditions was to court fever or death. At that moment we were cheered by the sight of a lantern approaching, which proved to be carried by a messenger from Hore, who delivered to me a slip of paper containing instructions to leave the carts and make for camp.

"Come along, boys!" I shouted, and with thoughts of dry clothes, a bath, hot coffee, fire, and sleep, we quickly shuffled through the slush. A mile or two on we espied the gleaming camp-fires, to which master and men hastened for warmth. How grateful it was, this rough wood fire under the open sky. Certainly the figures crouching around it thanked Allah for the precious gift.

The rain ceased, having done its worst, and I felt sure my personal servant had long since made my tent cosy, prepared supper and warm clothes, and filled the pipe. With these too hastily formed conclusions, I was groping around in the endeavour to find my tent, when I heard Hore's voice saying:

"What are you hunting for, Swann?"

"My tent," I replied. "I am done up and cold, and this canvas suit would stand up by itself, it is so stiff with the rain."

His reply was crushing.

"You will get no tent to-night, or bed either, for our companions have gone on and *taken the tents with them.* But, never mind, the men who carried the food collapsed near here; so we have the dinner, they the beds."

"How nice!" I replied.

Hore was, like the rest of us, soaking wet; but, with a smile, he said: "Let's make the best of a bad job. You

make coffee, whilst I'll fry pancakes. Afterwards we will give the fellows hot porridge and coffee, or some will collapse during the night."

It was both an amusing and uncomfortable occupation to carry out the programme, but it was done. Boxes were arranged around the fire, upon which we lay, drying first one side and then the other; and we indulged in many a hearty laugh though our teeth were chattering with cold.

Whilst I was lying thus, gazing up at the stars, the whole thing struck me as very comical, especially when I saw my companion endeavouring to prevent himself from rolling off into the fire when asleep, and I ventured the following remark:

"I suppose this is what we sailors call 'sleeping on a clothes-line to dry?'"

"Yes," he answered. "Did you not see me trying to peg myself on?"

At that instant a hyena make the camp echo with its dismal howl, but how often it was repeated we did not know, for deep sleep came to our relief. We awoke in broad daylight, little refreshed and both feverish.

This part was inhabited by the most inquisitive and insolent natives I ever met. They lived where water was scarce during the dry season, demanding heavy payment for the use of wells. If this had been kept within reasonable bounds no one would have grumbled, but it was extortionate and demanded in a most objectionable manner. The men carried heavy broad-bladed spears; their faces were made hideous by markings of red and white pigment. They crowded around our tents, and altogether behaved in an offensive manner. It was perhaps fortunate we did not understand their language, or trouble might easily have arisen. Their villages were built in a square, the outsides being protected by a loop-holed wall of dry mud. In this enclosure they lived along the corridors, whilst the central space was reserved for the cattle, the whole place being disgustingly dirty. The settling of our tribute was a most

exasperating business. First, they must have calico "to make the chief's heart good;" next, they must have more to appease some other member of the aristocracy; finally, some more "to oil the spears of the head-men." When that was done, they wanted the remainder in guns, then slaves, then ivory, calico, brass, wire, salt; in short, every imaginable article known to the most greedy amongst them.

Each request was accompanied by an ultimatum, "pay or fight!" "no pay, no water," and so on. In fact they demonstrated to perfection how unjust the coloured man can be when he is paramount. It is a satisfaction to know that the Germans put an end to all this nonsense directly after occupying the country. These Wagogo were so powerful that both Stanley and Tip-pu-Tib, who travelled with well-armed escorts, were compelled to pay tribute, so we could not hope to escape.

The only redeeming feature of the country was its smooth surface, over which our men galloped with the carts, often arriving in camp hours before the rear-guard. Such an easy day pleased them; for, like children, they are as quickly elated as depressed. It was common to hear them, about this time, speculating as to the number of days which would elapse before they saw the mighty Tanganyika.

Leaving the plain we suddenly ascended about 800 feet to a plateau, and entered the much dreaded Mgunda-Mkali wilderness. The climb was difficult, the heavy carts requiring all our spare men; whilst the absence of water on the hillside was keenly felt during the heat of day. Severe as this work was, it was eclipsed by that done through the forest at the summit, where our marches frequently exceeded twenty-five miles a day without water. It is difficult to understand how any man can endure such a strain with 60-lbs. weight on his head.

In this forest I witnessed a remarkable instance of the endurance and loyalty of a black man. Once, after several days of severe marching, our men failed to reach camp.

I returned to them with water and assistance, finding the carts with only half their crew, the remainder having gone off to camp. I asked where the heavy load was, and they replied, "Miles behind."

Fearing the men would be starved, we pressed on towards them, and finally discovered the load drawn up under a bush. Searching around for traces of the crew, I heard a voice faintly call out:

"I am alive, but give me water!"

On looking into the bush we discovered the leader, sheltered from the sun, and after giving him water, I asked:

"Where are the others?"

"Gone on to camp," he replied, "for food and water."

"Why did you not go?"

"No, master, I could not leave the boat-section. My name is Mahububu. I was one of Livingstone's boys. I should have died by the load. I cut off the hide lashings and ate them, and the roots I dug up and sucked for moisture." Let no man question the ability of black men to perform loyal service after evidence of such heroic conduct.

Near where we stood we discovered the skeletons of our four mail-men, who had been murdered by robbers. Fragments of our letters lay about in all directions; but as we counted seven skulls, it proved that our men had not died without a brave struggle, taking with them no less than three of their assailants. I cannot do better than sum up our journey to this point in Captain Hore's own words:—

"On went this novel train through weary miles of forest, across the scorched plain, rattling over the hard-baked footprints of elephant and rhinoceros. On through grassy glades where the antelope bounded away, scared out of our path, and the zebra and giraffe were startled by the rattle of these strange disturbers of their solitude. On through

miles of swamps with their croaking legions, or past the dreary wayside relics of travellers way-laid and exhausted. On till the pace grows slow and the heart sick with weariness and thirst, and revives again as the welcome messenger appears in sight with water, or the camp-fires tell of food and rest."

Once clear of this, we were refreshed by the abundance of food found everywhere in Unyamwezi. The robust subjects of the great Mirambo, into whose territory we had entered, made us realise we were amongst men who felt they belonged to a great kingdom. Whilst they cheerfully rendered respect to white men, they demanded from strangers rigid obedience to the social laws of their tribe. These Wanyamwezi may be called the professional transport-agents of the East Coast. Not one of them was allowed to marry before he had carried a load of ivory to the coast, and brought back one of calico or brass-wire. It was the tribal stamp of true manhood, at once making him a citizen and warrior.

During the march it had always been my ambition to bag a bull buffalo, and although aware of the dangerous nature of these brutes when wounded, I was stupid enough to hunt one armed only with a small Martini-Henry cavalry carbine. On the margin of a broad swamp, in which were growing bango reeds about twelve feet high, we noticed some fresh buffalo spoor leading into the thick bush surrounding the marsh. The natives, who have a wholesome respect for the animal, warned me of its fierce character, and Tom not only suggested great caution, but went so far as to say he thought it was not "the kind of game master generally shoots." He was right, and I almost paid dearly for not listening to prudent counsel. But thinking they were drawing the long-bow, I paid no heed. Striking off on the spoor I at once began creeping through the dense foliage, making enough noise to scare any game long before reaching it. After about a mile of this sort of travel it became evident

we were overtaking our quarry, as the spoor became fresher and the broken twigs showed the herd had passed quite recently.

From the general nature of the country it appeared an ideal home for buffalo, the surrounding bush having been trampled into a grey mire, and the huge trees bashed down by elephants. A tangled mass of vegetation was the result, amongst which all big game love to shelter. An uncanny feeling always crept over me when in such dense country. It may have been caused by my intense horror of snakes, but also I wanted elbow-room for any sudden tussle with wild game, as it is an unequal contest when there are obstacles which obstruct the vision, especially as both elephants and buffaloes are known to stand quite still in the heat of the day, permitting you, if they have not caught your wind, to pass within charging distance; and although they seldom charge without provocation, still, the knowledge of this possible danger makes you long for a few yards of clear space.

To counteract this quite natural dislike of an unseen foe one has the intense excitement, tempered, of course, with calm reason. It is so different to the chase in England after hare or fox, where the hunter rushes though open country and the game cannot fight for its life. In the bush one knows it is about an even chance, and so far as this particular hunt was concerned, the chances, owing to my ignorance and improper rifle, were against me.

Emerging into a small valley, we suddenly came upon seven buffaloes quietly grazing, surrounded by several reed-buck, water-buck, and zebra. It was a pretty and yet grand spectacle. To throw ourselves flat on the ground was the first precaution; this done, I crawled along the edge of the forest until within about one hundred and fifty yards of the nearest animal. A large bull buffalo stood exposing his broadside to me, and, intending to shoot at him from a slight rising ground in front of me, I was proceeding to

crawl into position, when a water-buck galloped past, disappearing into the opposite bush. This, of course, disturbed the others. The zebra threw up their graceful heads and indulged in a trotting match. The buffaloes were very uneasy and began prancing about, at the same time whirling their tails around in a vicious manner, evidently on the point of moving away when once they detected the position of the threatened danger.

I saw there was no time to be lost, so, resting the carbine against a tree, I fired at the bull, aiming at his left shoulder. He fell to the shot, rolling on to his side and knees, making a deep grunting noise, whilst his companions made off *en masse*, disappearing in a cloud of dust. The bull rapidly recovered his feet, and looked around for his assailant. It took but a moment to discover me, as I had foolishly exposed myself, thinking he was mortally wounded.

The instant he saw me I realised my mistake, for, with another grunt, he came at full gallop straight for me. With his head held high, nostrils distended, and sending clouds of earth flying from his hoofs, he covered the distance which separated us in a few seconds. Having reloaded immediately after firing, I was ready; but a charging, wounded buffalo is not easily stopped. Dropping on one knee and aiming for his chest, I pulled the trigger, praying the bullet would strike the heart. Whether it did or not, made not the slightest difference to his terrific speed.

Down went his head for the charge. There was only one thing to do to escape certain death, and so, waiting until he was quite close, I flung my sun-helmet in his face and threw myself sideways into the bush simultaneously. The infuriated beast thundered over the spot I had knelt on, missing me by inches as I lay flat on the ground, and only his great impetus prevented him from swerving quickly enough to catch me with his horns. He crashed into some young trees and stood still, whilst blood flowed from his nostrils, chest, and shoulder;

truly the beast looked terrible in his rage. I gave him no time to recover, and another bullet through the shoulder finished the battle, the mighty beast rolling over dead. It was a narrow escape. The breast shot had pierced the heart, and doubtless it was this that caused him to miss his aim in the last few mad strides; otherwise the encounter might have ended in a different manner. In the light of after-experience, I know the folly of attacking a buffalo with nothing but a carbine. The meat was a welcome addition to our cuisine, and also made glad the hearts of numerous strangers who were encamped within a few miles of our sleeping-place.

On arrival at Urambo, the capital of Unyamwezi, we were visited by the powerful chief, Mirambo. He was tall, stately, and looked every inch a chief. He carefully scrutinised our carts, and on being told the boat-sections were to be put together on Tanganyika, he remarked: "It is good work. The lake is large. I shall call it my boat, and you can ferry my men across with my ivory as they come from the Congo; and in exchange I give you my country to hunt in, or to live in, and I will always be your friend."

This was the mighty Mirambo, dreaded by most tribes in these parts, and spoken unfavourably of by Europeans, who imagined him to be a cruel chief, delighting in war and plunder. We found him upright, manly, great, and years of close contact with him proved him to be loyal to all who merited his friendship. During the great trek of the Zulus from the south, a small number reached as far north as Urambo, and remained there when the tribe retreated southwards. We found a small community still living near Urambo; they are called Angoni, using the same hide-shields and assegais as are used by the Zulus of Natal. Mirambo hired these warlike people for purposes of war, as they were much feared by the neighbouring people. The great Mirambo, since dead, left a deep impression on my mind. He stood out as one of the most progressive chiefs of his day, and the

complete obedience of his robust subjects testified to the fact that they could understand and respect justice and power as embodied in their great chief.

On January 16 we pitched our tents close to the capital, having completed a march of 600 miles from the coast, and 200 more would bring us to Tanganyika.

We had now arrived near to the first slave-depôt of Unyanyembe. Arabs, financed by wealthy merchants in Zanzibar, ruled the district and kept up communication with the other depôts at Ujiji, the Victoria Nyanza, and Upper Congo, forwarding large quantities of ivory, and annual consignments of slaves, to the coast.

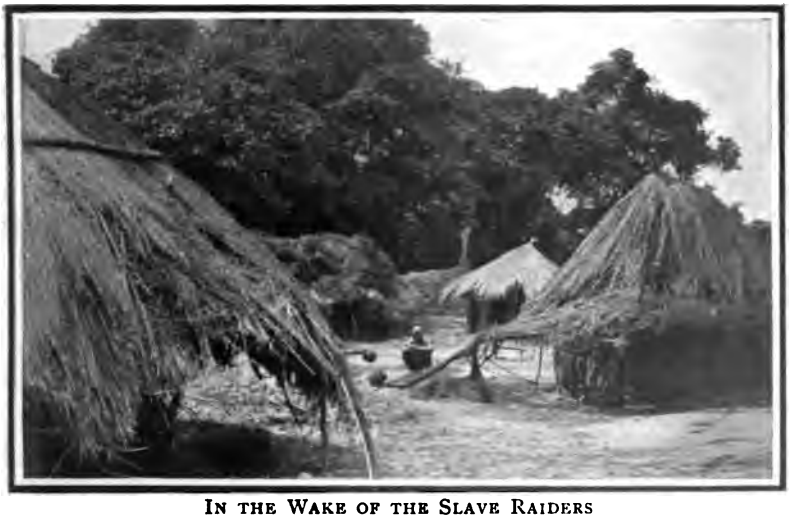
It was against this organised slave-raiding system that the chief, Mirambo, with whom we were staying, was frequently at war. He told us he would not tolerate their rule in any form, because of the usual methods they employed—first, to undermine the chief's authority; and finally, to capture the villages one by one by creating jealousies, inciting the people to quarrel, and crushing in detail the whole tribe. At the time we arrived it appeared as if many long years would elapse before this powerful Arab organisation could be abolished. The sources from which slaves were taken must be occupied, raided tribes lived amongst, and seeds of freedom sown in their midst. In fact, these people must be taught that it is not simply a *misfortune to become a slave* but a real *disgrace*, and Europe must be compelled to come to their rescue.

The Arab system extended to great distances, and, octopus-like, grasped every small unprotected village community, making the whole country a vast battlefield wherein no one was safe outside the stockades. That I should live to see this inhuman system utterly abolished never entered my imagination. Yet our very presence sealed its fate.

On resuming the journey westward we passed numerous villages, out of which groups of young people ran to witness what to them was an event of importance. We had come

AFRICAN MIMICRY

A native having seen a Hussar's busby, tries to go one better by making a much lighter one out of leaves and adding another plume.



IN THE WAKE OF THE SLAVE RAIDERS

A village raided by slave hunters, who have partially destroyed the huts and pitched away the cooking-pots. A solitary individual has crept back from his hiding-place to find his home desolate and all his relatives gone into slavery. Suicide is often the sequel.

from the salt sea, of which every one had heard from the men who had been there and had thus qualified themselves for citizenship. Food was easily purchased, and all seemed very happy. None of the villages were stockaded, which showed general security throughout the country. They were too strong to be successfully attacked. The lesson had been learned that to ensure peace you must be prepared for a war of defence.

As we travelled away from the capital, and the villages became more exposed to attack near the frontier, every town was surrounded by a stockade consisting of poles about ten feet high, closely bound together, and inserted into the earth; along the top of them thorns are often added. Where lions infest the neighbourhood this plan is always adopted, although they have been known to leap over and tear off the grass of huts at night, killing the occupants. Game was abundant everywhere, but the numerous pits dug for the capture of wild animals made it risky to hunt, except with great care.

It has frequently been stated that the lion, if he springs at and misses his prey, will retire disgusted. We had a good opportunity of proving this whilst encamped in a rocky defile. About four in the afternoon a porter rushed into camp excitedly shouting, "Lions, master, lions!" Of course every one was instantly on the alert and rifles seized, as, from the manner of the man, we took it the lions were visible. On his calming down we extracted from him the following story:—

"I was cutting firewood in the forest near here, when, on looking up, I saw a lion creeping towards a small ant-heap. He stopped directly I ceased chopping the wood, and I saw him turn up his upper lip like our village dog does when going to bite. I had no companions, and only this little axe. If there had been trees I could easily have climbed up out of danger, but there were thorn bushes and

rocks everywhere, except in the clear space where I was. I knew it was no use to run, as the lion always catches you. Allah Akbar![1] Before I had time to do anything the lion crept up on to the ant-heap, and, growling all the time, sprang right towards me. I was too far away, so, lifting up my axe as if to strike him, I stood but did not move. The lion then went away into the bush, and, as soon as he was hidden from sight, I ran here."

"M'wongo, bwana!" (liar, master!) exclaimed our head-man.

"Lions are not such fools," added a chorus of voices.

The man, however, was certainly scared, and implored us to go and see. We four Europeans went, taking the fellow with us. Remarkable as it may appear, we verified the statement he had made about the lion's spring. We traced the lion's spoor up to a small ant-heap, on the top of which the earth was torn up by the force of his paws when springing at the man. From there to where he alighted was exactly twenty feet, the height of the ant-heap being five feet. He failed to reach the man by only five yards, as the chopped wood indicated where he had been standing. From there the spoor led into the thorn bushes at right angles; and I think there can be no doubt the lion actually left the man, either through disgust at missing him, or, what is perhaps more likely, because the man stood still and challenged combat. The lion naturally takes his prey at a disadvantage —gets in "the first blow," as we term it. It is well established by all hunters that lions, unless wounded, never deliberately give open battle, as, for instance, will the rhinoceros. We beat around for some time but failed to dislodge his majesty, who was probably living between the large rocks. Had the man run away, he would certainly have been caught in the second or third leap of the lion which would have followed.

[1] "Allah Akbar!" This exclamation is always used by Mohammedans when some Europeans would probably exclaim, "God!"

Tom, who was always ready with solutions to every problem, and who never missed a chance of excitement, turned to one of the onlookers, saying: "Shetani hataki dawa." (The devil does not like medicine.)

"Dawa mkali sana, nitamomba mara moja." (Medicine is very fierce. I shall beg the man to sell me some of his at once.)

This was a typical instance of the Africans' belief in charms, and that evil reigns, but can be propitiated. It never enters their heads to imagine that an omnipotent Creator would permit an opponent. No! To them this life is a fight between nearly equal forces, both liable to defeat. They believe in the discomfiture of evil spirits by the intervention of their ancestors, whose assistance may be obtained mostly by some sacrifice. To them the Creator is beyond, above, out of reach, supreme in His universal Kingdom, knowing no equals. It was to the lion-medicine that Tom was attracted. He wanted to have it around his neck. Poor little chap! A time was soon to come when, through this child-like faith in charms, he was to throw away his happy young life.

CHAPTER IV

A Greedy Ferryman—Fetish—Ujiji and Lake Tanganyika—Livingstone and Stanley—A Whited Sepulchre—Ivory and Slaves—Launching a Canoe—The People of the Plain.

A few days' travel brought us to the Malagarasi River, which flows into Lake Tanganyika south of Ujiji. Its current runs in the rainy season about five miles an hour, and, being very deep, it is never fordable. Fish are plentiful, whilst crocodiles in considerable numbers infest every stretch of back-water, making it out of the question to cross by swimming. We had expected this difficulty, and the problem of how to get our heavy boat-sections across caused some anxiety. The ferry was in the hands of a petty chief of the Wavinza, who, living on the opposite side, owed no allegiance to our friend Mirambo, but on the contrary sought to annoy his frontier subjects whenever opportunity presented itself. The greedy old warrior, wearing a skin cap, was superintendent of the canoes, which were almost as difficult to manage as a narrow racing skiff. How he would convey across the river both loads and men, was not easy to understand.

Long and vexatious were the preliminary negotiations, and more than once he ordered away the canoes, as the price of his work was disputed by us. Two yards of calico per load was at last agreed upon, and, after some hours, all were safe on the opposite bank except the carts.

Fearing the old man, on seeing these, would refuse the responsibility of their transport in such tiny craft and perhaps remove the canoes, we seized the whole lot, and by lashing poles across them, made a strong platform on to which the vehicles and their precious burdens were secured. The wily

natives looked on without comment; but when all was ready for a start they demanded double payment, refusing to be responsible for loss if the canoes capsized. We paid at once, and without mishap negotiated our most formidable obstacle. The blue waters of the great lake we knew would be visible in a few days, repaying us for all these uncomfortable incidents; and our men went almost mad around their camp fires that night as they dramatically described how their entry into Ujiji would astonish the Arabs.

The Wavinza presented a marked contrast to Mirambo's people. Their villages were untidy, more scattered, and many wrecked by slave-raiders. One extremely bad result of this was to drive the men on to the road as highway robbers, in order to support their families. Several of our men were severely handled, and it was only by posting strong guards at intervals we were able to march with any safety. All through this harassed country it was interesting to notice the numerous little spirit-houses erected to ancestors whose protection they needed so much. The great wealth and general safety of Mirambo's tribe apparently called for no special appeal to the spirit-world. They were happy, the sun was shining, there were few tribal clouds. But across this river the shadows of privation and war, all caused by slavery, had fallen, and in their adversity they thought of gods. I could not help comparing this natural action with those of other countries. Humanity seems everywhere inclined to act as the Wavinza.

I had noticed heaps of little stones and sticks piled up either at the end of deserts, or forests, or on hill-tops. That these had some special significance was certain, as the natives never do such things merely as a pastime. On inquiry I received various explanations from old porters.

One described the pile as meaning a barrier erected by the traveller against "a following devil." Another said practically the same: "The snake crawls around it and is delayed. The lion smells it and fears a trap. The traveller may rest his

burden on it without stooping. An enemy fears medicine buried underneath." Doubtless there are many other explanations in different tribes, but I think the following is the best. After a hard day's hunting, and consequently being very tired, I had to climb a steep, rocky hill, accompanied by only one gun-bearer. The sun was scorching our faces, and, just before reaching the summit, I saw the man pick up a stone and add it to one of these cairns as he reached the hill-top. The cairn was exactly on the top of the ridge. I rested; we were both exhausted for the moment.

"What did you throw that stone on the pile for?" I asked. The question seemed to puzzle him; he did not know what I was driving at.

"Nothing," replied he.

"Don't answer me so stupidly," I said. "You never do anything without a reason. Tell me why you did it."

Note his reason, for it seems to carry one back across the centuries.

"Was not the sun hot?—was not the hill steep? I was tired, but I had strength to reach the top. I added the stone to the pile, at the same time saying to myself *that* trouble is over, and *—may I reach the top of every hill I start to climb.*"

It was a beautiful idea! My mind rapidly condensed the train of thought into—assistance rendered, gratitude, public acknowledgment. Away beyond those stones on the hill-top I saw another pile, erected by an Oriental, and fancy heard him call the place "Mizpah."

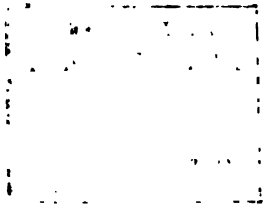
Is this the true meaning of these cairns met with all over Africa, either before or after a difficult part of the road? The Wavinza, through whose country we were now travelling, must have had numerous causes for doubting the power of their ancestors to help them, as ruin was everywhere.

The Lusigi River gave little trouble to cross, most of the heavy loads being got over by means of ropes and blocks similar to those employed by coastguard men when using the

FETISH IDOLS

Beautiful specimens of carved images used to frighten girls into

AN AFRICAN PATH THROUGH HIGH GRASS



mortar and rocket apparatus at wrecks on the coast. Messengers were dispatched to Ujiji, which was built on the shores of Tanganyika. The greatest Arab slave-centre was about to be entered by men who intended to drive into it Livingstone's *wedge* and utterly destroy its power.

The final march has been described by a companion: "Tanganyika was at hand. The view came in sight at last—just a narrow strip of the great lake gleaming in the sun, in the distance between the trees, and enlivening each member of the party with the assurance that to-morrow we should be in Ujiji. For hours we crept through muddy paths, the haunts of hippopotami, until we emerged upon the pleasant-looking Ruiche River, the last we had to cross. Next day we slowly marched into Ujiji, a compact body, the firing of guns and beating of drums awakening the inhabitants to come and look—and well they might, for they had never seen such a sight before. Our journey of 825 miles was ended, and the subsequent arrival of 200 more loads completed the success of the largest East African Expedition. Stanley, years before, took seven months to get to Ujiji; we had taken three, showing clearly that facilities for transport were increasing rapidly."

The human donkeys, harnessed to their carts, went mad with excitement. Nothing had been able to deter these brave fellows. Not one had deserted over that long and difficult journey, and, unable to restrain themselves, they rushed down on to the sands with their carts, flung themselves *en masse* into Tanganyika, shouting to its waves: "We have brought you a child from the white man's land, to ride on your back, to breathe your winds, to sleep on your breast—God is great!"

It was the proudest moment of my African life.

There was just a slight mist coming over the lake as I gazed at this scene—or, was it not possible, my eyes were dimmed by excessive joy?

Ascending the rising ground to the east I let myself feast

on the sight. The mighty Tanganyika lay at my feet, extending for hundreds of miles. The dark mountain range of Goma, on the opposite side, was visible about forty-five miles distant. Beyond this I could picture the Congo, with its mysteries, cannibalism, and wealth. I tried to enter into Livingstone's thoughts as he stood here, wondering whether this mass of water was the source of the Nile. I knew that at this spot Africa's greatest missionary explorer was found by the intrepid Stanley. It was an historic spot. Here centred all the villainy which for centuries had cruelly oppressed the coloured races, and here the Arabs were, as they thought, established in their impregnable fortress. Little did they imagine that yonder howling crowd of East Coast porters had deposited in their midst a British ensign which, in company with those of Germany and of Belgium, would soon fly over the ruins of their vile trade-centres.

Beside me, whilst engaged in this reverie, stood a white-robed Arab. He appeared to be interested in my evident joy, and with a polite bow, resting his hands on his breast, said: "God is very great. Your journey is over. You are glad!"

"Yes," I answered, "we are pleased, for it is a long way from the coast." Wondering if Livingstone had left any lasting impression on these men, I ventured the following questions:—

"Did you meet Livingstone? Were you here when he came?"

"If you are meaning a white man, I do not know him by that name," replied he.

I was disappointed—but it was only temporary.

Approaching the subject in another manner, I added: "Don't you remember a man with a peaked cap, who carried medicines about; who was always looking for, and asking questions about, rivers and lakes; who never purchased slaves or ivory? Have you never heard he was met here by another white man named Stanley?"

I saw the shot had hit the mark, for a smile played across his face as he extended his hand to me, exclaiming:

"You must mean—Baba Daud and Bula Matali!"

"Those are the men!" I replied. "Father David," and "The Stone Breaker"!

Civilisation and philanthropy could not have wished for a better name for their immortal Livingstone than that bestowed upon him in Darkest Africa by an inhuman slave-trading Arab. His brave discoverer, Stanley, was called the "Stone Breaker" on account of his having blasted the rocks in the Congo to clear the river for navigation.

Ujiji town was really ruled by the Arabs, although a native chief was nominally its head. Most of the powerful and wealthy Arabs lived here, superintending the transport of ivory and slaves which came from the west. Both the famous Tip-pu-Tib and his partner, Rumaliza, had their principal homes in the town. The former associated himself with, and assisted all, the early travellers, the latter eventually fought against the Belgians for the Upper Congo.

The country to the east of Ujiji had been long since denuded of ivory, and the enormous wealth which entered Zanzibar did not come, as some imagined, from the immediate Hinterland, but was collected from the regions west of Tanganyika, where elephants abounded and ivory could be obtained for a trifle. At this powerful centre of trade we were nothing less than guests of the Arabs. Mighty merchant princes, who lived in a curious mixture of luxury and squalor, invited us to tiffin. One walked over tusks of ivory scattered about their courtyards representing thousands of pounds. Diseased slaves moved about in close proximity to gaudily clothed women of the household. The slave-chain and its captives were in evidence everywhere, whilst brutal half-caste fighting men lounged about the verandahs of the most wealthy. The whole appearance of the place was like a whited sepulchre, presided over by smooth-talking, clean, perfumed, and polite

Arabs, who, in their conduct towards us, were always courteous and generous. Out of respect for us the slave-market was abolished, although active slave-trading was carried on in the town.

Strolling along the sands one evening I came upon eight dying slaves, who were suffering from smallpox. They were beyond hope, and had been placed close to the water that the crocodiles might carry them off when the sun set. No one was allowed to go near them under penalty of being shot by a soldier who kept guard. I passed three other bodies partly eaten by hyenas. It was the usual manner of getting rid of slaves who were of no value. To a young Arab who accompanied me, I remarked:

"Why don't you endeavour to cure the smallpox and save the life?"

"Oh!" replied he, with a shrug of the shoulders, "it's not worth it. They are Pagans, and we have had all the expense and trouble of bringing them from the Congo for nothing. Who will carry their load of ivory to the coast?"

Ivory! always ivory! What a curse the elephant has been to Africans! By himself the slave did not pay to transport, but plus ivory he was a paying game.

The Wajiji, amongst whom we lived, were bright, industrious people. They had large markets every day where palm-oil, ground nuts, and maize flour could be bartered in exchange for calico, beads, salt, or brass-wire. An enterprising man would purchase a goat, cut it into small pieces, and open a miniature butcher's shop. Another invested in a jar of palm-oil (which is made in large quantities in the northern districts) and retailed small saucerfuls, sufficient to make a light for one night. Bananas in great quantities were sold at about 2d. for a bunch of one hundred. Fowls ranged at from 2d. to 3d. each. New-laid eggs, one for a needle or two for a teaspoonful of salt. The staple food of all natives is porridge, made either from the flour of cassava or maize, with

a little relish such as meat, fish, or native spinach. Fish in large quantities were brought to market every morning; the most tasty are the sangala, which resemble cod, and in taste are not unlike salmon. I have known these to scale 90 lbs., and it is quite common to see fish weighing anything from 10 to 50 lbs. each. They may be caught with the ordinary spoon-bait, which they take readily if the sun is shining, and afford excellent sport, fighting like salmon; but you must fish in deep water, in a canoe. They may be seen in great numbers leaping out of the water like bonito, and are not found in Lake Nyasa. It is a pretty sight at night to see the hundreds of small lights carried by the fishermen to attract the shoals of whitebait, which they scoop up with a net alongside the canoe. Seine-fishing is practised; but the crocodiles in many places are so numerous that they follow up the net, and tear it into pieces whilst devouring the fish.

The best canoes are dug out of immense trees which grow on the west coast; some are 150 feet high. These, when roughly adzed, are dragged down the mountains to the water, where the village medicine-man, for a fee, performs an elaborate ceremony over the newly born infant, as he calls it. By the aid of whitewash, made out of decomposed felspar, variegated with red tints of iron-oxide, he draws fantastic designs all over the boat, always marking two immense eyes on the bow. Charcoal is used for the pupils, a small dot of whitewash painted in the centre to represent a cataract; and when the whole is surrounded by a broad ring of white, the canoe presents more an appearance of some evil-eyed dragon than the fresh innocence of a new-born babe! The Africans, like the Chinese, love to draw hideous figures. They say it scares away bad spirits. The good ones are not catered for. It is the same idea again. Drive away *evil* agencies! One thing was certain. It would most effectually scare away any fish as long as the colouring pigment was visible.

As it is being pushed into the lake by crowds of boys

(no adult being allowed to touch it—youth must, they say, baptize youth) the old man holds aloft a zebra's tail from which palm-oil is dripping, and, rushing into the water, he shouts his blessing in these words: "May the winds you hear only sing, not howl. May the crocodile sleep as you swim over him. May the hippopotamus miss you if he charges, and, when you sink, may it be because the weight of fishes will be too great to carry. It is good-bye to the forest, thou child of the lake!" The whole company of men, women, and children then rush wildly into the water, presenting the happy spectacle of human beings enjoying real fun.

It is not within the province of these reminiscences to enter into the various theories advanced to account for the deep trough in the heart of Africa which contains this great lake. Amongst many native legends the following is the best I have heard: Many years ago there was a great plain where the lake now is, inhabited by people called the Wa'nyika ("people of the plain"). In one of the villages there was a secret spring known only to one family, every member of which was sworn to secrecy, and on no account were they to let any one know where the well was situated. A medicine-man had told their ancestors that, if ever a stranger drank the water, it would at once rise over the well-top, overflow the plain, and drown every one. One day, when all the family were absent from home except a woman who was pounding the corn, a stranger arrived, saying he had travelled from Tanga in the south and was carrying copper to Ujiji. He was very tired, and begged for water. The woman longed to possess the copper bracelets he was wearing, and, in exchange for them, she told him where to find the well. No sooner had he quenched his thirst than the water bubbled up, overflowed the village and the whole plain! The woman remembered the old prophecy and hastened to warn all to flee to the hills, but too late; all were drowned except the man from Tanga, who saved himself by making a raft of

bango reeds. The water rose until it became mixed with other small lakes, and this formed what is now the Tanga-n'yika, or, as they explain it, "The Tanga-man[1] stole the Nyika (or Plain)."

When our early explorers discovered this water it had no outlet to the sea; but subsequently it burst its barriers, and is now the greatest head-water of the Congo. During my residence on its shores, it fell eleven feet in twelve years. I leave the curious reader to compute the quantity of water which would have to pass through this outlet in order to reduce its height thus. The surface has been calculated to cover thirteen thousand square miles. Truly it may be termed an inland fresh-water sea.

I captured, stained, and sent to England a beautiful medusa which was floating on the surface. It proved to be a most interesting and unique specimen, so much so that the Royal Society sent out an expedition to study the marine fauna. It is common knowledge that several new shells, sponges, and fish were discovered, and the theory that the lake had been connected with the sea was very much strengthened.

A native rather astonished me one day by bringing me a large flat lump of some black, greasy substance (afterwards proved to be bitumen). On inquiring where it came from, he replied:

"From the forest. It falls with the lightning. When the thunder speaks it throws this from the clouds." Other Europeans had seen bitumen at Ujiji. One of the French priests had also noticed it on their wooden houses; they came to the conclusion it fell during atmospheric disturbance. I have never seen it floating on the lake! Where did it come from? There are boiling springs to the north; but, up to the present, no one appears to have discovered the source of this bitumen. Are there immense reservoirs of mineral oil near the lake, waiting to be used by future generations?

[1] Katanga is south-west of Ujiji, and contains vast deposits of copper.

I will not tire the reader by describing the different tribes who live in these regions as they are very much intermarried, and, although retaining distinctive names, they have for the most part the same characteristics. We may roughly divide them into two sections. Part live in the hills and keep cattle. The remainder inhabit the lake shore, many being fishermen. In nearly all cases the meat-eating tribes rule over those who live at a lower altitude, subsisting on fish and grain. Numbers of the northern tribes are skilful in the manipulation of iron ore, which they smelt in rude furnaces. Spears of all sizes are forged, which would in no way disgrace a European blacksmith.

On one occasion, after a native had finished a spear I had ordered, he asked: "Can your people work iron as good as that?"

I despatched Tom for my housewife, and, extracting a sewing-needle, handed it to the blacksmith, saying:

"Yes! Our people make many fine things. Look at that! Feel its point; is it not sharp and smooth?"

He felt the point, examining the eye, and placing his hand over his mouth—a sign of astonishment—asked:

"May I keep this?"

"You may," I answered, and passing a piece of thread through the eye, I tied it around his neck, hoping it might become of use if ever he or his descendants wore softer raiment than the old stiff goat-skin which was supposed to be hiding his nakedness.

He probably looked on the gift as a charm against death, and, if not lost, it will be handed down as the "white man's medicine."

CHAPTER V

OPPOSITION OF THE NATIVES—LAUNCH OF THE MORNING STAR—TIPPU-TIB—THE LOFU RIVER—BUILDING A STEAM VESSEL—A TRAGEDY—RUGARUGA BULLIES.

THREE months' residence in Ujiji had not elapsed ere we crossed diplomatic swords with the Arabs, opening what eventually proved to be a duel to the death. The game commenced by their assuring us of their anxiety to protect our interests, and ourselves, from the wild natives. We were informed our wishes were to them commands, and their services were at our disposal both in peace and war. An Arab, like the lion, is most dangerous when silently stalking his prey. With his curved dagger drawn, and his tongue hurling threats at you, he is not half so near to cutting your throat as when protesting eternal friendship. Secret conferences, we knew, were being held at night in their enclosures. Some presentiment of danger disturbed their hitherto serene monopoly of the traffic in humanity. This steel boat must be a small man-o'-war, intended to destroy the slave dhows. We were, they supposed, disguised servants of the British Consul at Zanzibar. In fact, they instinctively felt we had thrown down the glove in their very midst, not as a direct challenge to fight with rifles (we had only sporting weapons), but rather as competitors in the struggle for supremacy. We were seeking to obtain not only the country, but the right to lay down laws which, they knew, spelt ruin to their autocracy. Such were the deductions we were able to make from reports brought by loyal men in our service.

Not caring for, or even seeing the use of, open warfare, they resorted to "pin-pricks." It was necessary to erect a

grass shelter from the sun, under which to build our vessel. At first this was not permitted. "Oh no!" they exclaimed; "it is against Arab customs to allow strangers to build any house in the country; it means taking possession." On being politely requested to furnish umbrellas, and men to hold them over our heads from sunrise to sunset, whilst we screwed up bolts and iron plates, they were brought to reason and saw the absurdity of their position, but the shed must be destroyed simultaneously with the launching of the boat.

The actual work of bolting together the metal sections was full of interest to both Arabs and natives. A steel boat was, of course, a novelty. They tapped the side with their spears, declaring the hippopotamus would thrust his tusk through it. An old Arab, who was really our worst enemy, praised the work, checking his young people when they made disparaging remarks about its being only a kettle.

No sooner was the boat completed than he flatly declined to give his permission for it to be moved into the lake. No! it must remain on the sand. "If you go away from here we shall not be able to protect you, and, if you are killed, what answer shall we send to the Sultan at Zanzibar?"

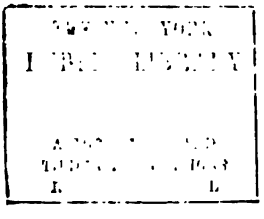
They really wanted to keep us under their observation. We must not be allowed to get at the ears of the thousands who, up to the present, had not learnt to know what freedom meant. It was the day of finesse! The foil, not rapier, had to be used at present. Later on, the sword and rifle were to come into full play. This initial challenge was met by our at once assenting to the wisdom of their realising the great responsibility for our safety which rested on their shoulders. We pointed out that the Sultan of Zanzibar would also hold them answerable for wasting our time, and that a special mail would be sent to the coast, conveying to his Highness our regrets that his subjects at Ujiji had not been able to obey his orders to permit us to travel wherever we wished through his dominions. And further,

A SLAVE DHOW

A slave dhow dug out of a large tree in the Goma mountains opposite Ujiji, and built up at the sides. Sails are made of American calico. Two Arabs are on the quarter-deck, and a sailor is bringing on shore a tusk of ivory. These vessels sail swiftly before the wind, often escaping from the pinnaces of our men-of-war.

THE "MORNING STAR" AT ANCHOR

The "Morning Star" was dragged overland from Zanzibar to Ujiji, 823 miles. The s.s. "Good News" is in a dry dock, quarried out of rock, floated by pith-wood after being wrecked. Salvage operations took four months, as natives had to work under water. The Author is in white, and near him is Alexander Carson, B.SC., who died near this spot. From the opposite hills Livingstone first saw the Lake.



as it would be at least five months before a reply could be received, we were enclosing the account of our expenses, which we presumed would be levied by the Sultan on the Governor of Ujiji.

Down came their house of cards! Touch an Arab's pocket, and he is like other people. Next morning we received intimation that "taking into consideration, &c. &c." —the usual universal palaver—"we might launch the vessel!"

Victory number one. Launched she was, the very next day! Surrounded by hundreds of natives, and all the Arabs in full dress, we sent into the blue waters of Tanganyika the *Morning Star*.

The obnoxious building shed was immediately razed to the ground, according to our promise. The fatted calf was killed and eaten by perhaps the most picturesque guests imaginable. Gold-embroidered coats adorned the proud Arabs. Filthy, greasy skins, and bark cloth, hung around the limbs of the Wajiji. Naked boys crammed rice into their mouths with the usual exuberance of youth. Vicious, bloodthirsty-looking scoundrels fired guns and danced on the sand, performing mad evolutions of mimic warfare, spearing imaginary foes. Close at hand, sitting gracefully on the lake, our little vessel danced over the waves as if eager to commence its mission. The red ensign flying from the mast-head seemed to fling out its silent challenge to the Arab colours which floated from the huge slave-dhows at anchor in the roadstead. What a scene to remember. The immediate actors were unknown o the great outside world, and yet who would not be proud have been present at this birthday of freedom on distant Tanganyika.

As may be imagined, various and numerous were the questions asked.

"What are you going to *do* with the saucepan vessel?"

"Are you going to carry ivory?"

"No!"

"Slaves?"

"No!"

"Is it for war?"

"No!"

"Then what *is it* for?"

There was only one answer, and it was not understood. How could it be?

"We are going to show the natives how to live!"

"*Live!* Why, they *live for us;* they are made to be our slaves," they exclaimed.

"Hawa wazungu wapambavu!" ("these white men are foolish people"). Fancy coming all the way here, and bringing a boat to help pagans! It was too ridiculous for words.

That evening, from the verandah, I gazed down at the lake just as the sun was disappearing behind the Goma mountains. Long shadows were being cast by the tall cocoanut-palms, and they seemed to me to illustrate the real meaning of the day's events. It was a day of shadows thrown across the pathway of tyranny. We had not the heart to haul down the grand old British flag, emblem of liberty and justice, but left it at the mast-head all that night. As I rose to retire to rest, I raised my cap in respectful salute to the dear old flag, for it was the first time I had seen it fluttering over a British craft in Darkest Africa.

I must now introduce the principal Arabs who will figure in this drama of Central Africa.

The first, and by far the most important, was the great Tip-pu-Tib. Although not of pure Arab descent, he was the most influential. His activity was astonishing. He possessed a frank, manly character, enlivened by humour, and loved immensely to play practical jokes upon his intimate friends. In business there was no beating about the bush; it was

always "take it or leave it," and, in warfare, "unconditional surrender" was the basis of his terms to all enemies who sued for peace. His power was sung around most camp-fires, from the East Coast to Stanley Pool on the Congo. His very name was sufficient to strike terror into the hearts of all who were liable to attack.

The next in influence was his partner Rumaliza. These are not their real names, but those by which they are known in the Interior—a kind of fighting title. "Rumaliza" signifies "one who utterly finishes." This man was exactly the opposite in character to Tip-pu-Tib. He was a pure Arab—quiet in manner, cultured and courteous, always a gentleman in his dealings with us. He is still alive, residing in Zanzibar. Tip-pu-Tib is dead.

Let me at once place on record my sincere appreciation of the kindness shown to me for many years by both these powerful men, for on one or two occasions they saved my life from the plots of their co-religionists during a period of great disturbance. I cannot say a word for their cruel trade, but I gratefully acknowledge their loyal and disinterested attachment to me. Although it brought upon them much trouble they never forsook their English acquaintance, whose life was at all times in their hands; and whose constant protest against their vile work was always received with politeness, and the remark, "We must differ on these subjects, but not quarrel."

At South Tanganyika second-rate men, most of them half-caste Arabs, acted as middle-men on behalf of the Ujiji merchant princes.

Across the plateau Lake Nyasa was held by Mlozi Jumbe, Makanjira Mponda, and others who were more or less linked together by religion as well as trade. This combination was not to be trifled with. A few isolated white men could do nothing but undermine their stronghold, certainly not carry it by direct assault. An impatient philanthropist

of the "go for them" school wrote me a letter about this time, saying, "What are you playing at with those beastly Arabs? *String them up!*" I must not anticipate events now by describing the "stringing up," or the reader may accuse me of undue haste. To my bellicose correspondent I wrote: "If you are anxious to do your creditors a service, insure your life for a million, come out by next steamer, bring the string with you, and show us how it's done." Any fool could have got his throat cut, but it would not have brought us any nearer the attainment of our ends.

We left Ujiji as soon as possible and established a marine depôt on the west coast, near the terminus of the main slave-road from Manyema. John Penry was the first of our party to succumb to fever, after a long illness. He was soon followed by James Dunn, a young carpenter, who was found dead in bed after repeated attacks of malaria.

Having prepared our base at Kavala Island, we sailed to the south end to receive the material for building the first steam vessel to navigate the great lakes.

During the first and second years, numerous voyages were made in the small lifeboat for the purposes of survey work and establishing friendly relations with the native chiefs.

To be in that open boat, beating 250 miles against the south-east monsoon, was an experience in yachting not to be surpassed anywhere. From east to west coast, by night and day, she thrashed against the white-crested waves, drenching all on board. Her native crew would hide beneath grass mats, under the thwarts, when the heavy clouds burst and a tornado of rain and wind descended, threatening to capsize us. The inky darkness was lighted by sheets of fire, accompanied by thunder which made them cry out, "God is angry!" Twelve years of experience at sea had not shown me how a storm looked from an open boat. To be on a level with, and often beneath, the crests of waves, was a different thing from walking on the bridge of an ocean

liner. Waterspouts were common, rushing about from one side of the lake to the other like demons; in fact the natives called them "devils' tails." Fortunately they always missed us, but the accompanying whirlwind drove us about as if we had been a cork on the water.

With only one exception the natives we met with were friendly, bringing food for sale wherever we anchored. At the south end we sailed up the Lofu River, having taken sixteen days from Kavala Island. The river, which drains the great valley, was nearly blocked up by sud. Numerous hippopotami gave us to understand we were interlopers by raising their enormous heads uncomfortably near the boat. Ugly crocodiles, in large numbers, slid off the sandbanks as we drew near. Storks, cranes, ibis, cormorants, and egrets adorned every creek, whilst thousands of wild geese and duck of many kinds stood closely packed together on the mud-flats; never having been shot at, they took no notice of us until we passed within a few yards of where they stood. It was fortunate for us they lived here in such numbers, as eventually they became our food-supply during famine.

We were now amongst the Walungu, who owned nearly the whole of the southern end of the lake. Formerly a numerous tribe, at this time they were a scattered people, exposed to the Arab raids on one hand and to the fierce Awemba on the other. The one swooped down from the hills, like the fish-eagles, as the Walungu termed it. The other rushed along both sides of the river, completing the work of ruin.

Small groups of villages were built on the floating sud, which was banked in mid-stream, forming small islands, thus affording protection from enemies on the mainland. They were naturally suspicious; only one old fisherman ventured to paddle out to sell fish, but of course he was in reality spying on us. He said that the whole country was at war, and that we were not safe from attack anywhere up the river.

A mile or two ahead a broad valley opened out, on which could be seen several villages surrounded by stockades. Near this we formed a permanent camp, and prepared ground on which to lay the keel of the S.S. *Good News*, which was expected to arrive at any time. We had not long to wait; for whilst sitting at breakfast, a stranger suddenly appeared in our camp, and without form or ceremony introduced himself as "Lieut. Pulley, of her Majesty's Navy." He had accompanied Mr. Fred Moir from Lake Nyasa with the first consignment of our vessel. In a few days we were surrounded with steel frames, keel-plates, tools, &c., &c. The cheerful society of these strangers acted as a tonic. They told us of their exciting journey across country, of war on the Shire River, where, unfortunately, brass bearings had been cut out of our cylinders, brass steam-cocks chopped off to make ornaments, angle-irons bent double, and rod-iron stolen to make spears. Chapter after chapter of such misfortunes to our vessel followed in succession, until one wondered which end of the ship to attempt to construct first. The most amusing of all was to find that the great iron rudder could not be traced.

It must be borne in mind into what a multitude of pieces a steam vessel has to be divided in order to permit of its being carried by porters; also that the whole had to pass up the Zambezi and Shire Rivers in barges, then through the Shire Highlands and up Lake Nyasa, and finally across the Plateau to Tanganyika, a journey of nearly 1000 miles. War against the white man was raging at the time, and these thousands of loads of metal presented great temptation to the half-savage tribes through whose country they were transported by the African Lakes Corporation. The departure of Hore for Zanzibar left but three of us to build the vessel. It was slow work. Those thousands of rivets haunted my dreams. Fever was sapping our constitutions, and the task at times seemed too great. Day by day plate was

added to plate; but, as the structure neared completion, it was obvious to me that one more of my comrades would not long survive the physical strain of such hard work and fever combined.

I found recreation necessary. A few hours' tramp after game supplied the required change, and often a few hours in a canoe, duck-shooting, gave me a pleasant Saturday afternoon's enjoyment. On one of these occasions I took out both my boys, making them paddle the canoe, and they enjoyed the fun of picking up the ducks. Our boat was hauled up on to a clean sandy island whilst I had lunch.

The river was very tempting for a bathe, for the heat of the sun made one long to plunge into the cool stream. Both lads began paddling about in the shallow water. I called to Tom, warning him to be careful of crocodiles. At this he laughed, and, pointing to a small packet suspended around his neck, he said: "Master, I am not afraid. See this packet? It contains some of the medicine I bought on the road from that man who was nearly caught by the lion." I recollected both the incident and also hearing him say he would purchase the charm.

"Don't be silly, boy!" I said. "Crocodiles are not scared by such things, and, besides, that particular charm is against lions, not crocodiles."

"It's all the same," he laughingly answered; "no beast can hurt me as long as I wear it. Muungu bass! Only God!"

They were the last words I was ever to hear him speak! Leaving me he again joined his companion, the pair keeping quite close to the shore in shallow water. As I watched them I noticed a large piece of dried banana-stalk slowly drifting down-stream towards the lads. They immediately caught sight of it, and, boy-like, saw no end of fun if they could secure it to play with.

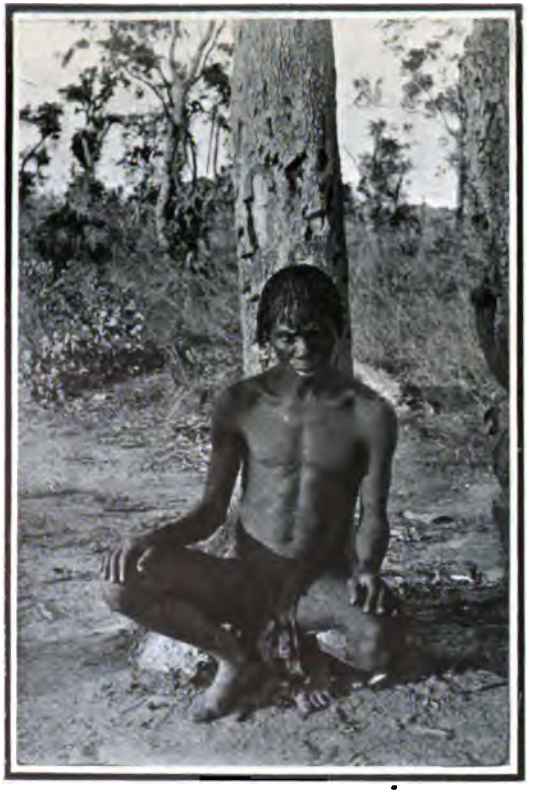
To my horror Tom plunged into the stream and made for the prize.

I shouted, "Come back, you young fool!" He half turned his face towards me, and the next instant he disappeared, evidently struggling with something beneath the water. All doubt was at once removed, for instantly a crocodile's tail swished out of the water as it forced itself downwards with my faithful little servant and companion, who had trusted to his worthless charm and lost his life.

For the first time in my experience I felt lonely! The silent, cruel river seemed to mock at the other boy's grief as he covered himself with mud and sand, emblems of mourning.

Just a ripple, and Tom left us. The sudden cessation of his happy existence appeared inexpressibly sad. Yes! I was lonely! Men who have lived in the African bush will know well what I mean and what I felt. We become attached to our black attendants, to the boy who anticipates our every want, who serves us cheerfully at all hours. Strong men, who would scorn the idea of being helpless, absolutely lean on these children of the forest so far as their personal comfort is concerned. Does a long march end in rain? The boy is there. Wet firewood? No matter, dinner is cooked. Hot bath ready. Pipe, tobacco, and dry clothes all at hand in the tent. It is "Boy!" all the time; without him, bush-life would be unbearable! I am not ashamed to say that, when the Lofu River closed over Tom, for the second time in Africa I could not clearly see the water for mist—this time caused not by excessive joy, but intense sorrow.

Go where we may in the Interior, this implicit trust in charms will be witnessed. Women and girls will unhesitatingly bathe in the very waters where, but a day previously, a neighbour was seized by crocodiles. Fishermen will wade up to the armpits, following their calling, without fear of being dragged down like yesterday's victim. Boys will swim about in sight of these dangerous creatures lying asleep on adjacent rocks or sand. Remonstrate with them, and the invariable reply will be "It's God's affair!"



A CANNIBAL

His hair is daubed with grease and his teeth are filed sharp

A THOROUGH SCOUNDREL

A Ruga-Ruga with fancy powder-horn and flint-lock gun standing

RUGARUGA BULLIES

Beyond the Lofu the plains afforded splendid sport whilst in search of food. The graceful Puku antelope were in considerable numbers, and, never having been hunted by Europeans, they were not at all difficult to shoot. Zebra roamed about quite near to the villages; the natives told us they did not care for the meat, as it was tough, and this probably accounted for their tameness.

Kitimbwa was the principal chief; he is mentioned by Livingstone, and the old man told us he remembered the Doctor's visit to Liendwi. His chief weakness was for native beer. He complained of the constant attacks upon his people by the Awemba and Arabs, and begged us to give him guns and gunpowder for defence. This was out of the question, but we sent to the Arabs requesting them to let these people alone.

A most insulting reply was returned. "If we wanted to fight, they were ready. If we did not like war, we were to 'clear out!'" It was evident these half-caste villains needed different handling—from such men as Tip-pu-Tib at Ujiji. So we sent back, inviting them to come and talk over matters. To our surprise they came! Some were dressed in hideous costumes, having around their heads strips of buffalo hide with the hairs standing outwards, something like a sweep's brush. Others had wild-cats' skins suspended from their loins. The leading men looked devilish, arrayed in black long-tailed monkey skins; all were armed with spear, muzzle-loading rifle, and long knives. They were twenty-three in number. Our force was composed of three Europeans and eight Mohammedan workers, who could not be trusted to fight against their co-religionists. It was necessary to deliver an ultimatum, and to take the consequences. Our vessel had to be built; we must have peace and food. There could be no compromise.

With rifles loaded, and kept in our hands, we received these interesting neighbours and invited them to be seated in

our verandah. Three six-chambered revolvers lay handy on the table when the palaver commenced. Addressing them in Suahili, I informed them we were personally acquainted with all the leading Arabs in the country, and we had never before been insulted. It was reserved for them, who were not real Arabs, to send insulting messages to us, and we had called them in order to express our objection to their action; also to ask why they attacked the people to whom we must look for labour and food.

"What business is that of yours?" the leader sneeringly answered. "If you don't like it, you can go away. We have no quarrel with you."

"Thank you!" I replied. "We decline your advice."

Pointing to our vessel on the stocks, I continued:

"Do you see that ship? It came from Europe. It is, as you have heard, being built by us. We are not here to quarrel with any one, much less to play; our time is valuable; we want peace and food for our men, and, what is most important for you to know is, we intend to stay here and finish our work. If you attack us we shall not run away and hide in the hills and amongst the reeds, as these poor Walungu do, but we shall defend ourselves with these," pointing to our revolvers and rifles. "Those are our words. The tongue utters words which wisdom counsels you to listen to. It is always better to use the tongue than the rifle in an argument."

"Tu-ta-pita" ("we will go") was the only reply to this ultimatum. There was not a man amongst them. They were a set of bullies and cowards. I never met a Rugaruga, as they are called, who would face a stand-up fight. They will howl and swing their guns about, brandish knives, and spear women or retreating men! But look down the business end of an enemy's rifle? Never!

If you wish to see brave black men from these regions you must follow them after they have been trained by European ocffiers, and see them storming stockades in Ashantee, or dying

to a man as they did in the Somaliland disaster. These ruffians were counterfeits, and yet they terrorised the whole population of South Tanganyika.

Our men escorted them to the river, and as the leader got into the canoe I said, "I hope, the next time you visit us, you will not bring weapons, as white men do not consider it a good custom." It was a satisfactory ending to an awkward situation. Our people were not certain we should not be attacked during the night, and when a leopard or hyena overturned some cooking utensils, a panic ensued at once. All came rushing into our houses shouting, "Rugaruga, master. War!" No trace of an enemy could be discovered by us, and they were persuaded to go to sleep. The men we had interviewed that morning had no more idea of trying conclusions with us than they had of assisting in building the vessel.

As will be told in the next chapter, they contented themselves with taking full revenge on the surrounding villages beyond our neighbourhood, leaving not a single town untouched in all the beautiful valley of the Lofu.

CHAPTER VI

FIRE AND SWORD—A SCEPTICAL NATIVE—AN ANGRY HIPPOPOTAMUS—LAUNCH OF THE "GOOD NEWS"—MEDICINE AND SURGERY—A CRUEL PUNISHMENT—A NATIVE DUEL: ITS TRAGIC RESULT.

FOR a few weeks we heard nothing more of our late visitors, but immediately the Mohammedan fast of Ramadan was over, hordes of the wretches overran the country, carrying fire and sword. In less than a month not a village existed within a radius of twenty-five miles of our camp, excepting two which were very close to us. The maize crop was either destroyed or carried away, canoes sunk, and the whole of Ulungu turned into a wilderness, except in those districts where the robbers themselves lived. It was not our duty to fight these people, even had we possessed the power; we were only justified in maintaining an attitude of self-defence whilst representatives of the London Missionary Society. Food could only be obtained by making weekly voyages across the lake throughout the dry season.

Many natives who escaped during the general scramble came to us for protection and sustenance, thus increasing the severe strain on our resources. Wafipa from the east coast, attracted by the war and reports of famine, came over in large canoes loaded with grain. They halted at our station, but not a pound would they sell us. We bid for the whole cargo, but no! They would only sell in exchange for slaves. "One load of 60 lbs. weight for a boy, two for a girl; old men and women were not marketable, as they could not march to Zanzibar!"

It would have been easy to seize the lot and compel them to sell, but I doubt if our directors would have endorsed

such high-handed procedure, so the flotilla passed upstream to the Arabs, returning in three days loaded with young boys and girls about ten to sixteen years of age.

As the crews paddled past they sang:—

"Daylight comes and daylight goes,
Dig, boys, dig!

(Meaning dig with the paddles.)

To-night we sleep far away,
Dig, boys, dig!
The fire has left no home for the rats.

(Meaning that, the huts having been all burned, the rats were homeless.)

The leopard watched and caught the fawns;
These fawns are safely by our sides,
Dig, boys, dig!"

Is it any wonder that such sights and sounds made me chafe at the restrictions by which we were bound, preventing us from leaping into those canoes and pitching the singers into the river. As I watched those young people being carried away from parents, home, and country, I felt ashamed of my colour, and the very name of our vessel, *Good News*, seemed little else than a mockery amidst the cruel deeds done under her shadow. An opportunity to avenge such an insult to my colour presented itself sooner than I anticipated.

Smallpox completed the series of calamities which fell on the Walungu. It only wanted a crowd of frogs to reproduce the well-known Egyptian picture.

Whilst I was lying on my back beneath the steamer, hammering up keel rivets, an inquisitive native edged up to me and asked:

"Is this vessel not all iron?"

"Yes," I answered. "Why do you ask?"

Picking up a washer, he beckoned me to the river, and dropping it in, said:

"Do you see that?"

"No! I don't," I replied. "How can I?—it's out of sight."

"Yes, it is; but what I meant was, do you see, it *sinks?*"

"Of course it sank; it's iron."

"Well!" he exclaimed, pointing to the steamer. "If such a little piece of iron sinks, how do you expect that big lump will swim?"

He thought he had cornered me.

"Look here, old chap," I said, "just you wait until this moon dies, then come here and help us put her in the river, and you will *see* her swim; at present you must take my words and believe them, for they are true."

He looked at me and whispered, "You are right. She will *not* sink, because if the whole tribe tried they could never carry her into the water; she's too heavy! No, she will neither sink nor swim!" With this parting shot he left me.

He was soon to learn that necessary lesson which must be taught all primitive people—that a white man speaks the truth. Grease for the launching ways had to be procured from hippopotami, some of which will yield several bucketfuls of fat when in good condition. Many a day's exciting sport was enjoyed hunting these valuable creatures, especially when the pursuit was followed in canoes, for you can never be certain their great carcases won't come up suddenly under the canoe, disturbing its equilibrium; and there was always the danger of crocodiles joining in the hunt.

One old beast gave me an uncomfortable time when out duck-shooting. Having shot some Egyptian geese, we paddled the canoe up a narrow creek to pick up the birds, which lay on a mud-flat. My boy "Kabatawe," who had taken the place of poor Tom, was with me in the boat. No sooner had we entered the creek and run on to the mud, than a hippo rose behind us, right in the entrance to the creek, grunting in

an unpleasant manner, and evidently annoyed at our presence. Kabatawe leaped overboard in an instant, bang into the soft mud, and there he remained up to his waist, a picture of utter helplessness. The hippo plunged about only a few yards distant, looking as if he meant making trouble.

"Shoot, master, shoot! Pull me out! Mother! I shall die!" and similar remarks came from the lad in rapid succession. Extracting the cartridges from my fowling-piece to prevent accident, I held it out to him and dragged him into the boat. "Kill it, master—kill it!" he shouted, as he scraped the grey mud from his body. Oh for a Kodak at that moment!

"Lie down, you little monkey," I commanded, "and keep quiet; my gun is only for birds."

The mud was too soft to attempt trying to land, and the brute remained bobbing up and down, right in the only track by which it was possible to escape. To fire duck-shot at him was to court disaster; our best weapon, for the moment, was passivity. As I anticipated, he did not understand what we intended to do, and moved a little upstream.

"Now, my son," I whispered, "get hold of your paddle, and gently push the canoe off this mud the next time that creature goes under water, and then sit quiet."

Our wily foe must have heard our movements, for he at once became excited, turning half somersaults in the water, a well-known practice of theirs when irritated. It is equivalent to the action of a bull pawing the ground. These evolutions brought him back to the original place, directly in front of the creek. It was getting towards evening, and I feared attack. We must make a dash for it or be caught like rats in a trap.

"Now, boy," I said, "give me that other paddle, and the next time he disappears, paddle for all you are worth; don't stop to look around."

As the water closed over the beast's ugly head, we

dashed out; a few desperate strokes sent our canoe across the stream, passing over the spot where we had last seen him, and as we rushed into the opposite reeds and sprang on shore, he rose and plunged forward, catching the stern of the boat in his jaws, smashing its side and filling it with water. It had been quite an uncomfortable half-hour, and I doubt if either of us could have threaded a needle had we been asked to do so at that moment!

The same lad had another close shave a few days afterwards. As he was dipping water from the river, a slave-hunter seized him near our house, threw him into the canoe, and made for the opposite bank. I happened to be looking in that direction, and saw the scoundrel. Picking up my rifle, I shouted, "Stop, or I'll fire!" No heed was paid to the warning, so I fired at the canoe, hoping to scare the man. The bullet, however, struck his paddle, smashing it. He immediately pitched the boy overboard, and jumped into the reeds, whilst Kabatawe swam back to us without encountering a crocodile. It was a narrow escape.

We were extremely glad to hammer up the last rivet and launch the *Good News* into Tanganyika. I did not forget the old sceptic, who stood amongst the crowd of natives watching the iron vessel swimming. Making my way up to him and touching him on the shoulder, I asked, "What about the lump of iron swimming now?"

He was not to be cornered quite so easily as I imagined. Looking straight into my eyes, and scornfully pointing to the vessel, he answered:

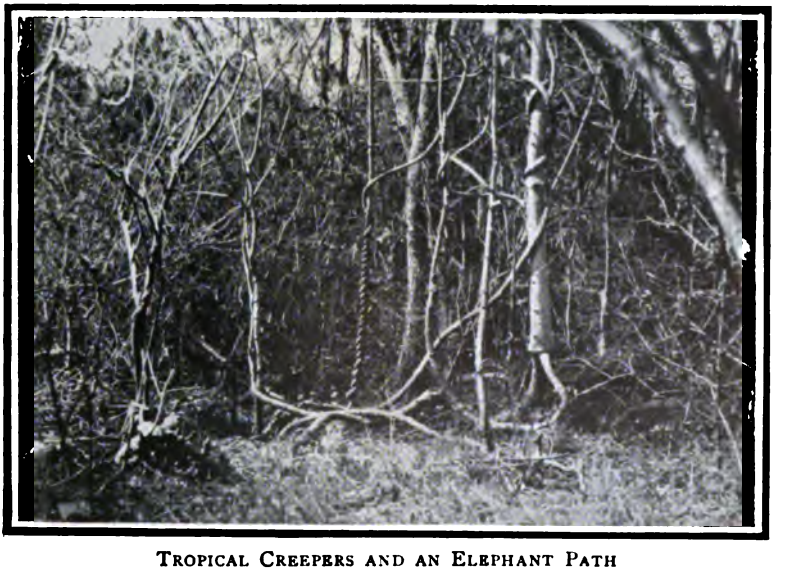
"*You put medicine into it!*"

The reply was extremely disappointing. I had hoped to impress on him, and others, the fact that our word could be relied upon. We wanted to win their confidence.

"Look here, old man," I said. "Never you mind whether there is medicine in it or not. I told you it would *swim*. Does it?"

S.S. "GOOD NEWS"

This was the first steam vessel to navigate the great African lakes. It was transported in sections up the Zambezi and Lake Nyasa and across the plateau. During the war between the whites and blacks most of the brass fittings were cut off, and all rod iron stolen for spears. A native confidently predicted that the vessel would not swim.



TROPICAL CREEPERS AND AN ELEPHANT PATH

A unique photograph of jungle and swamp taken by Sir John Kirk, the companion of Livingstone. Elephants are fond of hiding in such dense bush. In the centre is a good illustration of a gigantic creeper which has wound itself in a remarkably regular manner around a small tree It was one of these creepers we used to drag our boat out of the lake after it was sunk by the tornado.

"Yes, it does," he answered; "and I'll believe *anything* you tell me after this!"

The pendulum had now swung too far in the opposite direction. These Africans seemed to know no middle course, and it was not to be wondered at. Their whole life was one of extremes—all rain or all sunshine, feast or famine, reckless fatalism or unwarranted cowardice. One moment, the blazing sun; the next, chills and night. No evening, no moderation in anything! With one voice they seemed to echo the ancient saying, "Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die."

A few more days sufficed to rig up jury-masts on the *Good News*, as we had to sail her up north to our depôt. Hore had now returned, and he took command, whilst I piloted the *Morning Star*. It was a grand race up the lake with the monsoon. In the darkness we parted company, and dropping mails at the French station of Karema, we bowled along, shaping a course for home. We were making a record passage, but on rounding the cape we saw the *Good News* had outrun us, having arrived some hours previously.

James Roxburgh, our engineer, who before he came to Africa had turned the mighty shaft in Glasgow for the Ocean liner *Orient*, had completed his last task. Bravely he battled against fever month after month. The excitement of his work kept him going, but shortly after the *Good News* dropped her anchor in port for the first time, he "crossed the bar," dysentery completing the mischief of malaria.

Our ranks were being seriously reduced by these repeated losses, but during the past three years we had found out the necessity of avoiding undue exposure to the sun, and of being temperate both when at work and play.

During one of many voyages along the east coast, at the base of the Kabogo Mountains, I saw what had been a most

cruel sacrifice, of a man who had been condemned to die, in order to cleanse away the disgrace resting on his chief, through his having had a son born with only three fingers. Needless to say, the victim was a slave. They had tied the man head downwards over a nest of red biting ants. These insects are dreaded by every one. They will swarm over you, biting viciously, and the more you try to drive them away, the fiercer their attack becomes. There are few travellers who have not suffered from their unpleasant visits. Around the man's eyes some sticky substance had been rubbed, to prevent the ants from blinding him. My boatmen said the ants would not cross this substance, the object of his tormentors being to preserve his eyes so that he might *see* the ants coming at him in their thousands. He was quite dead when we arrived, his body being a mass of sores, covered by thousands of ants.

On entering the village, no one could be found except one young girl, an old woman, and a boy. They were covered with dust, and around each one's head was a broad band of calico, the general marks of mourning. All were crying bitterly, tears streaming down their faces. Some travellers have ridiculed these outward ceremonies and denounced them as hypocritical. The facts are, that in all those mournings distant acquaintances join, and occupy about the same position at a funeral as the men who drive a hearse in this country with marks of mourning, but who feel no real grief. But the near relatives of these black people feel intensely their bereavement. These mourners took not the least notice of us as we passed in respectful silence. Outside the hut lay the dead man's hoe, his axe, bow and arrows being crossed over one another. A broken pipe lay in the centre. How eloquently these implements of agriculture and weapons of war must have appealed to the bereaved relatives. They reminded me of the sword, helmet, and empty boots which may be seen at the burial of our soldiers.

The days seemed too short for the proper discharge of our various duties. The rains succeeded the dry seasons more rapidly than we liked, and at the end of another year we were called to mourn the loss of another comrade, as Dr. Dineen fell a victim to disease. He had taken a keen interest in examining the various herbs used by native doctors. His conclusion was that, with few exceptions, we not only know their remedies, but have learnt from science a more effective way of applying them to alleviate pain or cure disease. Apart from medical impostors who preyed on the general community, there were bona-fide practitioners who sold narcotics, poisons, sedatives, aperients, and so on. They are strong believers in reducing the amount of blood in the veins by cupping, especially for headache. Crushed limbs are removed with partially sharpened axes, for they seem to have found out that the arteries and veins close up more quickly if not severed with a keen instrument. Whether they feel pain as acutely as we do, I very much doubt. One thing is certain, they bear severe pain with remarkable fortitude, and recover from wounds which appear likely to end fatally.

That they are capable of strong feeling may be gathered from the following incident. Two young men belonging to different villages had deposited the usual present with the relatives of a young girl whom they wished to marry. It was against all custom for the relatives to accept the gifts from two suitors at the same time, but they had done so, and trouble followed. The young fellows had a legitimate cause of complaint, and quarrelled. Long and angry interviews took place between the two families without any satisfactory result, until one lover lost all patience and seized the girl as she was working in the garden, taking her to his house. This brought matters to a climax; but instead of the two villages rushing to war, as commonly happens, the old people decided that the two young men should fight it out with spears, only there was to be a distinct understanding that it was

not a duel to the death. The conditions were, whoever first speared the other through arm or leg was to have the girl.

If the man died from his wounds, the girl should be given to the next of kin of the deceased. No wounds were to be made on any other part of the body.

The chief sent down, requesting me to leave the harbour, as he feared my sailors might become involved in any trouble which might probably follow the contest. I declined, for I was anxious to witness black men enter the lists to imitate the chivalry of Europe; so, informing the chief that my men would remain on the vessel, but that I intended to see the duel, I proceeded to pay him a visit, as I had no power to stop the fight. I was careful to let him know I came as his guest, and slipping a packet of salt into his hand, I added, "Tell your people I have nothing to do with this quarrel, and am simply here as a visitor." Numerous pots of beer stood ready for consumption, and the whole population was most excited.

The old man called one of his advisers and whispered something into his ear. Soon three others joined the party, and after a consultation I was surprised by the chief telling me that representatives of both families had asked him to request me to see fair play, to act as referee, and to stop the young men from killing each other, as they feared their own inability to control either the men or their relatives. This was getting more interesting. These artful people saw a way of escape out of a delicate situation, and were not slow to avail themselves of my presence. Being desirous of assisting them, as I knew these affairs nearly always ended in the death of some one, I replied, "I agree to help you, provided that both the combatants are called that they may hear my instructions, as they must give me their promise to obey my orders or take the consequences. You old men must also understand that I will have nothing to do with the disposal of the girl; it is not my business. White men consult the

A MEDICINE MAN AT WORK

The patient has been laid on his mat in the sun, and the medicine is in the waterbuck's horn resting on his hip, which is probably the injured part. The operator is decorated with white pigment to make him look the more mysterious, and his gymnastic exercises are supposed to chase away the disease. Both doctor and patient believe in the farce. The rolled-up mat on the house signifies the owner is dead.

wishes of their daughters in these matters; they do not sell them as you do. I simply see fair play between these two men. Do you agree?"

"Yes!" they answered.

A great crowd had now assembled, and I ordered them to be sent farther away. The two men then came forward, both looking sullen; they carried ugly-looking spears, with shafts about six feet long. They were stabbing spears, not the short assegai, which is thrown. An orator shouted out the particulars of the situation to the friends of both men, asking if they agreed with the chief's decision that the white man should see fair play and decide who was the victor. They replied in the affirmative.

Addressing the combatants, I said:

"You have heard the voices of your chief, and elders, and relatives; are you also willing that I should judge between you, and will you promise to accept my decision as final?" One, the elder of the two, answered, "Our old men have spoken I have no use for my tongue!"

The younger said, "My spear will only talk with his spear. Boys do not refuse to obey the old men!"

"It is good!" I added. "Whoever first touches the other's arms or legs with his spear so as to draw blood, will win, and I shall stop the fight! Whoever touches any other portion of the body with his spear so as to draw blood, loses. You understand, this is not war, but simply to prove which of you is the more clever with the spear!"

"Good!" they replied.

The sun was dipping behind the adjacent hill, and this was the time chosen for this most important affair. What they felt in need of was a *Court of Decision.* Both chief and people were more or less interested parties. I was impartial, and for the moment took the place of the poison ordeal. If I could get the matter decided without loss of life, it was worth the risk.

Noticing that all the men were armed, I ordered them to

go and put their weapons in the houses, pointing out that it was a personal quarrel to be settled by these two alone, not by the family. Beckoning the young men into the circle, I stepped between them, at the same time drawing a revolver, which I held up, saying, "Remember! No wounds on the body; and when I say 'Stop!' the man who does not do so instantly will be spoken to by this revolver."

They were covered with grease, and looked fine specimens of manhood. Placing them so that their spear-heads just met, I stepped backwards with the words, "Go on!"

I expected a mad rush, but no such thing happened; they stood quite still, only leaning forward just sufficiently to allow both blades to come well into contact. That they were in deadly earnest could be seen, as their eyes were fixed on each other, the crowd meantime keeping perfect silence! They bent forward towards the ground, the muscles of their arms quivering as each tried to press the other's spear on one side so as to get a clear thrust. Perspiration ran down their bodies; physically they appeared to be equally matched. This bending to the ground to get in the first blow was a calculated manœuvre, and as an exhibition of fencing with the spear it was worth witnessing. I enjoyed seeing the use these men were making of their brains as well as their muscles. A slip, a moment off guard, too little or too much pressure, and—well, anything might happen in the case of men fighting for a woman.

Weight began to tell in favour of the older man, and suddenly he brought more pressure to bear on the blade. The youngster gave way, there was a swift lunge forward, and the next instant both were sprawling on the sand; the sudden release of the weapons threw them off their balance, and quick as lightning the youngster, as he fell, passed his spear clean through the thick part of his stronger opponent's thigh. As they fell the spear snapped, and the defeated man was gripping his spear to stab his fallen conqueror, when I jumped on his wrist, and putting my revolver close to his face, I called:

"Drop it! You have lost!"

It took but a second to secure the spear and order the exulting boy off the ground. The wound was an ugly one, but had missed all the great blood-vessels. We rolled up dried banana skins into a ball and formed a rough tourniquet. He could not walk, so he was carried to the beer-pots and well soaked with native beer. That fearful gash healed in three weeks, showing, as I said before, the remarkable recuperative power they possess. That evening both sides drank beer together; their shouts of revelry and drum-beating continued up to a late hour, and I knew they were satisfied with the decision.

Were they *all* satisfied? Alas, no! In a little hut there was a maiden, who had never been consulted in the matter. No one seemed to consider it was necessary for her to be taken into account. I ascertained afterwards that she was attached to the defeated man, who came from the same country as herself. On being told she would become the wife of the other man, she did not reply; but her mother, seeing tears in her eyes, asked the reason. Still no answer. This is very characteristic of Africans. They close up like an oyster, and not even the fear of death will force them to speak.

It appears that, that evening, she collected her little bead ornaments, and fancy combs made out of reeds. These she placed in a small earthenware pot which most African girls use as a kind of handy receptacle, and which is considered private by her family. Her mother asked her what she was doing. "Making preparations," was her only reply; and going out of the hut, she added, "I shall not be long!" It was the last time they saw her alive. I think it was near midnight when I awoke hearing that never-to-be-forgotten wail of an African child who has lost its grandmother. (The grandmother always takes care of the children.) Again and again it broke the silence of the night. "Amai! Amai! Amai!" ("Grandmother!") This was followed by heart-broken outbursts of grief. Calling the crew, I asked, "Do your hear that woman?

Shout out and ask her what she is doing up there in the rocks at night, and tell her the leopards live there."

They did as I ordered, but the only reply was, "Amai! Amai!"

"Come on," I said; "she'll be killed by the leopards."

Up the rocks we clambered by the aid of the moon, but as soon as she saw us she fled, carrying on her head a small earthenware pot.

"Don't follow, master," the men said; "you won't catch her like that. It's some woman who is mad; we must stalk her."

We sat down to discuss the best plan to adopt, when we caught sight of her standing on the top of a high cliff overlooking the lake.

"Keep still," I whispered; "she is watching!"

"She will jump off," replied the man next to me.

She was indeed watching, but not for us. Her eyes probably saw the face of the wounded man who had that day lost her, for as we looked she pitched the little pot into space and flung herself after it.

"She's gone!" we all exclaimed with one breath.

Yes! the little maid had gone. Amidst the broken fragments of her own small earthenware pot, surrounded by the pretty bead work which had adorned her girlhood, her mangled body was found wedged amongst the rocks at the base of the cliff.

No matter by what name you call it—Love, affection, passion, madness. Whatever it was, it had enticed her away from home, out into the dense, dark bush at midnight, and beckoned her over that cliff into the darker unknown.

"Amai! Amai!" I shall never cease to hear her farewell.

CHAPTER VII

A Diplomatic Scramble—Manna—The Amambwi—Unpleasant Visitors

IT was now time to take a rest, the first portion of our work being completed, stations having been established, mail routes maintained, and vessels running regularly around the lake, keeping up communication with the coast. Five years of rough living and exacting duty were leaving their mark on me, and a furlough home became necessary.

Great Britain, France, Germany, Belgium, and Portugal were then paying more attention to Central Africa, and the interesting diplomatic game or scramble (as it has been called) for Africa commenced in earnest. Britain thought she needed a route from the Cape to Cairo. Cecil Rhodes began his trans-continental telegraph; Germany wanted Zanzibar and the Hinterland; France looked with longing eyes from west to east and hoped to sit astride the Nile; Belgium, or the Congo State, began to wake up to the fact that she possessed vast forests as well as great mineral and vegetable wealth.

The enormously valuable consignments of ivory, which annually entered the Zanzibar custom-house, were known to come from the backbone of the continent, where most of the different spheres of influence met, and it was possible to divert this golden stream northward down the Nile, or southward *vid* Blantyre, or westward down the Congo. The stream was then flowing eastward to Zanzibar, and the question was: Who should possess this Klondyke of ivory? European ambition was well known at the coast, and transmitted up-country to the various great trading-

centres. Its vibrations began to be felt on Tanganyika when I left for home. The Arabs became uneasy. Communications received from the Nile confirmed their suspicions that the white men had come to stay. The actual storm had not yet begun to break, but the atmosphere was oppressive; there was a calm, similar to that which one experiences at sea when near the equator, immediately before the squall strikes the ship.

Such a squall was about to strike Central Africa, but as yet nothing but the distant murmur of thunder could be heard, as I turned my steps towards home, across the plateau which separates the Lakes Tanganyika and Nyasa, it being my intention to reach the coast *viâ* the Zambezi River. I found this high plateau mostly composed of sandstone and granite, and occupied by the Amambwi tribe, who were not only quarrelsome, but inclined to be insolent, and were already known as notorious thieves.

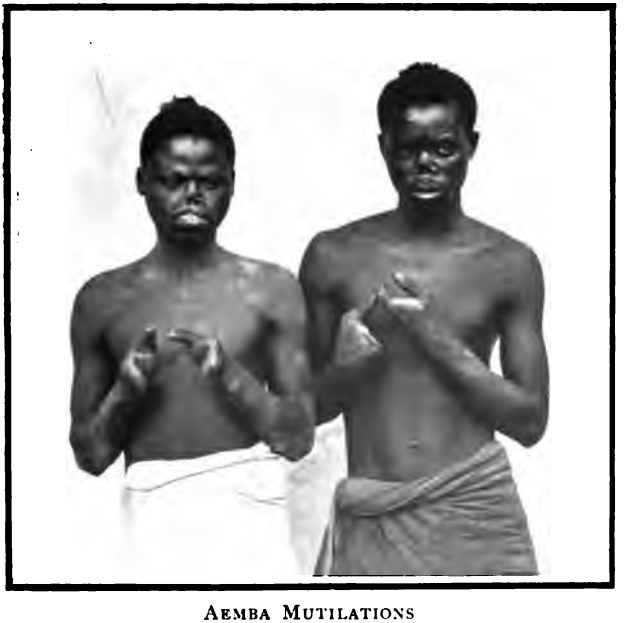
It was whilst passing this district that I was shown a very curious white substance, very similar to porridge. It was found on the ground early in the morning before the sun rose. On examination it was seen to possess all the characteristics of the manna which is said to have fallen for the benefit of the Israelites.

In appearance it resembled coriander seeds, was white in colour, like hoarfrost, sweet to the taste, melted in the sun, and if kept overnight was full of worms in the morning. The natives were not allowed to gather it before asking permission from the chief. It required to be baked if you intended to keep it any length of time.

This substance was seen some years afterwards in the same district by several Europeans now living, who can vouch for the accuracy of my description of this food. When asked what it was and where it came from, the natives replied: "It's the food of God! no one knows where it comes from." I have never seen or heard of it

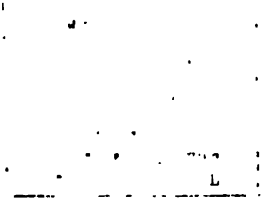
A VILLAGE IN MAKING

A skeleton living-hut and grain store. Villages are removed when the soil becomes poor or for sanitary reasons, but as it entails much extra work it is a task seldom undertaken except under compulsion, and never unless the family have strong male relatives.



AEMBA MUTILATIONS

This tribe live on the plateau which divides Tanganyika from Lake Nyasa. The man to the right has lost the point of his nose and fingers. The one to the left his upper lip, point of nose, and fingers. They were an unruly lot of people, and probably their chief was compelled to resort to extremes in order to secure order.



in any other part of the world, although it may be known to others. A cake of it was baked and sent to England, but no one appeared to be able to determine its identity. It looked as if it was deposited on the ground in the night, but in what manner I was never able to ascertain. No holes could be found in the ground near it, or one might have concluded that insects unearthed it during the night. The only suggestion I could think of was that it might be a mushroom spawn, as on the spot where it melted tiny fungi sprang up the next night. Maybe some reader can enlighten us on the subject.

The Amambwi appeared to be constantly fighting against the powerful Awemba, who, under the famous chief Kitimkuru, made it most uncomfortable for any people who excited their avarice. Cruelties of a most revolting character were inflicted by the chiefs on all criminals. Men and women were mutilated in a horrid manner, as the accompanying photographs will illustrate. It was no uncommon occurrence to meet men who were minus a nose; ears, fingers, lips, eyes, and even hands were sometimes cut off for minor offences against the civil laws of the tribe, *e.g.*:—

Penalty for stealing, loss of fingers.

Attempted murder, one or both hands.

Adultery, amongst other punishments, the loss of both eyes.

Deceiving a chief by lying, loss of lips.

Revealing the chief's secrets, loss of ears; and so on.

In no part of Africa have I seen so much mutilation as in this tribe on the plateau.

They were a brave lot of men; dashing youngsters thought little of scaling an enemy's stockade in daylight, but they avoided annoying white men. We frequently found our packages neatly piled up outside a village which they had happened to attack and destroy whilst our goods were passing. It appeared to be understood that they had no quarrel with Europeans, although they did not want them,

and would not encourage them to penetrate into their country. The reason given was, that after one of their chiefs had been visited by a white man he took smallpox and died; hence their aversion for us.

The only time they came to blows was whilst Wissmann, the German explorer, was sleeping in a village which they desired to attack. They charged down on the village, but finding him there, they told him to go away, as they intended to kill the people. To this he objected, saying he was a guest of the people and would help them defend their homes. Placing his small machine-gun on an ant-hill, he awaited the charge, and gave the massed warriors such a salutary lesson that they fled, never afterwards venturing to attack the lake people. Right across the plateau, village after village was destroyed by these cruel people, and food was difficult to obtain. We had a visit one night from elephants, and of all the unpleasant night visitors, I think they are most to be dreaded. The lion roars and keeps you all on the alert, but seldom attacks a tent, although I have known him to do so. The leopard sneaks about with his harsh, disjointed growl, snatching away your favourite dog or milk-goat, but seldom injuring men or giving you a moment's anxiety.

The hyena howls, and perhaps raids your stock of fowls, though he is an arrant coward, and one may often hear the men shout out, as he growls: "You liar! you thief! go and catch rats!"

But the elephants are serious invaders, commanding respect. They will enter villages at night, destroying grain stores, knocking down huts, and trampling to death the sleepers inside. On this occasion, the first object to excite their anger was a spare tent used for storing boxes. It was a fortunate thing for me they did not notice the one I was using. I was awakened by my servants, who rushed into the tent, shouting: "Njovu, Bwana, Njovu!" ("Elephants, master, elephants!")

Never having previously hunted them, I was without the proper rifles, besides being ignorant of their habits. To know what a wild animal is likely to do is half the battle. It was very dark; the camp-fires were alight, but not blazing.

On rising and looking out, I could see men racing about in all directions, shouting, "Elephants!" This pandemonium was not abated by one of the huge brutes indulging in those unpleasant shrieks which are so well known to all who have hunted them and been unfortunate enough to give them good reason to charge. By the glare of the fire, I saw the spare tent being torn out of the ground and pitched about by the trunk of one who stood with his tail towards me. Another was demolishing the temporary huts of my men. A little fox-terrier, which always accompanied me, bolted out, making straight for the animal which was busy smashing my boxes and sending cooking utensils flying in all directions. My only filter was thrown over its back, landing on the fly of my tent, and being smashed to atoms as it struck a neighbouring tree.

It was amusing to see the little terrier barking around the elephant while he tried in vain to seize him by the trunk. The dog evidently annoyed his opponent, for the great brute kept on charging him and shrieking with rage, as it failed to catch its elusive tormentor. None appeared to carry large tusks, so probably they were a herd of females, with the bull not far away. I well remember having a peculiar feeling of helplessness, and a conviction that it was as unsafe to get up into a tree as to stay on the ground. It was no use wounding one of them, for it might only have complicated the situation, so I fired into the air to scare them away. Luckily, and to my great relief, they took the hint and made off at once, crashing through the forest and reeds, and fortunately missing all the frightened men who were hiding in the bush.

It was the only time I was ever annoyed in this manner at night, and certainly a repetition of the experience was not to be desired. Once in a lifetime was quite sufficient. When they attack a village—which is seldom—the natives must be horrified to feel the roof being lifted off their hut, and must expect every moment to be crushed by the enormous feet.

The climate was most bracing; at night it was quite cold enough to sleep under two blankets. It is difficult to understand how those naked people could sleep in such a low temperature without the least particle of clothing, and the next day travel beneath a very hot sun.

Most of the uplands appeared to be suitable for the rearing of cattle, the grass looking both sweet and of a good quality; but being so far distant from markets, such an occupation would scarcely be a financial success, even at the present day. The Chambezi River rises in this district, and is well known to be one of the extreme sources of the Congo. Game was plentiful; many fine specimens of both sable antelope and eland were shot. The general desolation of the country was most depressing, and we were not sorry to reach the Stevenson road.

A great deal of controversy has been carried on about this road, some asserting it to be a myth, existing only in the imagination of interested diplomats; others maintaining that it stretched from Lake Tanganyika to Lake Nyasa, and was therefore British territory. The facts are that it was made for a distance of about eighty miles from Nyasa, and then abandoned through lack of funds and the death of the engineers. Our German friends were partially correct in stating that it did not exist as drawn on our maps.

The descent to Nyasa was through extremely rugged hills, at the base of which lived the Wankonde. Miles of banana plantations could be seen stretching north and south across the plain. It was indeed a treat to see the picturesque groups of small villages built amongst the banana groves, the little

paths being kept scrupulously clean. Each hut was neatly built and ornamented with clay bricks, artistically designed. Young unmarried men and boys lived in a kind of bachelors' quarters, consisting of long huts divided with partitions. The floor was covered with reed mats, and the sides of the huts were beautifully decorated with all manner of fancy-shaped trellis-work; cleanliness was the predominating characteristic of the whole place. I have not seen anything in Africa to approach that ideal community.

At sunset scores of young men collected together for an evening parade and bath. They trotted in a body through the villages, keeping correct time by stamping with their feet, accompanying the action with a song. Each warrior carried a bundle of beautifully forged assegais in his left hand. In his right was poised a stabbing spear. The only apology for clothes was a brass wire ring encircling their waists. On arrival at the lake, they simultaneously halted, each man sticking his assegais into the sand; then, with a shout, the whole lot dashed into the waves which were breaking on the shore, forced onwards by the heavy monsoon. After their wash they indulged in dancing, and performed feats of spear-throwing, practising a kind of sham fight. Finally they trotted back to their homes, presenting a splendid spectacle of humanity in perfect health and happiness. The tribe appeared to have reached an ideal state of cleanliness, manliness, and morals, although the men were quite nude, and the women covered only by a few inches of calico. They had, however, reached their zenith, for only a short period was to elapse ere they were to be the victims, as we shall see, of a most horrible attack, which practically swept them either out of existence or into slavery. Their lovely groves were doomed to be cut down and destroyed. These atrocities were perpetrated by the southern division of Arab slave-raiders who operated near Lake Nyasa.

Standing on those sands, looking southwards over the lake, with its waves dashing spray all over one, was like being

at a seaside in Europe. Lofty mountains, whose peaks were lost in the lower clouds, encircled that immense inland sea, keeping it within bounds like a mighty reservoir, at an altitude of about 1500 feet above the sea-level. No less than 200 fathoms of lead line were lost in a fruitless attempt to sound its depth. Later soundings were found by Captain Rhoades to register up to 300 fathoms.

Its vastness and loneliness were somewhat oppressive. Only one small semi-missionary trading steamer ploughed its surface, accompanied by several white-winged dhows carrying slaves and ivory.

From one end to the other might was right, men being the common currency of all the tribes living on its shores. At intervals isolated missionaries were endeavouring to stem the tide of oppression with the limited resources at their command, and in reality laying the foundations of empire. Government there was none. It was a land as yet untouched by "Orders in Council." The white man had not yet dared to say to the inhabitants, "Thou shalt not!" but the tax-collector, magistrate, and policemen were at that moment preparing to sweep its thousands of unsuspecting people into what is known as the British Empire.

We discovered a British flag flying near the lake, and towards this our party marched. In a few moments I was shaking hands with a big, brawny son of Scotia—they are everywhere. With a warm welcome he invited me to his house. He was the representative of the famous African Lakes Corporation, who were to transport me to Quelimane. How far from my mind at the time was the thought that my host was to be the hero of one of the finest stands ever made against the Arabs, or that his name would long be associated with Nyasaland as one of its bravest pioneers!

As it would probably be some time before the steamer could arrive, I moved about amongst the villages, and for

A MEDICINE MAN

A medicine man who has allowed his hair to grow long to give him an uncommon appearance. Sometimes they wear a wig of zebra hair. All are cunning men, and mysterious in all they do, avoiding other people as much as possible.

A POT OF BEER

A well-built, strong woman in the prime of life carrying a heavy pot of beer, and wearing a blanket which shows some relative has been to a European store. The posts surrounding the hut form an outside protection from wild animals, and add a closed verandah to the house.

the first time came into contact with one of those secret societies which are more numerous on the west coast than in Nyasaland.

So far as I have been able to ascertain, some of the most powerful medicine-men belong to a community, which is more or less held together by a kind of Freemasonry. Secret information about certain poisonous roots and herbs is jealously guarded and handed down from father to son. The members of this fraternity are considered to be past-masters in all the etiquette of marriages, births, and deaths. They are supposed to be able to arrange about the weather, to influence the crops, to afford safety to travellers, and to detect criminals of all kinds. They generally possess wooden images, many of which are beautifully carved, representing human beings; some are hideous in appearance, and are used on occasions to strike terror into the hearts of those over whom they desire to exert some influence. These images are sometimes given names, *e.g.* the god of water, or of grain fields, or of game. Others have special functions allotted to them, *e.g.* to watch over women during childbirth, or to protect the graves from desecrations by midnight cannibals, who are said to dig up the corpse and eat it.

Groups of these images may at times be seen placed near cross roads, for the purpose of preventing evil approaching the village; as, for instance, smallpox may be raging in an adjacent district, and to stop its creeping along their roads these images will be posted. The professional medicine-men have great power over both chief and people. All dread their anger; none are safe from their magic. That they annually remove thousands of people by poison has been proved beyond doubt.

So far as the Wankonde were concerned, they appeared to live in mortal fear of one particular professor, who resided amongst the rocks, and was seldom seen in public. The interesting study of totemism, and all the ideas asso-

ciated with it, has been pursued with far greater success in West Africa than in Nyasaland, and none but those who have made it a special study can be qualified to touch the subject, so I leave it for others.

A case of murder happened whilst I was waiting, and I had an opportunity of witnessing some of the operations of the doctors. A young man was found dead in the forest, with his skull smashed, and his body speared in several places. No one was able to account for the deed, as the deceased did not appear to have any special quarrel with any one; neither were his family involved in any dispute. The chief, on being appealed to, decided to consult the great medicine tribal witch-finder. The general opinion was that a Mfiti (cannibal) had killed the man for food. Suspicion rested on an old man, who denied all knowledge of the deed. The more emphatic he became in his denials, the more eager they were to condemn him. At length, out of sheer desperation, he demanded the poison ordeal. This challenge his accusers were by custom compelled to accept. The company's agent had no power to interfere with the poison ordeal, although he endeavoured to persuade the chief not to resort to so unjust a tribunal. His appeal had no effect. Probably through fear of our presence, the medicine-men refused to come to the village, but insisted on trying the case in private, and the result only became known to us some days afterwards.

They first took the man out to the forest, together with the corpse, making him sit beside it for two days and nights, guarded by male relatives of the deceased. No food or water was allowed him. While in this weak state, and his nerves naturally somewhat unstrung by such a gruesome vigil, they made him drink the poison. He is said to have fallen down in a stupor, but not vomiting the poison proved him guilty, whereupon they immediately speared him to death, leaving him unburied. We were

able to verify some of this story by finding the body partly eaten by hyenas.

I became very anxious to find out all that was possible about these witch-finders, and nearly paid a high price for my curiosity. I determined, if possible, to interview the dreaded creature who lived amongst the rocks, and with the object of obtaining an introduction to him I paid the chief a visit. Placing my present of calico and brass wire near him, I asked him to let me pay the wizard a secret call. At first he flatly refused, saying, "I do not know where the gods live!"

This was all nonsense. So, adding a bag of clean salt to the pile of presents, I answered:

"I understand! What you mean is that they move about, to-day here, to-morrow elsewhere; they do not sit still as we do. When you began to smoke your pipe this morning, you were unaware on which particular rock this spirit was sitting, talking to the birds; but if you will give that salt to your head-man, he may be able to give you the latest information, for as you hold the responsible position of chief, no spirit would dare to hide himself from your eyes."

I had touched both his pocket (he hadn't any!) and his pride, for he at once replied, "I know everything. No one is above me; I am *the* chief."

"Of course you do," I added, "or you could not have sent for him to administer the poison which killed the man last week." The old liar was nonplussed, and he quickly ended the interview by saying, "Very well, as you have brought something sweet for the gods (he meant his wives), I will see if they will meet you and let you know."

I did not then expect treachery. Three days elapsed, and receiving no intimation of the pleasure of the spirits, I called on the chief for an explanation of the ethereal delay.

"Oh!" replied he, with a grunt, "the moon is too young; there is not sufficient light for you to see the dangers in the

path; snakes lie on the path at night, waiting to catch frogs and mice."

There was a covert warning in this information, but I was too much of a novice to understand the service he was seeking to render me, through what I interpreted as obstruction.

"Snakes on the path waiting for frogs."

Indeed there *was* a deadly thing at the path, which might have brought my adventure to a fatal end.

Being convinced that he was playing the fool with me, I pressed him, saying, "You are only a chief in name; you cannot compel this Mfiti to meet me!"

He was annoyed, and sharply answered: "I am *not* a chief of the spirits, and cannot command them, and am not responsible for what they do!" (I ought to have understood this second warning.) "If you go, I cannot stop you; the path is too dangerous for my people, and I refuse to let them accompany you. That path under the banana tree leads to the rocks under the hill."

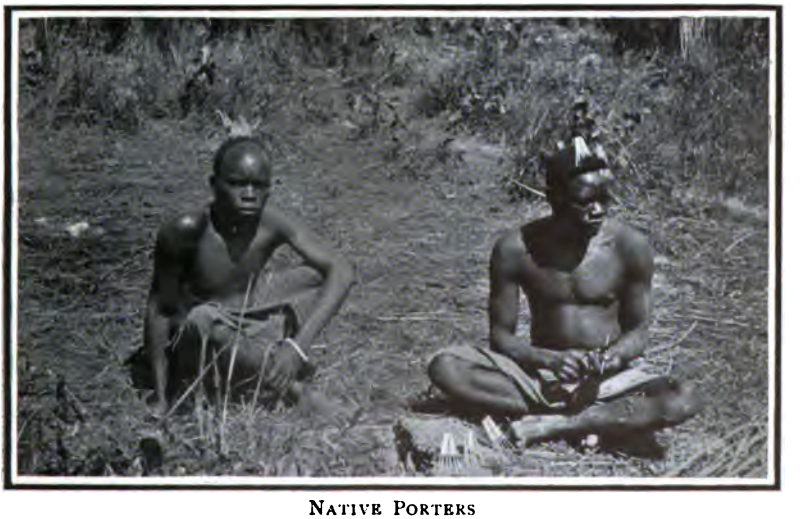
"All right," I replied, "I'll go with my own men; but as my eyes are not like the leopard's, which see at night, I shall go now," and I at once entered the path.

We soon reached the rocks, and my men became scared as we passed several bones scattered about. "Let us go back, master!" they said. "It's no use; we shall not see the Mfiti." Without replying, I followed a small track around a big rock, and soon came in sight of a hut, with a man sitting outside the door.

He was indeed hideous: around his loins were suspended gourds; hanging to his arms were lions' claws; several porcupine quills protruded from his hair; and hanging from his shoulder was a dried snake-skin. He had evidently been told of our approach, and was not at all disturbed. Handing him some beads, I got to business at once by letting him know that I wanted to be told if I should have a safe passage down Nyasa. Scanning me with keen eyes, he answered:

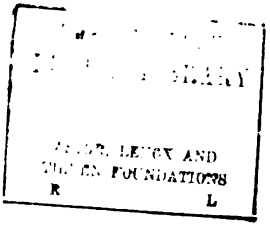
A GAME TRAP

Game trap photographed by Sir John Kirk. The Author narrowly escaped tripping over the string of one of these, when following the medicine man, as it was hidden by vegetation. The animal trips against a string stretched across the path and releases the weighted spear, the point of which is often poisoned.



NATIVE PORTERS

Young men who have chosen the life of porters. They will travel about twenty-five miles a day, and carry a load weighing sixty pounds. Whilst at rest they like to do something for amusement. The right-hand man is making combs, three of which are near his feet and two in his hair. Girls decorate them afterwards with beads.


ASTOR, LENOX AND
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS
R
L

"My medicine is not for you; your skin is too white."

"I am sorry the beads I gave you are also white; they will destroy your power. I will take them away."

He was not such an idiot as to give them to me.

"No!" he replied; "I will ask the spirits to speak," and, producing a small whistle, he asked us to step back whilst he made medicine.

We had not long to wait before he called me, and began making a series of passes with a buffalo's tail, pointing to an inverted pot in front of him. After addressing to this pot a few sentences, he leaned forward, making a vigorous pass over the ground, and from under the pot came a sharp whistle. My men were thunder-struck, and moved away a few yards.

"The spirits say: The winds will blow" (they usually do, I thought), "the sun shine" (another piece of gratuitous information), "but you will sleep on *the other shore*" (in English, "You will have a safe passage").

Upon my asking him if the spirits always came at his bidding, he replied: "Yes! they came to my father, and to his father; they will come to my son after I die!"

I had noticed his vigorous action when bending forward, and interpreted it as the means of applying muscular persuasion to the spirit; and so, drawing my hunting-knife, I passed it sharply through the soft earth between him and the pot, when, as I expected, I dragged out a piece of bamboo which was connected with a bladder under his feet. By bending forward in his eagerness to call the spirit, he had pressed the wind out of the bladder along the bamboo to the whistle under the pot, and—the spirit spoke.

He looked as if he could have killed me on the spot. "Don't be angry!" I said; "but remember the white man hates lies, and never pays for them," at the same time handing the calico and beads to my men. He got up, danced like a maniac, to frighten us, I suppose. "Let the white man follow me; I will show him the true spirit of the Wankonde,"

and off he marched, we following him to see the end of the farce. "Quicker!" he exclaimed, darting around a large rock almost hidden by dense undergrowth.

I was about to respond to his invitation, when I was gripped from behind by my man, as he shouted, "Look up there, master; don't move!" I followed with my eyes to where he was pointing, and there, almost above me, hung a horrible spear, weighted and suspended by rope over the path, across which, hidden by grass, was a small string, placed so that any one who touched it released the deadly spear. It was a game trap! One glance was enough. I stepped off the path, cut the string, and the instrument of death thundered down, burying its point in the path. The fiend had jumped *over* the string, knowing that I should trip up against it, and that the released spear would close my mouth and preserve his secret. The men, he knew, would not dare to expose him, and would not be believed if they did.

In all my twenty-six years' wanderings amongst Africans, this was my only experience of a deliberate attempt at assassination. My rash adventure taught me a lesson, and as I look at this photograph of a game trap, a cold feeling creeps over me; I feel I want to cut the string.

The old chief, on being told of our experiences, merely remarked, "Your medicine killed his!" Perhaps it did!

CHAPTER VIII

Navigating the Shire River—Blantyre—Ramakukane—Game and Fish—Shupanga

LAKE NYASA is too well known nowadays to need description; it is very similar to all the other large inland seas, and only differs from Tanganyika in that its waters are sweet and palatable, whilst some of the others are not at all agreeable and do not satisfy the thirst to the same degree, leaving a dry feeling in the throat.

After a considerable rest at Karonga, I embarked for the south on the small *Lady Nyasa* steam-vessel. At the first village we anchored at, the people were living in dwellings erected on piles, out in the shallow portion of the lake. On asking the reason, we were told it was because of the Angoni, also on account of the destructive white ants and wild beasts. The Angoni are very numerous, and of Zulu extraction, having migrated from the south many years ago. They are a branch of the same people whom we noticed living with Mirambo in Unyamwezi.

As the demand for slaves was always great, these half-wild Angoni made periodical descents upon the lake population, with such effect that the greater portion of the north-west coast was depopulated. "Mlozi," a half-caste Arab, had his stronghold in the North. Sultan Jumbe reigned supreme in the west, his headquarters being at Kotakota. Makanjira claimed the east, and Mponda the south coast.

It should not be difficult for the reader to understand how completely the whole country was thus mapped out and taken possession of by the great combination of slave-traders.

A few days' steaming brought us to the south end, where

Mponda commanded the Shire River, down which we had to go in order to reach Blantyre. The captain of the vessel informed me that he always had trouble here with the Arabs when passing Mponda's, sometimes being peremptorily ordered to anchor the ship. They had cut down a large tree and thrown it across the river to impede navigation. He said there was just sufficient water to get over it provided we all stood in the hinder part, and then, as the vessel struck the tree, ran forward, thus transferring the weight to the opposite end. It seemed a somewhat novel mode of navigation, but it was soon apparent the people on shore meant us to stop and pay a heavy toll for passing down the river. They stood on the banks in great numbers, pointing at us their old flint-lock guns, as we approached at full speed, only a few yards from the bank where they were standing. The captain suggested that I should hold my rifle in readiness, to let them see he was not single-handed. I have always objected to any unnecessary parade of firearms when travelling, but there were times when it was wise to be ready for emergencies, and this was one of them.

Pointing ahead to a ripple on the water, he explained that it was caused by the current running over the sunken tree, which the people hoped we should strike against. They knew this would result in detention at their place, for which we should have to pay dearly. All on board congregated abaft, and as the ship mounted the tree the Captain shouted, "Run as fast as you can!" We did, and the little craft struggled over, with a heavy list into deep water on the other side. This was marine steeplechasing; the wonder was it did not break the vessel's back. In those days no one stood at trifles. Things *had* to be done. Every difficulty was met with but one thought, "It must be mastered at once!"

The rage of the people at the success of the captain's strategy may be well imagined. They fired guns at us, but no one knew where the bullets went to; certainly they never

struck anything near us. They ran along the bank to get better shots at us, but as we pointed our rifles at them they scampered off behind the houses, and by the time their fear of sudden death had passed we were safely out of range, gaily steaming about six knots down the Shire River towards Blantyre.

This settlement was reached after leaving the vessel, and after a tramp up to the Shire Highlands from the mosquito-infested river. These pests made life almost unbearable all over the country. No sooner does the sun disappear than they swarm out in millions. From the east coast, where I landed five years previously, up to this point, I had never been able to find a place free from their torment.

It was a pleasant taste of civilisation to reach the Scotch mission station, named after the birthplace of Livingstone. To see and speak to a white woman was indeed a pleasure. Although they looked extremely pale, it was but fancy, for they were all healthy; the constant looking at black women made a white skin look unnaturally pallid. It seemed remarkable to find such delicate flowers of civilisation growing in the midst of general darkness and cruelty. Yet there they lived, quietly teaching little black children to sew garments to hide their nakedness, or binding bandages around the putrid sores on a girl's foot. As evening approached a small bell called the little "Children of the mist," as Kipling has named them, to their devotions. It was the day of small things—just "something attempted, something done." Later on we shall see Blantyre as it is to-day in all its glory.

I found but one trading company in the whole district, and its operations were of such modest dimensions that only two Europeans were required to manage its business at headquarters. At their store a most daring robbery was committed the first night after my arrival. Natives, attracted by the large deposits of ivory and calico, broke into the place and stole large quantities of goods; but so quietly did

they work that we were not disturbed, although our bedrooms were quite near. It seems almost incredible, when I picture in my mind the country as it is to-day, that at the time I passed there was but one planter in the Shire Highlands.

The country was really in a state of war, notwithstanding the peaceful mission picture I have drawn. It appeared that a European, who formerly lived at Blantyre, had been commissioned by a chief to take some ivory to the coast, and to bring back the proceeds. On his return the chief was not satisfied, and attempted to spear the white man, who in self-defence then shot him and fled to a small islet in the river, to which the people laid siege, finally succeeding in shooting him in the leg as he was drinking from the river. This did not satisfy the son of the slain chief, so he collected his men to attack Blantyre, intending, as he said, to seize the wife of the white man as compensation for his father's death.

It was exceedingly annoying to be thus thrown into the midst of a quarrel when so close to the end of a long sojourn in the interior, especially as I expected to reach the coast in a few days. The steamer I was to travel in was detained by order of a British Consul, who invited us to accompany him to interview an old Makololo chief, who stood between the white people and his half-savage relative, who was trying to seize the white squaw. Backed up by a man carrying the Union Jack, the Consul proceeded to lay down the law to the wrinkled warrior, the result being, we were informed, that the war would be stopped and the young chief executed as soon as captured; but the steamer must not go down the river past the enemy's village, as it would certainly be seized.

"Why cannot we go if we are willing to take the risk?" I asked. "I shall not catch the ocean boat, and, what is worse, shall miss Christmas."

A VILLAGE BELLE

She is considered suitably dressed for any public function. Her apron is made of beads closely sewn together, as also are her body-band and head-dress. The beads are often beautifully arranged into fantastic patterns, and all such ornaments are freely lent to friends who are about to be married.

The old chief looked me up and down, then at the stalwart Consul; finally at the flag. He took a few heavy pulls at a most elaborately carved tobacco-pipe, and murmured, "It shall never be said Ramakukane permitted a white man to go to his death."

"Ramakukane!" Who was he? Why should this man have such a care for the safety of utter strangers? The reason was one of which we are all intensely proud. He was none other than one of the Makololo boys, who, many years previously, accompanied Livingstone, and remembered his kindness. How remarkable! especially as one often hears it said that the African is incapable of gratitude. A thousand miles nearer the equator, we heard that Arab fiend call him "Father David"!

It was impossible to wait an indefinite period, as these native wars linger on for months, so we decided to run the gauntlet. Barricades were placed so as to shelter the helmsman from arrows or bullets. The boiler was covered with wood, and we took plenty of ammunition. At the last moment our crew of Makololo bolted; they saw no fun, and expected little pay for such a wild-goose-chase. Realising how necessary it was never to allow coloured races to think you are in their power, we collected our personal servants and made them pitch firewood into the furnaces. The captain, being an engineer by profession, took charge of the engine; I, being a mariner, was entrusted with the helm. It was rather a weird experience, yet sufficiently exciting to repay one for the temporary annoyance of having to stand and steer, instead of enjoying the passage sitting in a deck-chair.

The flat-bottomed craft drew too much water, and was constantly sticking on sandbanks, at which every one had to jump overboard and push her off. Natives hostile to us could be seen dodging amongst the reeds and low scrub on either bank, seeking a good opportunity to annoy us

with arrows. When one was up to the waist in water in a river where crocodiles were numerous, it was quite enough to have to exert your powers to get the old craft off the sand, without living in expectation of unpleasant attentions from either bank. One, more daring than the rest, let fly at the funnel. I suppose he thought it a god, stuck up as medicine against his bullets. He had the satisfaction of making two eyes in it if he did, for the slug went in on one side and came out at the other.

We had used the steam whistle to scare them, but a shot happened to hit that, and stopped its evil voice. As they became too dangerous, we let them have some large s.s.g. buckshot; a few rounds sent them headlong into the bush. Our fuel being wood, showers of sparks were emitted from the funnel as we pounded along after dusk, and the burning sparks flying into the air must have made us look quite satanic to superstitious people. Helmets, coats, pants, were all more or less burned by this volcanic eruption; but the sea was near, the journey was about to end; in fancy we could almost hear the Indian Ocean beating on the shore. Five years up-country! Five days to the coast! What did it matter if the sparks of our miniature Vesuvius burned the last respectable coat we possessed? It would have been easy to drop some of those black men—a cartridge, a rifle, a steady aim, and life was gone! But we were not driven to that. Let them go mad as long as they kept a respectable distance; we did not seek to make widows. But as if to spoil all our good resolutions, the captain's boy was stupid enough to be thrown overboard by the vessel bumping against the bank. It was a nuisance at this particular moment. Some one pitched him a small hencoop, another an oar, and my lad threw him my canvas chair. The current swept him under the vessel, but he was gripped as he came up the other side, little the worse for a bath, probably somewhat sweeter. This impromptu performance

allowed our escort on shore to overtake us, and a dose of No. 5 shot was rattled against their skins as a parting salute. They did not like it; the pellets evidently stung their naked bodies; but it was sufficient for our purpose—it kept them at bay.

I heard afterwards that the young chief was that day captured and beheaded by Ramakukane; thus died the young Chikusi, successor to Chipitula, and the Shire River tragedy came to its close without our assistance. On looking back at this novel experience, it is easy to imagine how very differently the race might have ended. Had a boiler-tube burst, or a rudder-chain snapped, we should have been compelled to stop and should have been exposed to repeated attacks.

Nearing the Morambala mountain, the river wound through the marsh like a great snake. The flat swamps extended for miles, and here, for the first time, I saw the lordly elephant at home in all his might. About a quarter of a mile from the river stood a herd of more than seventy-three; so closely were they standing that we could not count them all, but we estimated the herd to contain about ninety or a hundred. The sun showed up their great white tusks against the mass of dark skin in the background; truly they presented a grand picture of animal life in the bush.

On the left bank, quite close to our vessel, stood three large bulls, each carrying tusks of about 70 lbs. weight. They were not alarmed or disturbed in any way by our presence, but stood calmly fanning themselves with their great ears to keep the flies out of their eyes, occasionally picking up the earth with their trunks and lashing it over their backs. We tied up to the bank in order to get a better view of them. We were none of us elephant-hunters, and as the country was perfectly open, with no cover of any kind, it looked decidedly more safe to remain on board. I confess I was not conscious of any keen desire to try conclusions with any of them, although the ivory was, of course, a temptation.

I am sure all experienced hunters will agree that it was not an undertaking for novices, and that we were wise in contenting ourselves with shooting a solitary water-buck, which served for food. It is not nice meat, but hungry men are not too dainty.

The report of the firearm started the elephants, for without hesitation they made straight for the river-bank, down which they tumbled, half sliding, half rolling into the water, swimming across, and climbing up the steep bank with comparative ease. They continued their flight towards the herd, which, on their approach, at once moved away with their well-known long, swinging trot.

Not long afterwards they deserted the marsh altogether, and, so far as I am aware, never returned. In fancy I picture this immense marshland torn up by the steam-plough, and tens of thousands of tons of rice growing on miles of rich soil, where now is nothing but rank grasses and reeds.

Several large sawfish, young turtle, and sharks were brought by fishermen for sale, which had been caught in reed baskets staked on the river. There did not seem to be many really good eating fish, probably because the people consumed them themselves, and as the stream is always swift, it was only in the backwaters that fishing could be carried on successfully.

The slow passage up this river against the current was most monotonous, the heat being oppressive, the rank marsh grasses obnoxious, and mosquitoes—well, beyond description. Yet even up to the present day it is the great highway into Nyasaland. All through the dry season it is too shallow for steamers, and only boats can be used in the narrow channels. Where it enters the Zambezi, we found ugly rocks stretching right across its mouth. As the Zambezi channel wears away, these rocks will be left well above the level of its stream, forming a cataract across the Shire River.

We swept into the Zambezi one morning at daylight,

opening out stretches of swiftly flowing yellowish water, with large islands dotted about, cutting the river into numerous channels. A Portuguese gunboat passed, steaming up to the Portuguese station at Tete, and as both national ensigns dipped in mutual salute, it made one suddenly realise that we were nearly back again amongst the rushing turmoil of busy civilised nations. I wandered out to look for game at a wooding station, and came unexpectedly upon two bush-buck fighting. In their struggle they did not notice my approach, so I had no difficulty in shooting one. As soon as it dropped, the other began driving its sharp horns into the fallen animal, most likely imagining it had floored its antagonist. A second shot secured the pair. Both were decent specimens, although the horns were short. The meat was excellent, especially when fried in butter. I think most of the small antelopes are sweeter eating than the heavy animals, although the flesh of the eland, if in prime condition, is very tasty, to say nothing of the quantity of fat obtainable for the kitchen.

Whilst the men were cutting up the meat, I strolled away, looking for other game. Some guinea-fowl flew up, and I wounded one, sending a man to catch it; and as he was some time absent, I followed his tracks, calling him by name. Receiving no reply, I quickened my steps, and at last heard him shouting as if in pain. Running up to the spot, I found him rolling on the ground, evidently in agony. At a glance I saw the cause, for lying dead on the path was a puff-adder.

"What's the matter?" I asked.

He frantically pointed to the snake, crying:

"I killed it! it bit me! I trod on it as I ran after the guinea-fowl! I shall die! Medicine! Master! Medicine! I shall die with the sun!"

It was several miles from the vessel, and we were alone. The man was kicking vigorously, half mad with pain, as well as terror-stricken at the thought of death.

"Keep still, my son!" I ordered. "Where did it bite you?"

"On the foot. Look! it's swelling!" he exclaimed, throwing himself over and over amongst the grass away from the dead snake, as if afraid of another attack. There was no doubt about the bite, as several small punctures were visible, indicating where the teeth had entered the flesh, and already there was a slight swelling. Having heard that the puff-adder's bite often proved fatal, I knew there was no time to lose. Medicines I had none, nor alcohol of any description. A strong dose of brandy might have saved him, or at least given him a chance, but there was none within reach, so I tore open my helmet and extracted some of the pith lining, crushing it into a powder.

"Keep still, boy!" I said. "I must cut your foot if you want it cured; don't wriggle about, but lie still, and I will help you."

"Quick, master, quick!" he groaned; and again the maiden's cry, "Amai! Amai!" came from him as a last appeal.

I immediately responded. Slipping off my belt, I rolled two cartridges up in some grass and placed them on the inside of his thigh; I knew the large arteries ran somewhere in that direction. Over these I fastened the belt to check bleeding.

"You're cutting my leg off," he shouted.

"No, I'm not; don't be a fowl;[1] it's to stop the poison walking up your leg."

Striking a match, I allowed the flame to play along the edge of my hunting-knife, as a rough-and-ready disinfectant, and quickly made two deep incisions, removing a piece of wedge-shaped flesh from the foot, taking away, I hoped, the poison. Spreading the powdered pith into the open wound, I set it alight before the blood soaked it, thus cauterising the

[1] "Fowl"—a common expression amongst Africans, a fowl being considered without courage.

flesh. He never even uttered a moan. I did not like it—it seemed to indicate that the nerves were beyond feeling. "Am I too late?" I thought. I was! He began to vomit, his voice became husky, and gradually he ceased to struggle. I was not a surgeon, and had done what an amateur might; I dared not go for the leg. I poured water out of my bottle on to his lips and forehead, but he did not show any sign of recognition. In an hour he was dead.

Only one other case came under my notice at Tanganyika. Three Europeans were then present, and in that instance brandy kept the man going for three hours, but he eventually succumbed. It seems to prove that some puff-adders are deadly when they get the poison rapidly into the blood. His comrades, when they saw the snake, lifted their eyebrows, one remarking, "Shetani!" ("The Devil!")

The mamba snake spits into the eyes, causing intense pain, but sulphate of zinc lotion always reduces the inflammation in a few hours, without loss of sight.

It would have been much more pleasant to escape from the Dark Continent without such a painful experience, but the bitter had to be taken with the sweet. One felt glad to be returning to a safer and more peaceful land.

By the kindness of the captain, I was taken to Shupanga, which has since become almost a shrine in the estimation of workers for the good of Africa. It was to me the most sacred spot in those regions, and every sense quickened as I approached it. The days of youth flashed across my memory, and Livingstone's devoted wife was visible to my mind's eye again as *the* woman of Africa. I was about to visit her grave.

Entering Shupanga house, one was filled by those deep feelings which only take possession of us at times few and far between. There was the verandah in all its ruggedness, where the Doctor sat and perused his diary, and rested from weary watching at her loved bedside, in the days when Africa was

dark and the great problems unsolved. Instinctively one examined every foot of space; the walls seemed as if they ought to bear a parting message, an initial or motto; cobwebs hung, loaded with dust, and fancy pictured *her* eyes riveted on some such, years ago, as she felt life ebbing away and listened to the Doctor's footstep on the verandah. The view from a low window showed the mighty Zambezi, rushing on in ceaseless flow towards the ocean, and the lofty palms that had waved adieu to both river and life as the eyes closed in their long sleep here at my feet. 'Twas a moment never to be forgotten!

The hallowed association of that scene had held me spell-bound as a boy, in books, and now riveted me to the spot in vision.

"She lives!" I cried—"lives in my heart! in all our memories! in the history of Africa, and in the roll of the world's heroines."

Wending my way through tall grass towards the place where they laid her, I pictured in my mind the grief-stricken pioneer, left alone to toil on through the mazes of Africa. His step must have been weighed down with such a load of grief, and I looked mechanically for a footprint on the path. No, it was not there! but on the life of many a follower it is distinct enough.

The gigantic baobab tree standing alone, bearing many initials of Europeans, reared its massive trunk immediately before me, and under its shadow stood the pure white cross erected to her memory. Out of the stillness seemed to come a far-away voice saying, "I am the Resurrection and the Life," and raising my helmet, I was face to face with these words:—

"Sacred to the memory of
MARY MOFFAT,
beloved wife of Dr. Livingstone,
died at Shupanga house,
aged 41 years."

Far away, amidst the noble, great, and brave, buried with all the pomp of a nation's grief, lies her immortal spouse, with the teeming multitudes of London to keep guard near his tomb; but 'twas from *this* spot, where the rank grasses grow and the mosquitoes breed in thousands, that the noblest pioneer the world has produced turned away, uttering that never-to-be-forgotten cry—"O God! heal Africa's open sore!"

Amongst my many African trophies, none are more treasured than a few dead leaves and flowers gathered from the grave of Mary Moffat.

CHAPTER IX

A Visit to England—A Sailor's Blow—Charles Stokes—Germans and Arabs—Encounter with Masai—White Man's Medicine—Warnings.

IT was now necessary to leave the Zambezi, as none of its numerous outlets to the sea were used by ocean steamers, so we quitted it near Vicenti, this being the nearest point to the Kwakwa River, which flows past Quelimane. A narrow strip of land separates the two rivers. The transport company's agent calmly sent us across this isthmus with the assurance that canoes would be waiting at the same time as ourselves.

In the evening an indigo planter strolled over to our camp to see who the strangers were, and on being told we were waiting for canoes promised by the agent, he smiled, saying:

"I like his coolness! He has no canoes up-river, and besides, it is quite forty-six miles from this place to where the river is navigable at this season of the year!" This was not at all comforting, but our kind visitor soon put us at ease by lending us machilla-men, and some pocket-money wherewith to purchase food, and at sunset he packed us off on that moonlight ride in a hammock.

It was an extremely kind action, saving us no end of trouble. Starting at 6 P.M., the men trotted along so easily that after a time I slept, waking about 6 A.M. at our destination. The twelve bearers had carried me forty-six miles, at the rate of nearly four miles an hour, without a halt. The first few hours I lay awake, enjoying the easy motion of the trained carriers. The moon was full, and it is not at all surprising that I was soon hushed to sleep by the rhythmic tramp of

their feet, accompanied by one of those attractive Zambezi river songs, which should be collected some day and published for our amusement. One of them especially seemed to carry the thoughts away into dreamland. The soft voices appeared to be at one time pleading with the moon, imploring it not to hide its face under the clouds. Again! they seemed to be in familiar converse with the river-bed, which was dry. The rustle of the overhanging palm fronds instantly provided them with fresh subject-matter for stanzas.

It would have been an ideal ride for a poet! Moonlight—stillness—shadows—harmony—Africa! For the time I quite forgot the isolation and horrors of the past five years. Had I but understood the words of those songs, I think the dream would have been complete.

Some few days afterwards I hummed the refrain over to a European at Quelimane, who was acquainted with the tongue. The following was his translation:—

"We travel by night to court the moon.
Quickly, quickly trot.
The river has gone to find the sea—
Waters of salt, waters of salt.
The mud-fish sleeps, he has no wings;
The birds are peeping to see us pass,
As the White man sleeps."

This gives but a very inadequate impression of the song as rendered by twelve voices, harmoniously varied.

At the end of the dreamy ride, canoes were hired, with grass coverings to protect me from the sun. Under these I could scarcely crawl among the boxes, and thus the final passage to Quelimane was just as uncomfortable as the former had been pleasant. All night mosquitoes swarmed up to a final charge at their escaping victim, who was trying to breathe out of a corner of a blanket, whilst the perspiration rolled off him and he was almost suffocated. The river, which

was forced up into this narrow channel by the ocean tide, rose and fell very rapidly, and with the strong ebb we were carried into our final port in safety. A British trading consul made me very comfortable. His spotless white attire and neatly furnished residence compelled me to acknowledge that I had slipped back several degrees from the civilised standard of respectability, so, without delay, my travel-stained garments were exchanged for decent ones.

After a speedy trip home to England, marriage, and a tour through the kingdom lecturing on the slave-trade, I found myself braced up for another sojourn in Africa, this time taking my wife and child, also two coloured people from Jamaica, and a medical man.

Amongst the crowd of men whom we picked up at Zanzibar as porters was an old mission boy who had been expelled for bad conduct. He was partially intoxicated, and I noticed he was making attempts to reach our end of the dhow. At length he succeeded in gaining his feet, singing in disjointed sentences:—

"Here we suffer grief and pain!"

All sense of respect for Europeans was gone from him. I was to command this fellow and his comrades, and it was therefore necessary to impress on them all that I would not tolerate insolence of any description.

He gradually made his way to where my wife was sitting with her baby, and put his face quite close to her, blurting out with his beer-reeking voice the second line:—

"Here we meet to part again."

He never spoke or sang a truer sentence, for I caused him to retreat suddenly amongst his comrades, where he lay in a semi-dazed condition for the remainder of the voyage.

"Is that the way you treat black men?" I was asked by my wife. "Yes," I replied, "it is, when they dare

insult a woman of my colour—or any other colour, for that matter."

"It was surely not a gentleman's blow, was it?" she added.

"Perhaps not," I answered, "but it was a sailor's, and I regret having had to teach him manners before you; but we have to travel hundreds of miles with these men, and the remembrance of that blow will deter every other scoundrel who may desire to overstep the bounds of propriety." I think it did, for we had no trouble of any description afterwards.

The night experience of landing was unpleasant enough for men, but to a woman and child it must have been most disagreeable. I was met by Charles Stokes, who, it will be remembered, was so cruelly hung by a Congo official up-country, although he appealed to be tried at the coast. I will not enter into the pros and cons of that painful episode, and will only state that I had known him as a good fellow for several years. He came down to the beach and compelled us to accept his hospitality, which was always unstinted. He had some thousands of Wasakumu and Wanyamwezi with him, waiting to form the annual caravan to Uganda. With much excitement he unfolded his plans for extending his trade westwards, and I fear that in so doing he excited the jealousy of other people; this may have contributed to his death.

"Keep a sharp look-out for the Masai!" he said. "They are moving about looking for water, and may attack you if you are not careful. Only last week I lost thirteen donkeys and eleven cattle by one of their parties." This was not very pleasant news, but I thought it extremely improbable that we should meet them, as their country lay to the north of our track.

Stokes himself was an interesting study. Formerly a lay member of the Church of England Mission, afterwards transport contractor, at the time of our meeting he was living in a small grass house, surrounded by hundreds of

Wasakumu. Bags of rupees lay scattered about under his bed, and his happy disposition won for him hosts of both white and black friends. His untimely end was keenly felt by all his fellow-pioneers.

The general political atmosphere at the coast had changed since my previous visit with the carts, and no wonder. Europe had begun to speak. Diplomats had sat down around their tables, studying parallels of latitude, river-courses, and mountain ranges. Every river was carefully noted and its possibilities weighed, each country asking itself, "Does this river tap the great lakes?" and "What prospect is there of opening up direct communication from the coast to the healthy plateau?" Longitudinal sections of the country were mapped out. Claims to fertile mountain ranges were disputed, modified, or settled by exchange for some equivalent elsewhere.

Thus every phase of the geographical problems was studied and solved; but the people—the owners of the soil—they scarcely counted. It was hoped they would not object too strongly; but if they did— Well! it would be a nuisance, certainly not an obstacle to cause a single plan to be frustrated. In most cases it was not the action of a bailiff, but of a usurper; not even "By your leave" prefaced the command to stand aside and deliver up possession.

Thus civilisation marched into Darkest Africa. The reader, having been made acquainted in the foregoing chapters with the state of the interior, will probably decide that Europe was justified in so doing. It is no part of my duty to pass an opinion; I confine myself to the relation of facts.

All was in a state of uneasiness at the coast. The Arabs who had previously assisted us were polite, but now stood more on their dignity and questioned us about our intentions. Thus:—

"Are you Wa-deutschi?" (Dutch or German).

"No!" I replied. "I am not."

"Are they strong people with plenty of soldiers?"

A VILLAGE IN THE OPEN COUNTRY

Seed grain for next year is suspended in the tree to preserve it from rats and white ants. The platform on the left is used for drying flour, ground nuts, rice, and tobacco. The round hut on the right is the grain store, which when full lasts until next harvest. Children are left at home whilst parents are in the gardens or forest.

"Yes! very strong; they have more soldiers than you have men."

"Will they take our country?"

This question I evaded, using one of their own weapons. "God is great, and you say that the last prophet, Mohammed, is dead!"

"You speak words of truth," said they.

At the same time I knew they felt it was about time to sharpen the sword. An old Arab, who had always been friendly, drew me on one side and, when quite out of earshot, said:

"Your tongue to-day is like those men whom, five rains ago, you harnessed to those carts in this town!"

To this I replied: "I don't understand, unless you mean I am like 'a donkey,' as they described themselves!"

"No! no! I never insult a friend! What I mean is: Your tongue is in fetters!"

I saw that he had detected evasion in my previous answer about the Germans taking the country, so I replied:

"You know that even the frogs remain silent as the lion passes the pool at night!"

"I do!" he quickly answered. "And it is equally true that if you hear the jackal it is nearly certain the lions are not all on the other side of the sea. Let me also tell you that in our great books we are told that a race of white men is to rule this country, so it must be God's will."

On taking a final leave of him, I said:

"Buriani" ("Forget and forgive"). "When the lions come, remember what the artful frogs do. You will find it wise to imitate them."

As a matter of fact he did nothing of the sort, and suffered in consequence. His words will serve to show how all Europeans were classed by these Arabs as Government agents, and were consequently in danger of being attacked when the storm burst. After several such bouts of word-fencing we

managed to get clear away, but only just in time, for the Germans made war on all the coast, coming in real earnest to this very town, and forcing the old Arab to fly for his life to the hills, where he carried on a long guerilla war against them, eventually accepting their terms of surrender as the inevitable.

After a few days' travel we had to lay our first-born under a shady tree. Just a little mound! and "Harold Livingstone Swann" cut above it on his living monument; nothing more than this marks the spot where the little treasure sleeps in the sand.

We soon had good reason to remember the warning of Stokes about the Masai, for suddenly one afternoon my head-man came back to me, in company with three warriors of the tribe in full war costume, which consisted of a pair of sandals (worn when travelling through thorny country), some chain ornaments, suspended from their ears, and a girdle of leather, to which was fastened a knife and tobacco-box. They were quite nude. In their hands they carried a long, broad-bladed spear, a cowhide shield, and a small knobkerrie.

Having been travelling in the rear, I was naturally anxious about the vanguard, and the following conversation took place:—

"What's the matter?" I asked, as they approached. "Where is the mistress and the others?"

"She is crying, but all are safe."

"What do these people want?"

"Lots of things, sir; but first, they must go with you to the other people."

I could not speak a word of their language, and felt handicapped.

"Are there many of them?"

"Yes! about four hundred."

"What are they up to?"

"Sitting behind their shields in a circle around our people."

Nice circus, I thought, but without the donkeys or clowns. Turning to my boy, I took my rifle and slipped in some cartridges. It was a Winchester repeater, and very useful in a scramble with a crowd. "It makes a lot of business," as the cowboys say. I knew it was madness to fight, but perhaps just as well to let these fellows know we should not take it "lying down."

Opening my umbrella I attempted to put on as careless a manner as possible (I was really anxious about my wife), when one of the Masai touched it, saying something to my head-man.

"He wants it, sir," came a very ready interpretation to my look of inquiry.

"Oh! *does* he? Then tell him I have only this one, and, as he would never think of parting with his only stabbing spear, so I cannot part with my protection from the sun."

A grunt was his only reply.

A second touch came on my coat.

"He wants that also," my poor, scared head-man uttered.

"Tell him, only medicine-men are permitted in his country to walk with white skins." (They cover themselves with white pigment; no warrior would dare be accused by the girls of being so scared of his foes as to turn white.) "No! tell him I am not his enemy, to give him my coat; it's too white. The sun darkens the skin. See! my arms are brown; but my cheek is pale because I wear this coat. It does not matter to white men; they like to be white, and, when their faces are white, their medicine is most powerful."

That put an end to his ambition for my coat. I guessed it would. On reaching my companions, I found all more or less anxious; and they had good reason, for there was an ominous look about that circle of shields and the ugly broad blades.

"Any one hurt, doctor?" I asked.

"No! But we were ordered to stop and wait for you; there was no choice; they surrounded us."

The three leaders, who had followed me, sat down behind their shields like all the others. They looked picturesque, and a camera would have been profitably employed, with the certainty of getting a unique picture.

I at once objected to their sitting behind their shields, and said: "Why do you disgrace your chief by speaking to a perfect stranger from behind your shields, and with spears in your hands? Why do you hide yourselves; have the maidens told you your faces are full of scars inflicted by your conquerors? If you are not marked, put them down, and tell your men to go over under those trees; my people will march to the other trees, and rest while we talk."

I wanted elbow-room, as well as to keep scoring small points off them. It neutralises the enemy's play. No objection was taken, the shields were lowered at once, and a passage made for our people to move outside.

"Now, then," I commenced; "ask what they mean by stopping white men. Are they in want of our new poisons, which they do not know how to use, or are they wishing to see our rifles send bullets through the shields? We will show them if they will put one up as a target. Or perhaps they are tired of their chief, and want a white chief?"

"No!" came their reply. "We have poisons, and our chiefs are many. We do not wish to have holes made in our shields; it lets the rain through. We are in search of water for our cattle, and the grass at the Wami River is sweet. We crossed your path, and wished to see white men."

All this was quite natural, although done in rather a high-handed manner.

"Very well," I said; "you have seen us, and we must

get on to camp; but as you dare not tell your chief you stopped white people, take this piece of calico as a token of my friendship. It will prevent you from being disgraced before your women."

He was pleased. I do not think that side of the question had entered his brain. In less than five minutes the calico was being torn into strips and fastened under the blades of their spears, somewhat after the manner of the decorated lances of cavalry. They had no other use for Manchester calico!

This was my opportunity to checkmate them, so, cutting off a small branch from the nearest bush, I held it out to the leader, saying: "Break it!"

When doing a similar action with the wish-bone at Christmas, I had scarcely supposed it was a rehearsal for such a play as this. If he had broken the twig, it meant peace; but he declined! The game was not yet won.

"Why does he not do as I ask? Is it because he is not the real leader of the party, and fears the criticism of those boys of his?"

This query stung him, as I intended it should, for he rather smartly replied:

"I go where I choose. I break the spear of an enemy as well as the twig of a friend; but I want a nice piece of red calico for my spear."

It had to be Peace at any price.

Tearing off a few yards of red twill, I half-tied it around his spear, and with the other hand again presented the twig before he had time to forget his childish delight. "Break," I said. His small eyes looked straight into mine as he snapped the twig; I imagined they said, "You have won the game!"

It was enough. I knew they would never break the contract. Africans can strike a hard bargain when they get into stubborn moods; but tribal contracts, such as this, are seldom broken.

"Go on," I ordered. "It's all safe. Move away slowly; do not hurry, whilst I'll chat with these fellows to divert their attention."

Touching one of their great spears, which were very fine specimens of iron-work, I asked the owner to give it me in exchange for calico. He declined.

"Will you sell your shield?"

"No! I should cease to be a warrior if I did."

The man who had conducted the palaver then handed me his ebony knobkerrie, saying, "Take this." I was naturally surprised, for it was equivalent to our handing over a favourite walking-stick, and showed he bore no ill-will. By this time our people had gone, so, placing my half of the twig in my helmet, I said: "Good-bye! You see I carry the Masai mark of friendship near my eyes, in order that I may not forget my promise to you." With a swinging trot they disappeared into the bush, as fine a lot of half-wild men as one could wish to see anywhere. The next morning we met a large party of Wanyamwezi, driving cattle to the coast. Cattle I knew would be a great temptation to the Masai, so I warned them of their presence. "We don't care for any one; we are well armed," they replied. Armed or not, as they slept that night the Masai fell on them, killing many and capturing all their cattle and women. We were thankful to have escaped with the loss of a few yards of calico.

The married men appeared to settle down in the hills as agriculturists, as soon as they passed from the purely fighting ranks. These attempted to give us trouble by refusing water. Payment was declined, and no reason given for their conduct. Arguments and threats proved equally abortive. Water we should not have. This could scarcely be tolerated, for it was then about 4 P.M. Every one was tired, thirsty, and perhaps impatient, so I buckled on my revolver, telling the boy to follow me with a jar for water, also to bring a spear and a white bottle. Every one else was to wait in camp until they

heard the report of firearms, when all were to rush out with water-pots.

"What do you want the bottle for, sir?" asked the lad.

"Medicine, my son. The white man's medicine."

At the pool sat eleven armed natives on guard, who, on seeing me approach, stood up as if to dispute the path. Taking the spear, I drove it into the ground about five yards from the pool, and placed the inverted white bottle on the top of it. The men seemed amused, as I guessed they would, and asked what I was doing.

I replied: "In your country, if you have a dispute over a garden, one of you places medicine in it until the dispute is settled, and until that is done no one can, or will, reap any of the produce. We cannot agree about this water. It is not war, but simply a dispute, so I have placed our white medicine here to prevent any of my people breaking your custom. Not one of them will dare to permit his shadow to pass that white bottle."

I invariably found the most effective weapons to use were their own, and this case proved no exception to the rule.

"You must not do that!" they exclaimed. "Where shall *we* drink? There are no other pools near."

"It is too late; I've done it. The medicine is on guard; no one dare remove it but the person who placed it there."

This was a little conversation they scarcely expected; they saw their game of bluff was likely to make them as thirsty as ourselves, and it was not long before a deputation was sent from the chief, giving his permission for the free use of the water.

It was very amusing, as well as an instructive study of a people with whom one had to live. How many millions have been wasted on expensive military expeditions which, perhaps, might have been saved had we really understood the weak points of primitive people?

It was now my turn to keep up the farce, and to administer a little harmless punishment for their impudence.

"Go and tell the chief I accept his decision; but also tell him the white man's white medicine bottle must be covered with the blood of a goat directly it is broken, and the flesh must be eaten by us."

The goat was immediately forthcoming, and by this time their women were as impatient to get water as ourselves, for otherwise the evening meal could not be prepared, and the chief himself would go to bed hungry.

"The medicine must be broken by my revolver," I said; "but, if it refuses to break, then we must sleep with dry tongues; there is no appeal. We must remember in future not to quarrel hastily over things, as it makes it unpleasant for every one. Step back! Let us hear the little gun speak."

Taking care to remain close to the bottle for fear of missing it, I blew it to pieces. This was the signal to my men, who came rushing up with their pots, howling with delight.

"Stop!" I cried. "The goat must die. The glass must be made red with its blood before you drink." This done, I shouted out: "The medicine is dead, the road is open, and pulling up the spear, I left them to quench their thirst.

I think an innocent farce of this nature is not out of place when life is at stake. A false move might have resulted in serious consequences. At any rate we not only obtained the water without fighting, but made the owners pay us a goat for permission to drink at their own pool.

Rumours now reached us of the Germans having landed on the coast, and driven the Arabs out of their strongholds. As some were certain to retreat up-country, it was not gratifying to know that we had to pass their great centres, and that Lake Tanganyika was in their hands, with our comrades, stations, and vessels. We met our old companion, Brooks, on his way home after seven years' hard work in

the Interior. I warned him of the danger in front, pointing out that the Arabs would not discriminate between different nationalities, as we were all white men.

To this he smilingly replied:

"I'm not afraid of all the Arabs in the country. They know me now; and as for old Muinyi Heri at the coast, why, he has always been our friend."

"Yes!" I answered, "he has; but a rat will turn when attacked, and these men have just suffered defeat at the hands of the Germans."

"Oh! rubbish," he exclaimed. "I have never bothered about possible dangers since entering the country, and shall not begin now. I'm off home. Kwaheri, tu-ta-onana tena!" ("Good-bye, we shall meet again.") With this pleasant farewell he left us, and gaily tramped coastwards full of happy anticipation of complete rest after his long service as a layman of the London Missionary Society. He passed safely through Ugogo, receiving near Mamboia urgent warnings from the Arabs not to proceed.

"Don't come," they wrote. "The country is at war; our hearts are sad; our homes gone. We cannot, in our grief, see your nationality, but only your skin; when the heart is full, the eyes are dim, and all alike are foes."

This letter was sent to me up-country. It will be noticed how these cruel Arabs felt the misery of wrecked homes. Had they ever listened to the pleading of thousands of mothers and children not to be separated from dad? Never! The cry for vengeance was now being answered.

To the repeated warnings Brooks was deaf. "Don't be afraid! We shall soon see the salt water," he is reported to have said to his frightened men. He reached camp only a few miles from the coast, and everything appeared to justify his optimistic view of the situation, when that young Arab, who, as I noticed when I saw him years before at Saadani, was not very friendly, marched into his camp with the usual

salutation, "Jambo, bwana?" (Literally, "Have you any affairs?" or perhaps better, as we should put it, "How are things going with you?")

After the usual courteous inquiries, Brooks invited him into his tent, and stepping in first (presumably to place a chair for his visitor), gave his enemy his opportunity—which the brute quickly seized; for, placing his gun to Brooks' back, he shot him dead. It was rash of him to run into danger, but an exceedingly sad end to a young life. "Tu-ta-onana tena" ("We shall meet again") were his last words to me. So may it be, though not in Africa.

CHAPTER X

SHOOTING GIRAFFES—A COOL RECEPTION—A VISIT TO RUMALIZA—TIP-PU-TIB—ANGER OF TIP-PU-TIB—HOSTILITIES COMMENCED—CONGO STATE OFFICIALS—EMIN PASHA.

SOON after we had left camp one morning, a man came rushing back, shouting:

"Twiga, bwana, twiga!" ("Giraffe, master, giraffe.")

I had long wished to see the giraffe in its wild state, as it is not at all common in these parts; but farther north they may often be met with, especially in Ugogo.

The sun had not yet risen, and the light was very bad for accurate shooting, but such a chance was not to be thrown away; so, hurrying forward after the men, we soon came upon a herd standing and lapping off young tender growths of the trees.

Eight had young ones beside them. Two were half-grown; the other two were about half-grown; an old male stood apart from the rest, apparently watching.

Directly they saw us, the females, with their young ones, moved away with an awkward gallop, the youngsters kicking up their heels either in frolic or fear.

Fortunately the old male remained to get a better view of us, and this gave me a chance at his left shoulder. My rifle (a No. 2 musket) brought him down with a crash, his long neck falling like a tree felled by an axe.

It was my first and last giraffe!

I should not have shot another even had an opportunity presented itself. In this instance the meat was needed, and, although we had to march that day over twenty miles, it was quite worth delaying an hour for the fresh food. He proved

to be a very old male. All his lower teeth had gone; his hoofs were badly cracked and worn down.

It was a strange spectacle to see those two hundred beings cutting up the great carcase like half-mad men. In their frantic endeavours to obtain the intestines (which are considered the tit-bits) they smothered one another with blood. An hour sufficed to cut up the whole carcase, to lash it in pieces on to their loads, and we were off again on the tramp. It might easily be imagined that we should daily see large numbers of game, but such was not the case. Probably the first men scared them away, and the constant traffic would certainly tend to drive most game far from the track.

As we approached Ujiji I noticed that our Mohammedan servants became somewhat mysterious in their general conduct, the word "war" frequently occurring in their conversations. Two messengers, sent forward to inform the Arabs of our approach, did not return. This was very unusual, and I began to suspect trouble on account of the war in our rear.

Not wishing to disturb the minds of my companions, I did not mention my suspicions, and we entered Ujiji in silence. Not a soul came out to welcome us. What a contrast to the mad rush of our men with the carts five years previously! Then all was excitement, joy, welcome. The usual presents, made to all who arrive from the coast, were this time not in evidence. Not a single person took the slightest notice of us. We might have just strolled in from an afternoon's walk, instead of at the end of a journey of 800 miles.

The doctor noticed the absence of Arabs, and remarked:

"This is surely a cold reception, is it not?"

"Yes, Doc, it is! But don't tell my wife, or the others; it will only make them nervous."

On reaching the centre of the town, a solitary head-man of the great Rumaliza met me, simply saying:

"Follow, and I will show you where to sleep!"

We were escorted into a courtyard enclosed by high walls,

built of sun-dried bricks, and told to make ourselves comfortable, but on no account to walk about the town.

"Where are all the great men of the town?" I asked.

"At prayers, master!"

The noonday devotions were long since passed, so I knew he was telling a falsehood; but other matters occupied our attention, and we made ourselves snug for the night. About ten o'clock that evening a messenger called, requesting me to pay a visit to Rumaliza, who had just arrived from the west in our steamer. He brought also a letter from a comrade, urging us to come on board early the next day The vessel was about six miles away, as no harbour existed at Ujiji.

All this was uncanny. I felt out of touch with the position; but the great Arab soon drew aside the veil. As we left the compound, the messenger said:

"Tell your people to keep the doors closed until you return, as hyenas prowl about at night and bite men."

I noticed the covert warning, and became still more uneasy. The messenger had instructions that no one was to accompany us; we were to come alone, as his master desired to speak only to me.

"Small birds tell the buffalo the hunter is near," he whispered, as I stepped outside the door into the dark street. I thought: "He may be the bird, and, possibly, I may be the buffalo; but who are the hunters?"

There was nothing to be gained by refusing, as we were entirely in their power; therefore I walked on, trusting to this powerful man's old friendship and loyalty.

Entering a large courtyard, I was conducted along corridors dimly lighted by small palm-oil lamps. Not a soul was about but ourselves. Passing through a beautifully carved entrance, the door of which opened as we approached, although no one was visible to me, I knew we had entered the outer division of his harem, as the messenger closed the door, saying:

"I must return! Wait where you are until some one

comes. When I have closed the door, give the usual salutation. I must not see the women, good-bye!"

A small lamp was suspended from the low roof, and a second was half-hidden in a recess at the extreme end of the room. There was no furniture, nothing but a beautifully worked, coloured praying mat hung on the wall. I recognised at once that I was standing in the private room where the master performed his devotions.

"Hodi! Hodi!" I exclaimed. This is equivalent to our ringing the door-bell, and is for the purpose of warning the inmates of your entrance. Unless an answer is returned it is extremely bad manners to advance.

A soft female voice replied:

"Hodini! hodini! Karibu, bwana!" ("Come in, sir; you are welcome.")

With a light step a beautiful young girl, about fifteen years of age, approached, clad in rich clothes thrown gracefully over her shoulders. The draught carried toward me a delicious perfume, of which these Eastern women are fond.

"Twende, bwana!" ("let us go together") she said, moving towards the interior of the house.

I followed through three small rooms into a well-furnished apartment. Here the girl beckoned me to be seated on the sofa, saying: "Master will be with you at once; he is having his bath."

I had come quicker than he anticipated. I was not kept waiting many minutes, for Rumaliza came in quickly, leaving his sandals outside, and with a smile held out his hand, giving me the usual Arab welcome.

A lovely woman brought a bowl of water for me to wash my hands, another sprinkled scent over my handkerchief, a third placed hot coffee and cakes at our feet, which we partook of in Eastern fashion.

Telling the girls to leave us, and not to return until he called, Rumaliza commenced asking questions about our

journey, *e.g.*—who was with me; what we had brought; what news about the war?

I wondered when he was going to get to real talk, as no Arab would dream of inviting a Christian into his harem at night without some extraordinary reason. Certainly not simply to be waited on by its inmates, or to gossip about ordinary topics.

The meal was soon over, the scented dark damsels were called to remove the utensils, and as they passed out, handed us a light fan to keep away mosquitoes. It was all very picturesque, quiet, clean, Oriental, and, in its way, fascinating.

"Do you smoke?" he asked; "because, if you do, don't hesitate. We neither smoke nor drink alcohol!"

"Yes, I do!" I replied. "It will help me to listen to your words."

He noticed the compliment, and smiled. Both instinctively felt the serious talk was to commence.

"Can you read Arabic?" he asked, producing a letter.

"No! I cannot; but, if you translate it into Kisuahili, I shall understand!"

"This letter," he continued, "came to me ten days ago. I was then 200 miles from here. I have been travelling as fast as I could, so as to arrive at the same time as yourself, or before, if possible. It is from Tip-pu-Tib, my partner, who is now on the Congo. These Ujiji Arabs have lost a great deal of property at the coast, in the war against the Germans, and many of their relatives have been killed. In order to be revenged, they decided to intercept your party at the last river and to kill you all.

"The calico was to be equally divided between them. Your arms and ammunition were to come to me, whilst the vessels on the lake were to become the property of Tip-pu-Tib. On receipt of this news Tip-pu-Tib sent special messengers to me, requesting that I would at once go to Ujiji, stop all this nonsense, and inform these Arabs that if they would

not listen to me, I was to place myself and people on your side, and, together with his retainers, defend you and your property. I only arrived yesterday at your station, persuaded the white man to give me a passage here, stopped as we passed Ujiji, and sent on shore my messenger, who only reached the Arabs just in time to stop their action."

"Then that accounts for our not receiving a welcome," I replied.

"Yes; you would certainly have been killed at your last camp."

"Will you tell me why both yourself and Tip-pu-Tib took our part?"

"Because we have no quarrel with you. We have assisted every Christian traveller who has been to Ujiji. If these Arabs had killed you, there would have been much trouble."

"Yes! there would. I agree with you. It might have been difficult afterwards to find a comfortable pillow on which to sleep. I shall never forget your kindness. There are few men in Ujiji who, like you, have the brains to steer a vessel when the storm is bursting. Any fool can steer during a calm."

After a moment's silence, as if he was undecided whether to say what was passing in his thoughts, he said:

"You must leave here to-morrow under my escort, and not one of your party must linger in the town, or I cannot be responsible for their lives. The streets are now dark, and your presence here is known by our enemies. So, if you care to sleep in my house, I can make you comfortable."

I thanked him, but declined, saying:

"It is necessary for me to return to my friends."

Daylight saw us shaking the dust of Ujiji off our feet, glad to have escaped from the warm welcome it had proposed to give us.

I think the most bitter enemies of the Arabs will acknowledge that this intervention of Tip-pu-Tib and Rumaliza was worthy of all praise.

ANGER OF TIP-PU-TIB

It is seldom that a Mohammedan takes sides against his co-religionists in favour of Christians, and it was the more remarkable if we remember that none of us had any special claim on their protection. Neither could blame have rested on these men, had the plot been successful, as they were both hundreds of miles distant at the time.

About a month after this happened, Tip-pu-Tib arrived and sent a messenger inviting me to meet him for a talk.

I found him bursting with indignation, on account of a letter he had received from officials at Zanzibar, requiring his presence at the Courts to defend himself in an action brought against him by Stanley for damages.

Pointing to the letter, he indignantly exclaimed:

"Look at that! It is a note ordering me to be at the coast in two months. Stanley accuses me of hindering him on his journey to find Emin Pasha, and alleges that this was the cause of Barthelot's death. If I had wished to stop him, I should not have played with the matter by sending 400 men instead of 600, as per contract; I should have killed him years ago. I do not simply *hinder*, I *destroy!* If I assist, it is at all costs." Extending his hands, and counting his fingers, he added:

"Who helped Cameron, Speke, Livingstone? Who sent Gleerup from the Congo to Sweden? Who saved your life, and those of all your party; was it not me? Have I attempted to hinder any missionaries, although they are not of my religion and hate my business of catching slaves? Tell me! Is there a single European traveller who can honestly say I was not his friend?"

I assured him that all had spoken of his kindness and help. It seemed only to fan the flame, for he ran on: "I am mad with anger when I think of what we did for Stanley during his first and second journeys through this country.

"In order to make a big work out of nothing, he went up the Congo to find Emin Pasha; why not have walked up the

much less expensive road from the East Coast? He came to Zanzibar and begged me to go round the Cape with him, and to bring my people, all expenses to be paid by himself. I did not desire to go, choosing rather to walk, as I have always done, and to transact business as I passed my various *depôts;* but he would take no denial, so, out of courtesy, I accompanied him.

"He needed my assistance to obtain porters, and, because only 200 out of the 600 men I sent ran away, I am accused of wanting to hinder him. Do they not desert from all Europeans, as well as from Arabs? The truth is, your countrymen are criticising his work and the loss of Barthelot, and he is wanting to blame me. Barthelot lost his life through bad temper; it was entirely his own fault. I was hundreds of miles distant, and lost money through the cannibal porters running away. I cannot understand Stanley. Without my help he could never have gone down the Congo; and no sooner did he reach Europe, than he claimed all my country. Surely your people must be unjust!"

As he finished this outburst, I quietly replied: "Stanley has been talking into one ear of Europeans, now you go and speak in the other. They will listen to you, for we are accustomed to weigh both sides of a question and love justice."

"Do you?" he passionately exclaimed; "then look here—how did you get India?"

"We fought for it!"

"Then what you fight for, and win, belongs to you by right of conquest?"

"Yes! that is European law!"

"So it is with us Arabs. Have we ever tried to rob you of India?"

"I may ask you, in reply, Do these pagans try to rob you of Ujiji? The jackal cannot rob the lion."

"Very well, then! I came here as a young man, fought these natives and subdued them, losing both friends and

treasure in the struggle. Is it not therefore mine by both your law and ours?"

"It is only yours so long as you govern and use it properly!" I had touched a sore point, for he rose up and demanded:

"Who is to be my judge?"

I knew he had to hear his doom sooner or later, so, with perhaps more emphasis than usual, I exclaimed, "Europe!"

We had got down to bed-rock at last.

"Aha!" he replied, whilst a sickly smile played across his face, as if badly wounded; "now you speak the truth. Do not let us talk of justice; people are only just when it pays. The white man is stronger than I am; they will eat my possessions as I ate those of the pagans, and—" Here he paused.

Fixing my eyes on his, I asked:

"Well—and what?"

"*Some one will eat up yours!*"

Continuing, he said: "I see clouds in the sky! The thunder is near! *I am going.*"

I was listening to the capitulation of Central Africa's greatest man-hunter. His flag was being hauled down. What were the trifling inconveniences of my past life compared with the intense satisfaction of being present—the only white man present—at this great Sedan?

"Tell Europe Stanley lies; and tell them also, if they love justice, as you say, to compensate me for stealing my country."

I remained silent, in order to let the great man cool down.

Noticing this, he asked:

"Have you nothing to say to my arguments?"

"Yes! I have! It is this, and I know you are strong and wise enough to hear it without being angry with me. Europe has sickened of your cruel slave operations, and determined to stop them! That's the 'cloud' you see in the sky, from which the rain is already falling at the coast!"

It was not a time for smooth words. This terrible man-hunter was at bay. Pitted against him were the forces of civilisation, and wheels which have ground all tyrants were slowly crushing him; yet he was strong enough in his humiliation to allow a single ambassador of freedom to pronounce his doom without cutting him down with the long keen sword which lay on the couch by his side.

"It seems to me," he said, "that Europe does not like something I do, and therefore is determined to ruin me. Is that it?"

"Yes! if you do not abandon your trade."

"You Europeans do many things I abominate, such as eating swine's flesh; but you never saw an Arab try to destroy your farmyards on account of his aversion to your practices."

"No, I have not. But there is a vast difference between pigs and men, and, if you will permit me, I will ask you some questions."

"Certainly," he replied; "anything you choose!"

"Well, then, do you believe in one God?"

"Yes. So do all Mohammedans; but you say there are three."

"Do you believe your God created everything?"

"Yes!"

"Am I correct in saying you accept everything He does as, beyond all question, good?"

"Most decidedly I do!"

"Do you believe in Shetani?" (the Devil).

"Yes!"

"Did God, or the Devil, make these pagans?"

"God!"

"And yet every day you deliberately destroy His good work, by catching and killing slaves! Has God made a mistake by creating them, and asked you to rectify His error?"

"They would not acknowledge Him," was his reply, "and therefore have forfeited His protection."

Library. The New York Times.

"Then if your son becomes undutiful to you, does it give me licence to blow out his brains? Is that Arab justice?"

"Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob made many slaves, and God did not punish them," was his final reply, and I saw he desired to close the argument.

There was something extremely fascinating in this face-to-face encounter, eight hundred miles from British protection, on the shores of Tanganyika.

Wealth, power, intelligence, ambition, and cruelty sat represented in that one figure on the sofa. Thousands of men and guns were at that moment at his command, but his active brain had weighed them in the balance against yonder little rain-cloud, and found them "wanting!" Conscious that enough had been said, I rose to depart, asking:

"When do you leave for the coast?"

"Next Thursday," he quickly replied.

"Buriani!" ("Forget and forgive.")

By his own decision he left the interior, never lifting his hand against the white man, and doing his utmost to persuade his partner to follow his example. It has been popularly supposed that he was a kind of political prisoner at Zanzibar; this is not correct. He had no desire to return. I always paid him a visit when passing Zanzibar. The last time we parted, and shortly before he died, he gave me an autograph copy of a brief history of his life.

It would perhaps have been putting into practice that justice which I never ceased to hold before him as our standard if, when he died, some of our great geographical societies in Europe had acknowledged how much they were indebted to Tip-pu-Tib for allowing explorers to travel where he was in power, collecting valuable scientific data. As it was, all I have noticed was the announcement of the death of that "notorious slaver."

Rumaliza, his late partner, elected to stop and fight the matter out to the bitter end. Communication with the East

Coast was now stopped. The Congo State sent an officer to Tanganyika with instruction to meet me, if possible, to ascertain the exact position of affairs. This meeting did not take place until too late to stop hostilities, and the western route was blocked. War at Nyasa against Mlozi shut up the south-eastern passage; we were isolated, and for over a year could not get into communication with the outside world. It became too monotonous, so I wrote a letter with a quill pen, using the alphabet of Pitman's shorthand (all I could remember of it). This, written from right to left, did not look at all unlike Arabic. Rolling up the scrawl, we inserted it into the barrel of a tower musket, and the little fraud passed the enemy's lines, reaching the coast to the relief of our friends.

With characteristic energy the Germans gave the coast villains no rest. Town after town, each a sink of iniquity, was swept away. Hordes of Rugaruga were hunted from valley and forest, slave dhows confiscated as soon as captured, and their owners who offered resistance summarily punished. There was no compromise; the disease was deep, the surgeon's knife sharp. Conservative surgery at this time would have been out of place. The splendid pioneer, Hermann von Wissmann, like all others, had been compelled to swallow too many doses of Arab sophistry; now the plain truth, in all its nakedness, had to be heard and accepted. The Imperial Eagle fixed its talons on the quarry, and did not relax its hold until it had brought about its utter destruction. Fierce and long were some of the collisions, but the result was always the same.

The Wagogo, who for years had so insolently demanded toll from the white traveller, peremptorily ordered the German officer to camp and pay toll. He camped indeed—making a zareba instead of paying tribute—and the sun set the following evening upon the defeated and scattered remnant of the once-dreaded Wagogo. Blackmail was dead, and the Kaiser's

uniform cast its ominous shadow westward, menacing the great slave-centres of Unyanyembe and Ujiji.

Vast deposits of ivory were collected at the great depôts, valued at thousands of pounds, but there was no outlet for it to the coast. Wild rumours of a combined attack by Europeans on the lake from every quarter gained some semblance of truth from the arrival of a Congo State official and troops. They established headquarters on the west side, their object being to cut off the Arabs from their centre on the Congo by commanding the western trade-route. This they knew was their trump card to play in the great diplomatic and commercial game, as it would stop the enormous leakage of ivory from the Congo, which was then passing eastwards through German territory to Zanzibar.

To divert this trade-route was worth a struggle.

On calling to see Captain Storms I found him sitting outside his charred station, upon a camp-chair, with absolutely nothing in the world but his cigarettes and a few rifles. His whole station had just been burned down by natives.

"What's the meaning of all this?" I asked.

"War, sir, war!" was his cheerful reply.

He was a fine specimen of a European officer. His rule was strict, but just, and none but those who sought to terrorise over others objected to his administration. For months he battled against a smallpox epidemic, inoculating thousands of people. "It is not legal," he said, "to do this at home; but my vaccine is spoiled. Great diseases require heroic treatment." Roads had been cut in his district, and security established. This raised the envy of some western people, so they set fire to his house.

When I found him in this unpleasant situation he was under orders to hand over his station to the Algerian Mission and to leave for Europe, but he said: "I cannot go now, or the natives will say they drove me away, and may try the

same game on others. No! I will remain and make those very people rebuild the station."

"What can I do for you, captain?" I asked.

"I only want some percussion caps, and I shall be happy. You are not people who take sides in warfare; but grant me this request, as I think it is in the general interest of all white people in this country."

So did I! I gladly gave him all I had, and in a few months I had the pleasure of seeing his whole station rebuilt. Having vindicated his honour as a soldier, he left for home; but he had lost in the fire his very large collection of birds, and his valuable photographs.

A great deal has been said against the Belgian officers on the Congo, and I have no desire to enter into the controversy; but it is my duty, as well as pleasure, to record that the two whom I met on Tanganyika, Captains Storms and Jacques, were gentlemen in the highest interpretation of the word in their relations with both white and black. Both were fired with at least as much enthusiasm as myself for the suppression of the slave-trade, and determined to extend to the native races committed to their charge the blessings of civilisation.

As I have said, Rumaliza remained behind and decided to try conclusions with the Congo State for possession of the great ivory districts around the Aruwimi River. Meantime a force was collected by the Belgians, and a march made along the west of Tanganyika. This, of course, excited the Arabs, and a general gathering of the clans took place.

I was paying a visit to Ujiji at the time, and, when in the market, overheard the name of Emin Pasha mentioned by a native. Stopping ostensibly to purchase bananas, I heard them say he had been murdered near to Manyema. That evening, when sipping coffee with Rumaliza, I determined to find out if it was true. The news of Arab defeats at the coast kept on arriving, and made it difficult to speak on delicate subjects; therefore I approached the matter casually by saying:

POUNDING MAIZE INTO FLOUR

The flour is sifted in the flat basket and placed in the earthenware pot near the hut; over this is inverted a small basket to keep the dust out. The flour is made into thick porridge for the evening meal. If it should be gritty the women are very much ashamed, and the husband angry.

THE NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY

ASTOR, LENOX AND
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS
R L

"How very stupidly people gossip in your market; they are like idle people everywhere. We have a saying that Satan finds mischief for idle hands, and tongues."

"I hope you have not heard anything unpleasant," he observed.

"Oh no!" I replied; "it was only some nonsense about Emin Pasha having been murdered. Of course it's rubbish."

I did not take my eyes off his face as I uttered the words. The shot hit the mark, and he knew there was no use trying evasion, so he answered: "It is true; he is dead; it was his own fault."

Going to a box, he extracted from it a piece of bunting, and unfurling it, asked: "What is that?"

"The German ensign!" I replied.

"Yes, it is. Emin Pasha sent it to me from Tabora, ordering us to hoist it over this town. I have not yet had the heart to do so; shall I?"

"You have no choice, Rumaliza; for, if you do not, they will save you the trouble—as the country is theirs."

Returning to me, he continued: "Emin Pasha was a Mohammedan; he prayed in our mosques. He sent that flag to replace our own, and then went to Nyanza and hanged several Arabs in cold blood; therefore Arabs swore to take his life. If he had come this way it would have been the same. Instead of which he tried to escape down the Congo."

"You must be mistaken," I replied. "Emin was a gentleman."

"I am not mistaken; I knew the Arabs he hanged."

"What was their offence?"

"None that I know of; they declined to sell him the calico they were taking to Uganda."

It is quite possible the story is untrue.

I immediately sent the news of Emin's death to Reuter. It was doubted for a time; but, of course, was afterwards corroborated. Rumaliza was advised not to fight, but he replied

that, if the white men shut up the trade-road, he had no choice.

My work called me away, and promising to see him again, I set sail for a breath of fresh air on the lake, where repeated electrical battles between the clouds did their best to foreshadow the human conflict then bursting over the whole country.

CHAPTER XI

CAPTAIN TRIVIER—GAME PITS—AN ANNEXATION—THE WALUNGU MARRIAGE CUSTOMS—THE CURSE OF THE PEOPLE

AFTER a pleasant and refreshing voyage on the lake, we met the French traveller, Captain Trivier, who had arrived from the West Coast.

It was delightful to see a strange face, and to listen to up-to-date European news. He had a companion with him and two personal servants, and, on my inquiring how it was possible for him to have performed such a journey with so few men, he replied:

"Tip-pu-Tib contracted to transport me to the East Coast, providing men, food, and safety; he is acting in my interests just as your English "Cook" does for tourists. As I shall not go East on account of the war, his contract will end here and I shall go by the Zambezi."

I was naturally interested to know what this stranger's general impression of the country was like, and was surprised when he said:

"It is all very interesting, *except man!* Let me see the wild grasses, mountains, rivers, forests, animal and insect life, but *not* men—they spoil the picture!"

This sounded like an echo of the familiar lines—

"Every prospect pleases, and only man is vile."

How strange! It seemed to me, at the time, about the last country to visit unless one came in the interest of humanity, or to indulge in hunting big game. To me, man was the goal, the beginning and end of our work, all other subjects being relegated to a secondary position.

Trivier proved a most genial guest and critic.

"What has your Government sent you here to do?" he asked.

"Government!" we echoed. "We are not officials. We are sent here by a society to open up the country, to establish mail-routes to the coast, and stations all around this lake. In fact, to endeavour to undermine and destroy the curse of Africa!"

The answer, apparently, was a revelation to him, for he continued: "I suppose you hand over everything you get to your Government as soon as you become possessors of territory?"

"Well, captain, the only assets at present are—fever-racked constitutions, and graves of comrades!"

"Of course I accept your words without hesitation; but, to my French mind, it is a mystery. For instance, this morning, as I walked through the village, a lad greeted me with 'Good-morning, master!' That's not an African salutation!"

"No!" I replied, "it is distinctly English!"

"It is," he smilingly admitted the fact, adding, with a merry twinkle in his eye:

"I smell something in the air!"

Two months later he had reached Lake Nyasa, meeting a British Consul who had arrived to arrange peace with the Arabs, and Trivier wrote me a most amusing letter; amongst other items of news was a description of the meeting in these words: "Did I not tell you I smelt something in the air? To-day I had the pleasure of saluting a British Consul, near whose tent was flying the British Flag. I wish you and your country every success." I fear he was more mystified than ever as to our real object.

The gallant captain unfortunately lost his companion whilst our guest. The poor fellow became insane, and wandered up to a stockade at night. The people, being at

war, probably mistook him for a spy and shot him dead, hiding his body in a brook when they discovered their mistake. White men had, up to that time, been surrounded by a kind of mystery; natives feared to hurt them, dreading that some serious unknown calamity would befall the tribe if they took their lives, and undoubtedly this was a great protection to all early pioneers.

While searching for the body of this unfortunate man, I had an unpleasant experience. I had been following a slight track through the bush, which looked like a man's, and coming to some bushes which met across this track, pushed through them rather hurriedly, closing my eyes as a protection from the branches. In a second I fell headlong into a game pit. Luckily my rifle was fixed at safety, and did not explode. I alighted at the bottom, partly on my head and elbows, with my feet in the air. My position must have looked ludicrous from the top of the pit. The sun-helmet was jammed down over my eyes, and I lay all of a heap, partially stunned, with nose bleeding freely and face somewhat damaged.

"Spikes!" I thought. "Are there any spikes through me?" These dreadful weapons were, I knew, used in most pits. Scarcely daring to feel, I rolled over into a more comfortable position, dragged off my impromptu mask, and caught sight of a horrid sharp bamboo sticking up within a few inches of the spot where my head had struck the bottom. Three others, with their points slanting inwards so as to impale the falling game, were still looking upwards for a victim. Being too much shaken to move for a few minutes, I could only lie and look at those cruel points, which had missed me by a few inches. Only a few months previously John Kidd, a friend of mine, fell down a similar trap in that neighbourhood, one of the spikes passing through his leg.

Beyond a severe shaking of body and nerves, I was not much the worse for this sudden let-down. My two black

eyes were a source of amusement to my boys when they chatted over the fire, and did not know I was listening.

One little chap remarked: "Master went down white, and came up partly black; if he gets many more falls like that we shall be all one colour." I could not suppress a laugh, which they heard, and scampered off, probably to continue the joke.

A period of complete mental rest was prescribed by the doctor, so I indulged in fishing, and had some that would excite the envy of every angler in the world. The sangala were at that time in good condition, so I was rowed slowly along the rocky coast, trailing a spoon-bait at the end of about one hundred yards of line. Suddenly one of these great fish made a dash at the glittering bait, and nearly took out all the line before I realised what he was up to. A check in his mad career, and a few sharp strokes with the oar, gave time to recover line just as the fish sprang out of the water almost alongside the boat. That he was a beauty was beyond doubt, but whether we could land him was another question.

Using careful tactics, the boy paddled slowly towards the shallows, and this the fish resented by at once making for deep water. A long chase ensued, with alternate hopes and fears; but at length his efforts became less vigorous, and he floundered about near the surface, where the warmer water probably increased his weakness, and we drew him slowly towards us. I wish I could have photographed the dying monster, with his silvery scales glistening in the sun. I could not use the net, for it was not large enough; so, making a clove-hitch with some spun yarn, I slipped it over his tail and hung on as he made his final bid for liberty. A few more seconds and he lay at the bottom of the boat. My joy can only be imagined by anglers, for on weighing he scaled thirty-four pounds.

Lieut. Stairs, whilst on a visit to us, hooked several heavier than this, and the Lakes Company's employees netted one with a seine-net which turned the scale at ninety pounds. It is

more than likely that heavier sangala have been caught since then.

I could have revelled in such sport for a month, but a second mound had to be raised, and another shady tree found, to mark the resting-place of my little daughter Eva. This for the time banished all desire for either work or play, and somewhat neutralised the benefit derived from my holiday on the water. The Walungu, in whose country we resided, owned the whole of South Tanganyika, and about this time a messenger arrived from the chief, asking if I would meet them at a council to discuss tribal matters. I accepted their invitation. Kitimbwa, the paramount chief, occupied the central mat. Around him were gathered the sub-chiefs and head-men.

I could not imagine what subject was to be discussed, for so far as I knew, nothing important had happened to disturb their calm.

The usual mysterious and irritating preliminaries in all these indabas went on for some time. They love to make mountains out of mole-hills, for these gatherings constitute a kind of serious bank-holiday, and so are made the most of. At length an orator stepped into the clear space before the chief, lay down, and rolled over in the dust (an expression of loyalty). Pointing his spear to the hills, he shouted: "Our fathers are sleeping around us, some by the river, others on the hill-tops; their spears were buried with them, with the exception of one which was given to Kitimbwa; that is it lying by his side. With that spear descended the power to speak to us as his fathers did. To-day he speaks! Listen! these are his words: 'On account of war, and disease, the Walungu are few; their land is extensive, but the children cannot protect it.

"'The Awemba gave us no sleep; the Arab ate up our daughters. Until the white men came we knew no friends. They fed us when our crops were stolen. They sheltered us when our huts were burned. They gave medicine to our sick, and spoke to our enemies with guns in their hands. I am

getting old and tired; you are weak. Let us give our land to the white men!'"

All present knelt down and clapped their hands, saying:

"Tata witu! Tata witu!" (equivalent to "We agree"; lit. "Our father").

Kitimbwa then turned to me, saying:

"You have heard our words. We give you our land; will you accept?"

I explained that I valued their offer, but that my chiefs had no desire to possess their country; we came to help them, and did not wish for reward. Besides, I should have to consult my comrades. He answered: "If you refuse, we shall be eaten up and our tribe will cease to live."

The pros and cons were duly discussed at our station, and we agreed to take over the country in the meantime. Title-deeds were drawn up and signed by the chief, and I became trustee for the London Missionary Society of all Ulungu. The map was being painted red in spite of us, certainly not by our seeking or desire.

This proved only a rehearsal, as it happened, for the real John Bull was even then at our doors; and if that French critic had been with us, I confess it would have been more difficult to disabuse his mind as to our real intentions. A special messenger arrived with the news that a British Consul was approaching. This was a real surprise, for we had begun to imagine ourselves independent people, beyond the thoughts of Downing Street, much too insignificant for this diplomatic notice. We were wrong! The great John Bull was about to sweep us into the Empire whether we wished it or not. I went out to meet the representative of Britain, expecting to see a military escort, Union Jack, bayonets, sword, and perhaps an eye-glass. Nothing of the sort appeared. Across the plain walked a few natives who preceded the Consul. He was a small man, riding a donkey, and wearing a man-o'-war's-man's straw hat, which gave him quite a youthful appearance.

As we met he held out his hand pleasantly, saying:

"I am Consul Johnston. Are you Mr. Swann?"

No show of any sort, no side; just a man meeting a man in the heart of Africa. He might well have been mistaken for a tourist, taking photographs. He was scrupulously attired, and at home on the donkey. I felt that this calm and polite servant of the Crown would have annexed half a continent to the Empire before luncheon, making the owners feel they ought to reward him handsomely for the trouble of signing his name to the transfer. Who could have imagined that under the innocent-looking sailor's hat, a mind was handling difficult international problems relating to territory extending from where we stood eastwards to the Indian Ocean, southwards to the Zambezi, and northwards to Cairo. Yet such was the case. He listened courteously to the story of our acquisition of the country he came to secure, without a sign of disappointment.

After a quiet discussion of the position, we decided it was best for treaties to be made directly with the Crown, and for us to waive most of our prior right to the land, retaining sufficient to build stations on and to plant gardens. A voyage together for several days, in an open boat, only tended to increase my respect for Johnston, now Sir Harry Johnston. Although fond of comfort, even when in the bush, he never complained of the many inconveniences attending such a voyage. His recreation was sketching aquatic birds, wild grasses, and any object of interest.

We rowed up the Lofu, visited Kabunda, a Balooch who entertained us to the best of his ability.

The chiefs could not understand giving their land away a second time, and asked:

"Was our gift not acceptable that you give it away so soon to a stranger? We do not know this person! Is he your brother or friend?"

To all such questions I replied:

"Sign the paper; it is best to do so, and then you will live in peace and be buried with your fathers."

I had been reading of our British troops marching out of the old Indian Forts, when they were given back to the native princes, with their bands playing, "Tommy, make room for your Uncle." It was now my turn to make room for John Bull, without the assistance of a military band, and I confess to doing so with very mixed feelings.

The Lofu valley being thus secured by treaty, we made for the east coast, where the same process was repeated with minor chiefs until the whole of the south end was practically British territory. Before Johnston left us I remarked: "When you are gone, and these people are attacked, they will fly to us for protection. You have left flags and treaties, but nothing to protect them."

"Yes," he replied, "that is true; you will probably be appealed to, and it will be annoying because you cannot defend them. Some one is always inconvenienced by great changes such as these, but there is no occasion to anticipate trouble."

We shall see a little later what was the sequel to that treaty-making.

A few weeks after he left I went out on the plain to shoot game, pitching the tent near to a large village where Kabunda's people resided. The evening was pleasantly passed in relating stories of travel and adventure. Several men gave a dance, and all were happy. The Arabs had lived there several years and married the chief's daughters. I moved away early the next morning to hunt, and, on returning about sunset, I found not a single hut standing. The whole place had been burned down. Not a living soul could be found. The scoundrels had suddenly turned on the people who had sheltered them for years, captured them all, and made them carry ivory to the coast. I was astonished at the suddenness of the calamity and complete secrecy of the plot. Poor Walungu! their cup was

indeed full and running over, although the British flag flew over the tribe!

On returning home, one of the men, hearing a faint cry in the grass, searched and discovered a baby boy about three months old, with its left arm broken. It had been pitched into the grass by those fiends to die; they could not be bothered with it. We took it home, putting the tiny arm into splints, and gave it goat's milk. Not a single native woman would give it the breast! "No," said they, "we cannot feed the child of a stranger; if it dies we shall be accused of poisoning it." "Keep away from trouble," is their motto. "Mind your own business," is deeply impressed on their thoughts from childhood. And indeed there was a great deal of common sense about their attitude; for if the youngster had died, they would certainly have had trouble to convince its relatives that it had died from natural causes.

The question now arose as to whose duty it was to attend to that child; some one had to, as the natives refused.

I was married, my companion was not, so we cast lots, and the lot fell on us. I was never more sorry to win the toss. We kept the little chap some time, but his cries nearly drove us stupid, and we seized an opportunity of handing "Thompson," as we named him, over to our Jamaica friends. His mother escaped on the road, and came back to look for her child; she heard we had found it, but she lived a long time in a neighbouring village, afraid to let us know who she was. The two were afterwards brought together.

Like most other tribes, the Walungu sent their daughters away into the privacy of what might be called a tuition class, where they were instructed in all the duties pertaining to married life. This tuition varies in each tribe; some teachings are attended by practices which do not appeal to our ideal of morality, but others are quite harmless.

The object of the parents may be gathered from the

following explanation given me by a father whose young daughter (about ten years old) had just been sent to the "Unyago," as it is generally called.

A girl is married at an early age, and becomes the youngest wife of her husband, who may have several wives already.

As the marriage in most cases is not the outcome of real love, it is necessary that the child-wife shall, as far as possible, not make her husband cross by ignorance of household duties. She is therefore put through a training in everything which she will be expected to perform. Above all—and this seems the main point—her childish will must be completely broken by extremely harsh discipline. This is done in order to make her obey her husband in all things without question.

Girls in our country are sent to boarding-schools, not only to be taught the three R's, but that their corners may be knocked off by others less indulgent than parents.

This same idea is present in the native mind, only their manner of life practically compels them to impart instruction to their children which is not needed in this country, as our daughters live under our protection until they arrive at womanhood.

The men expect to get a wife who, as they put it, "is not an idiot," and who will not be continually crying for mother. In order to make them bear trouble without crying, cold water is dashed over them when asleep, and if they utter a cry they are punished. If they disobey they are not allowed to sleep. They are also forced to lie on hot cobs of maize without crying. All kinds of hideous masks are worn by the old women to frighten them into absolute obedience. If to all this is added other practices which are common to these ordeals, it is not to be wondered at that when the girl is brought out into society she can scarcely face her own parents, much less strangers. The little creature's will is entirely broken; she is scared of the dark; she believes

A MARRIAGE PROCESSION

The young child brides are too bashful to ace the camera. Their bodies are covered with oil, and every scrap of bead-work has been given or lent them. Relatives are following with a sleeping mat; the inverted baskets contain some delicacy to eat, and they will be serenaded all night by a dancing, beer-drinking crowd.

all manner of evil will happen to her, and her people, if she does not implicitly obey her husband and conform to all the exacting duties of life.

In fact, she is an utterly different girl in every respect. In one month she has passed from innocence to knowledge, childhood to womanhood, and life in all its reality has burst upon her young mind, well-nigh leaving her hypnotised. In this state she is paraded before the public, oiled from head to foot, and decorated with every scrap of ornamental bead-work her girl friends can lend or give to her. The old women under whose training she has been, with intensely anxious countenances, watch her perform the graceful motions of a dance, arranged so as to throw into prominence all the best lines of her figure. I have watched both débutantes and trainers, and there can be no doubt whatever that both are deeply serious over this most important time in a girl's life.

The dance being over, she is led away to her husband's house in the evening; and not until she has cooked next morning's porridge for her husband is she allowed to break the silence which has bound her tongue for a month, except as used in a song. With a few minor additions, the above may be taken as a general description of these initiatory functions practised by the various tribes.

A most elaborate salutation was used by this tribe. On meeting the chief in the morning, they would at once lay down anything they were carrying, kneel down and clap their hands several times, bending almost to the earth. When meeting one another the same performance was gone through, accompanied with the following conversation:—

"Our Father! Our Father!"

"Have you eaten well?"

"How could I eat when you have all the food?"

This was meant, not as a complaint, but as a compliment. It was varied slightly as the day advanced, and one

often wondered they were not bored to death repeating the same words many times a day.

So far as intelligence goes, I think they were the densest people I have met. This may have been caused by the long and terrible ordeal through which they had passed. Having lived for years on dried fish, they suffered from a warty growth which made it necessary that they should be isolated from the tribe. It was not leprosy, but persons afflicted with it were not permitted to come near the villages, or to handle anything belonging to others, so great was the fear of infection. Two or three years seemed to be the usual period spent in these segregated camps, many becoming quite restored to health, whilst others succumbed, probably in consequence of malnutrition and want of attendance. Lime, powdered and mixed with charcoal, was applied to the sores as a disinfectant.

One of these camps was situated to the north of our village, where lions often prowled at night, quite near the open houses, without attempting to touch the diseased people, who appeared to court death—and no wonder; their lives were filled with nothing but misery.

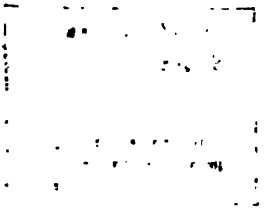
Whilst I was sitting one evening with my wife in our verandah, she called my attention by asking, "What's that?" I had not noticed any sound, and replied that it was "perhaps the cattle." A few minutes later all doubt was dispelled, for a lion roared close to the stockade, a kind of challenge to "come out and take it!"

The village being surrounded by high poles, with thorns along the top, there was no immediate danger. The diseased people outside, disdaining any attempt at defence, shouted back defiantly, and even challenged the brute to do its worst. "Come this way, and don't go creeping around those poles; you know you cannot jump over. Your voice is like the thunder, it makes plenty of noise, but it is the lightning which kills; you are not the lightning. Go and hide your

1 2 3 4

MALE AND FEMALE FASHIONS IN HAIR-DRESSING

The man's hair (4) is plaited and twisted spirally. One head (3) is shaved almost bare; another (2) has worked small shells or beads into her hair, and the third (1) has worked grease and wax into hers. These coiffures, once made, remain for years. The lobe of the ear of the woman on the left (1) has been torn by a too heavy ornament, and her arm shows the marks left by disease.



clumsy head in the hole of the forest pig, and take care the rabbit does not bite your nose."

For clever, scathing sarcasm, I think that is extremely good. Then came what to me was a revelation of the secret of all their actions and taunts.

"Are your claws sharp enough to tear a child's heart out? Can you bite me and live? Come, coward, come! *I will transfer the Walungu curse to you and your tribe for ever!*"

Aha! that was the secret! They believed the tribe suffered under some curse (how this was incurred I was unable to ascertain), and that if one could provoke a lion to bite him, the cursed disease would be transferred from the tribe to the lions.

Strange as it may appear, I never heard of lions attacking any of these isolated wretches; neither have I been able to find a native who knew of a single instance.

One could easily have lived years amongst these people without knowing of this supposed curse (as they seldom speak of such things), had not special attention been directed to their spontaneous expressions at a critical moment.

It will be understood how necessary it is to possess not only sufficient knowledge of their tongue to carry on the ordinary duties of life, but to understand the hidden meanings of their somewhat flowery expressions, before one can properly read their lives. To make a mental note of the tribal curse for future use was the work of a second, but a much more immediate practical duty was to deal with that lion.

A goat was killed and placed on the stockade to tempt his lordship, whilst three of us kept watch with rifles behind the fence; outside was not good enough, as the night was dark.

In a few moments deep growls issued from the forest close by, and a whisper passed—"Here he comes!"

The growls continued at the same place, so we imagined he had either seen or heard us. In this we were mistaken.

We were being deceived by the same artifices that lions

use to catch game at night. There were two at the little game—one growling, in order to divert attention from its mate, who, before we knew of his presence, passed within a few inches of our rifles on the other side of the fence, without a sound. Bang! went the rifle of a comrade, and the lion gave tongue with a vicious growl, bounding away in the darkness.

"Did you hit him?" I asked.

"Well, I can't say. I don't see how he could have escaped. But he came so suddenly I had no time to aim."

Escape he did, for a search next morning revealed only spots of blood and hair where he had lain down to scratch the wound. We never bagged him!

On returning from the search, I walked up to the diseased people who had been quite at the mercy of these two brutes, and addressing an old man, asked:

"Father, why did you talk to the lions last night—were they your friends?"

With a slow, painful movement, he sat upright and gave the usual salutation:

"Tata witu" ("Our Father"). "The lions refused to carry me away to the forest with the curse of our tribe. It was my last chance. I and my children will die, as *no more lions will come my way!*"

How extremely pathetic! A human soul, diseased, poor, and an outcast. Black of skin, with a white heart, crouching on the ground in one of the most isolated corners of the world, lamenting the lost opportunity of becoming a scapegoat to bear away the awful curse resting on his tribe.

"No more lions will come my way!" None were needed! for another stealthy messenger saved them the trouble before the new moon was born.

CHAPTER XII

MAKING TREATIES—HUNTING THE HIPPOPOTAMUS—BOILING SPRINGS—RELIGIOUS VIEWS—A NUGGET—SCENERY OF LAKE TANGANYIKA—A NATIVE REGATTA.

OUR routine of life was again disturbed by the arrival of a special envoy from Consul Johnston, requesting me to make treaties with the chiefs at North Tanganyika on behalf of the Government, as the Powers considered it necessary to have such a willing and amicable agreement with the owners of the country before claiming the right to include it in their "Spheres of Influence."

Our possessions at this time extended from Cape Town up to the lake, but a strip of country at the extreme north separated it from the waters of the Nile; if this could be legitimately secured, the chain of possessions would be complete up to Cairo.

No country had a prior claim to this particular strip of land. I had a long consultation with my comrades, but they declined to have anything to do with Johnston's request, stating as their reason that it was impossible to depart from the Society's rule which forbade interference in politics. If I used the vessels in my charge for the purpose, it must be distinctly understood that I did so on my own responsibility. They acknowledged that our country had a prior right, as we had spent some thousands of pounds on the lake, but their duty was to obey the rules of the Society.

It was a dilemma. On the one hand, an opportunity presented itself of hoisting our flag over a people for whom so much had been spent; and this was a great temptation. On the other hand, I had to face this refusal of my comrades

to take part with me, and possible censure from the directors if I made the treaties. I decided to take the responsibility, as it seemed to me that no one could possibly object to my helping to secure for the British Crown tracts of country upon which up to that time nothing had been spent by any other country.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Moir arrived from Blantyre, and were very keen to visit Ujiji, so I offered them a passage in our open sailing-boat, at the same time pointing out that the accommodation was very limited, and as the passage would certainly occupy a week, it might be very unpleasant for a lady; also that I could not bring them back, as treaty-making would absorb my time after reaching Ujiji. Nothing daunted my Scotch friends, so we set sail for a run of about three hundred miles. The sleeping-berth for one was so small that Mrs. Moir's face was only a few inches from the deck planks as she lay in bed, and how she endured the discomfort was difficult to understand. Moir had to sleep on the little deck in the open air, whilst I steered night and day.

On reaching the Roman Catholic mission station, after a run of twenty-four hours, I dropped off to sleep, while my passengers walked on shore to visit the hospitable Padres. Ujiji was reached in about five days, and there Rumaliza gave us of his best, and entertained all our people in his usual lavish style. Everything was, of course, very novel to this Scottish lady, who made good use of her camera, and afterwards her pen, to describe her adventures.

Moir purchased some of the accumulated ivory, and returned south in a dhow. Anchoring near Karema for shelter from the monsoon, they were suddenly attacked by natives, who had been attracted by the large quantity of ivory, and who were well known to be quarrelsome and dangerous. I never anchored in their country, as it was the only place where we dared not land. The attack was so fierce that they experienced great difficulty in getting away, the wind being

unfavourable, and surf breaking on the shore. A bullet passed through Mrs. Moir's helmet, and most of the crew had narrow escapes. To this ordeal was added a long and stormy passage to the south end; and the strain on their nerves quite counterbalanced any good they might have previously derived from the visit.

The country to which I was travelling being more or less under the influence of Rumaliza, I was compelled to obtain his consent and introduction to the chiefs. This was readily granted, and we sailed northwards for the Rusizi River, passing at night between hundreds of canoes, used for fishing, with small charcoal fires burning in a frame at the bow, to attract the delicious whitebait which swarm in the deep waters. As the tiny fish are attracted by the light, they are scooped up with large nets. The people loaded us with bunches of bananas, which were growing in great abundance everywhere; and goats were so numerous that we could buy one for a yard of calico, or two pennyworth of beads.

Hippopotami abounded, their fat being brought for sale to all the local markets. I accepted a cordial invitation to see the people hunt this animal with spears in large canoes. It was not comfortable to go amongst a herd of snorting hippo in so frail a craft, but they did not seem to see danger. I did!

Our canoe contained eight men beside myself. One at each end steered as required; the remainder were armed with stabbing spears and paddles. We slowly approached the first herd, but none of the huge creatures would let us get very close to them.

"How do you manage to spear them?" I asked.

"It is only possible to do it when they become fierce and charge!" they answered.

I had often shot them, but that was a different thing from enticing them to charge; it seemed too risky a game, but not wishing, or daring, to show the white feather, I kept silent.

It would be stupid to say I was not nervous, for I was, having no rifle and not being a good swimmer. Besides, I did not like being wholly dependent on some one else's skill in avoiding danger. I had a longing to get hold of the helm and clear out of an awkward corner. In a moment three men sprang overboard, and quietly swam *towards* the herd.

"What are they up to?"

"Teasing them!" the skipper replied; "they will not attack us unless we make them savage."

I unlaced both my boots and removed my socks, anticipating a bath. It was the only back-door, and I inwardly vowed never to get into such an idiotic position again. On the approach of the swimmers, a male hippo dived. "Rudi! Rudi!" the others shouted. ("Come back! come back!") These chaps knew what that dive meant, and in a few seconds they were back in the canoe. As the last one was dragged in, the hippo rose with a snort close to the spot where they had been swimming.

Shouts of derision were hurled at him by the crew as they picked up the spears. Down went the great head as the skipper shouted, "Look out, he's coming!" Sure enough he was, for in a moment he rose a few yards from the canoe, opened his ugly mouth, and giving a vicious snort, flung his great head over the side of the canoe. All except two jumped to the opposite side to counterbalance the weight; these two dug sharp spears into the softer part of the animal's neck; another hit him over the nose with an axe. This was to make it impossible for him to close the nostril, so that he could not keep under water. His attack had been rather too sudden, for he succeeded in pressing the gunwale under, and the canoe filled, pitching the lot of us into the water.

What with the shouts of the men and the splashing of the enraged hippo (which could not dive on account of the cut nostril), sending blood flying all over the water, it was an aquatic pandemonium in which no one need desire to be

mixed up. I saw the brute make a plunge at the nearest man, but he simply dived and came up laughing, out of danger. Such coolness was astonishing. "Dive, master, if he comes for you. They can't bite under water, and he cannot dive; the water would drown him—his nose is dead."

This was the advice tendered me, but I sincerely hoped I should not need to put it into practice. The herd answered the grunts of the wounded one, which made off to join them, going like a motor-boat along the surface, and blowing jets of blood and water as he swam. It was the work of a second for the men to turn over our canoe, and a few vigorous see-saw pulls sent the water flying over the ends; baling completed the work, and we were all snug on board again.

The spears, having been fastened to string, were hauled up. Anxious to impress on them that I possessed an inquiring turn of mind, I ventured to ask, "Does this often happen?"

"Yes! but usually we manage to keep the boat from filling with water; to-day we were not quick enough." They certainly spoke the truth for once, and I never gave them a chance to retrieve their character with me as a passenger.

At the north-west corner of the lake we discovered boiling water bubbling up at the base of the mountains. It emitted a sulphurous odour, and tasted somewhat bitter. When allowed to settle, a fine white sediment was deposited in the glass. Several huts were standing in the shade of the overhanging trees, and on going up to examine them we found eight men with large ulcers on their legs. They told us the hot water was used to bathe the ulcers, and that it cured them after a time. One gathered from this that it possessed healing properties, or at least helped to kill microbes and assisted nature. The same use was made of the springs around Lake Nyasa.

That night we slept near the spot, and felt several distinct shocks of earthquake. The natives assured me it

was quite a common occurrence. They called it "The earth shaking from the cold." Quite the opposite to our ideas of the phenomena.

Close by, in a grove of banana trees, I saw a group of images placed in a circle. They were beautiful specimens of carving, but represented most hideous faces of men and beasts. Bead-work of a pretty design adorned the necks, and by the side of one lay a broken spear. Near was a miniature hut, most beautifully fashioned and thatched with grass. It was just a toy house, about a foot high, such as any lad might make to play with. A small mat lay spread on the verandah; a stool stood near the door, at which had been placed a pot of maize flour.

I always felt a great respect for those attempts to propitiate the Unseen. So far as sincerity goes, they compare favourably with more civilised exhibitions of devotion. My men called some natives who stood at a little distance, and I asked them to sit down and talk through an interpreter. They readily consented, and the following chat ensued:—

"Will you tell me what that little hut is for?"

"It is for our dead chief's spirit to sleep in."

"Does your dead chief get tired and need rest?"

"Yes! they have many children to visit every day!"

"What is that flour for?"

"For the chief to eat!"

"Does he eat it?"

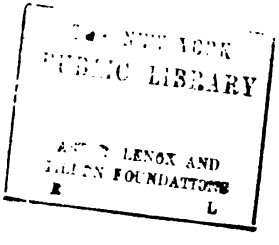
"No! If we want to go on a journey, or need rain, or any other thing, we bring food here to show our ancestors we really want assistance, and they help us."

"You mean that 'Leza' (the Creator) helps you, not your ancestors; is not that so?"

"No! Leza speaks to no man. No man can speak to Him; He talks with our ancestors, and they help us after speaking to Him; but they will not do so unless we bring here some small present of food, or oil, or beads."

LAKE FISHERMEN AND CANOES

They are generally quiet, sensible men who spend many hours fishing. They often get taken by crocodiles, which also bite their nets to pieces in their endeavour to get the fish. Several different kinds of fish are on the pole. A single cast of the net may catch thirty to sixty fish of different species.


NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY
LENOX AND
FOUNDATIONS

A NUGGET

I was listening to a sermon, the heads being: Faith, sincerity of appeal, mediation, answers from the invisible God. As there is no record of the Christian religion ever having been taught to those people, the sermon was interesting, if not instructive.

Palm-oil was being manufactured in all the villages, affording employment to the men, whilst women made pots out of a grey clay in which to transport the oil to the lake ports.

In the deep ravines, high upon the mountains, grew enormous trees, with gigantic creepers running up them almost to the top. It was grand to stand and see these lofty trees swaying in the wind, and interesting to calculate what their value will be when the lake shore is populated with civilised races, intent on building ships. Rubber vines appeared plentiful, but the steep hillsides had been washed almost clean by the heavy rains, and would not bear a crop even of rank grass.

I lay half asleep one evening, when a voice outside the tent asked, "Master, are you asleep?"

"No," I replied. "Come in; who are you?"

My visitor was a local Arab, and after assuring himself that we were alone he unrolled a dirty piece of calico, out of which he produced a nugget of yellow metal, saying:

"Is that 'tha habu'?" (gold).

"Where did you get it?"

"Will you tell the Germans if I let you know?"

"I cannot promise anything until I know where it came from."

"If it's gold, do you know how to get it out of the stone? and would you give us a half share if we let you transact the business?"

"I cannot arrange anything unless I know where this was found." The secret I determined to have first; the other was mere detail.

Coming closer, he whispered, "Near the town of Ujiji!" His greedy, anxious eyes were fixed on mine, trying to read an answer.

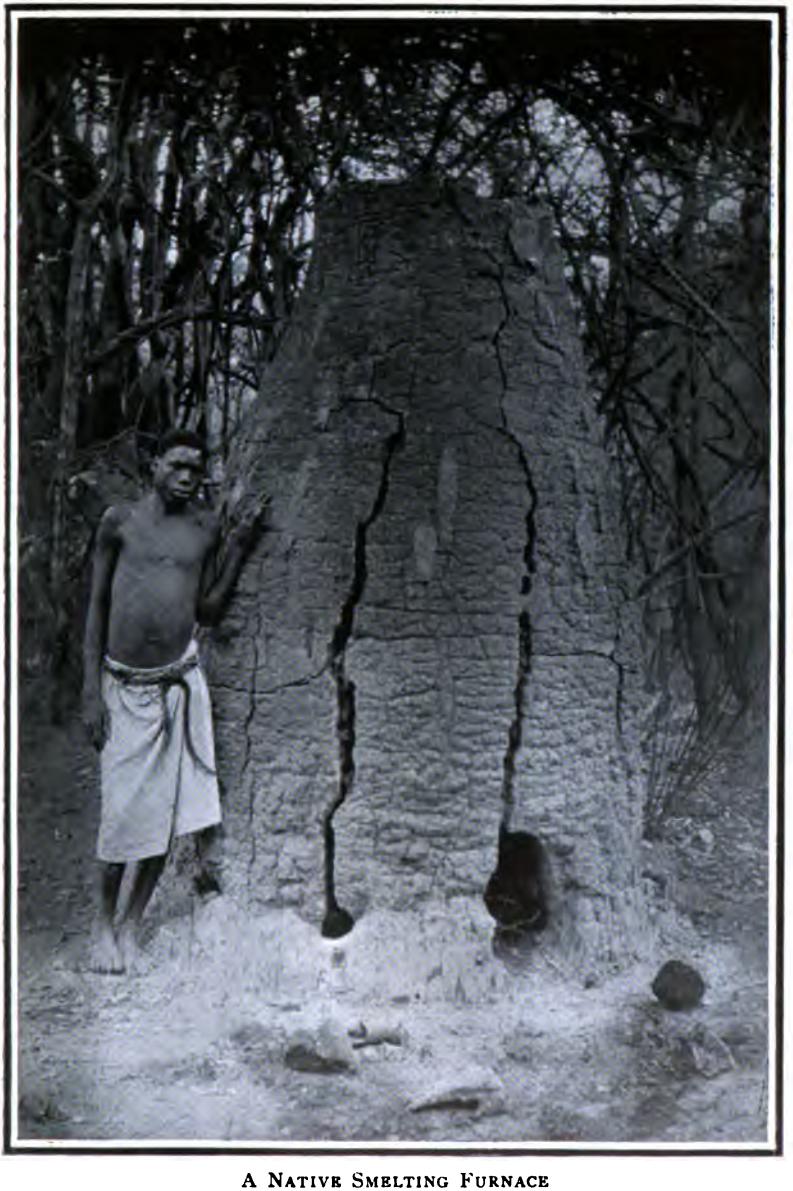
"There is no necessity for so much secrecy," I explained when I had looked at the nugget. "This is neither gold nor copper; it is valueless. See! I cannot cut it with my penknife; it is iron pyrites! In future, if you find anything yellow like this, and you can cut it, most likely it will be gold or copper—which are both soft."

I am certain he did not believe it was the truth, for he said, "Give it me; I will take care of it."

It is well known that vast deposits of iron ore, of good quality, are distributed all over Equatorial Africa, awaiting the advent of another race who will turn it to account.

In addition to palm-oil, honey and wax were collected and sold, a good-sized bucketful of honey costing about two yards of calico. The wax was usually sold in balls for rubbing the strings of bows and polishing drums. Others daubed it over leaks in the canoes. Graphite was dug from the hill and disposed of in small pieces to the women, for polishing their earthenware pots; the men smeared it over their bodies, mixed with grease, especially during the rains, when it took the place of an umbrella, as the rain ran off its smooth surface. Salt was purchased at Ujiji in exchange for ground-nut oil. Thus these natives led a fairly busy life. It was the most interesting end of Tanganyika. The moisture-laden south-east winds water the whole mountain chain, which stretches away northwards in parallel lines.

Standing on a hilltop and looking down on this wonderful inland sea, I tried to realise the feelings of the early explorers when they discovered the Rusizi River flowing into the lake, and not out of it, towards the Nile, as they fondly expected it did, and the question arose, Had this lake, in the heart of Africa, ever been connected with the sea? I could not answer it myself, but science has attempted to



A NATIVE SMELTING FURNACE

A disused iron smelting furnace with a piece of iron ore at the side. The furnace is made of clay divided into compartments for the ore and fuel. The bog iron is excavated and piled up inside; and charcoal and wood are used for fuel. In some districts the draught is increased by bellows inserted into holes in the sides.

THE NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY

do so since I dwelt in reverie on the mountain, waiting to make treaties.

Mr. Moore, who with others examined the medusæ I forwarded to England, was sent out by the Royal Society to make further investigations, based on the discovery of these unique jellyfish, and he tells us that "there are great quantities of jellyfish in Tanganyika. Only two instances are known of jellyfish being found in fresh water, this instance and that in the Botanical Society's Gardens in Regent's Park. No doubt the latter specimen owes its presence to some tropical plant.

"The shrimps are very marine in type. The Arabs curry them. I know of no other fresh-water shrimp that is eaten. Again, the shellfish are unlike any fresh-water shellfish now known. Only the dead shells of these had been sent to England before.

"All the Tanganyika shellfish produce their young alive—they do not lay eggs; some have certain protrusive snouts, like certain salt-water shellfish. The lake possesses also certain peculiar sponges. Though not like any known sea-sponge, they are more like sea-sponges than they resemble the hitherto known fresh-water sponge. They grow on the dead shell of the shellfish, mostly in deep water. They are not likely to be of practical use, for when dried they crumble to pieces.

"The whole question has presented two hypotheses—either that the marine type of fauna of Tanganyika has been produced by the animals living in conditions similar to those in the sea, but without having any connection with the animals of the sea; or, secondly, that the lake at some remote period has been in direct connection with the sea. I am inclined to favour the latter view—namely, that at some very remote period the lake was in touch with the sea, perhaps to the north."

The general aspect, as it appears to navigators, has been well described by Hore:—

"Owing to the immense evaporation, the opposite shores, even where only fifteen miles distant, are visible only in the rainy season: then, sailing down the centre of the lake, one realises its trough-like character, but coasting inshore, there is a great variety of scenery; here, for thirty miles at a stretch, you sail in deep water, alongside the mountains, which rise steeply to over a thousand feet, showing broad patches of rock amongst miles of beautiful trees; again, in a few places, shallow flats only permit access to the shore by poling in canoes. Steep rocky islands, with dry soil, set out in the lake so as to be always ventilated, supply sites for residences, and many fine natural harbours give facility for navigation. Pebbly creeks, with clear water and pretty shells, fringe the drier and more scrubby forest regions of lower elevation, and invite the visits of the buffalo, zebra, and elephant.

"Muddy river-mouths, half choked with reeds and papyrus, and swarming with hippopotami and crocodiles, afford a home for ducks, geese, the ibis, kingfishers, the crested crane, and other aquatic birds.

"The lake itself, with its long open stretches of deep blue sea, causes all sense of confinement to be lost. In fine weather there is no more delightful place for sailing, there being but few reefs and shallows. The perpetual hum of insects at night on the shore gauges the distance from the beach as the boat recedes or approaches, and seems, with the flickering will-o'-the-wisp marking out the water's edge, to welcome the home-coming voyager. Another aspect is given by the monsoon of the dry season, sometimes lasting as a gale for four or five days, only lulling slightly at night, and causing a bad sea running the whole length of the lake, against which it is difficult for a small boat to beat.

"At daybreak masses of clouds, piled up on one of the great mountain capes, begin to drop down over the water as the wind begins to rise, and the water is lashed into little waves. The wind increases until it blows a gale. The sky

clears, and a great dryness follows; the long row of cloud masses on the western shore remain, discharging their moisture, whilst the lake basin is hot and dry."

Such is the general aspect of the dry season, and with a good yacht, no better sailing could be had than to beat down against that south-east gale.

I have frequently heard people say that birds are scarce in Africa. This has not been my experience. Songsters are rare, I admit, but birds—they abound everywhere, except in dry forests many miles from water.

I see Captain Hore noticed this, for he says: "I think the birds are most in evidence. The ostrich on the plains; the guinea-fowl, partridge, and dove in the woods; the pelican and spoonbill, the crested crane, and many others in the marshes; the spur-winged and the solan goose, duck, and teal in the lagoons; the ibis, the lily trotter, and a host of others in river-mouths and quiet creeks—all find congenial homes on the lake shore and adjoining country. The vulture, the hawk, and the fish-eagle overhead, innumerable small birds in the trees and bushes, the golden oriole, with its noisy colonies of many nests amongst the long reeds, enliven every feature of the scene.

"The seasons have their special birds. In the freshness of the morning the pied kingfisher is seen, hovering over the water and dropping like a flash upon its prey; then there is the darter, the scissor-bill, and at night the goatsucker. To this list might be added millions of swallows, which pass twice a year in their annual flights."

All these subjects I was enabled to think about during my enforced detention on account of the chiefs not yet having made up their minds to receive me for a chat about the land. It was of no use trying to force the pace; that would have sent them into their shells for a year or two. Quiet persuasion and patience, I knew, were the most effective weapons to use against their natural suspicion of this utter stranger.

As the time was rapidly passing, I thought it well to

advertise my presence by organising a regatta. Thirty-seven canoes were soon collected to compete over a distance of a mile, each canoe to carry six men, with bamboo poles for punting in the shallow water.

1st prize, eight yards of red twill.
2nd „ four „ blue calico.
3rd „ two „ white calico.

At the discharging of a revolver the whole lot dashed off. Three pairs collided during the first hundred yards; noisy jokes were freely discharged by the competitors, all taking the spill in the best possible spirit. In the scramble out of the water they were blissfully indifferent as to which canoe they entered, their idea being to get *themselves* first past the winning post; the boat could not wear the cloth, and did not seem to count.

How frantically those men punted! Every few seconds some one's pole stuck, and the punter fell headlong into the water. Crowds of eager spectators ran along the sand, howling with excitement as their respective friends led the others. And as for the boys, they ran along in the shallow water, stopping every other moment to wrestle with a friend; they threw each other splashing into the lake, and danced on the half-smothered victim as he endeavoured to keep his head out of water.

They pelted each other with sand, and when a canoe capsized, danced with delight and shouted derisively, not exactly saying what the London cabby does to a broken-down motor-car driver—"Take it home!"—but asking in an exasperating tone, "Why do you try to hide your faces in the water? You capsized the boat on purpose, because you were behind. Whoo! whoo! whoo!" These sounds are tittered in a long-drawn, derisive manner. Boys never jeer at older people than themselves unless they see a certain way of escape if pursued.

"You fellows know more about pushing porridge down your throats than pushing a canoe! The coloured cloth is in *front*, not behind!" This was addressed to the last boat's crew.

"Get out and carry the boat; you will go quicker!"

One of the men, stung by their reproaches, jumped out and went for them; but they were off like rabbits out of his reach, and the next minute turning somersaults in the water, or shaking hands at their success in drawing the man out of the boat. They were perfect boys, full of mischief and fun. An immense crowd gathered round as the first canoe was sent dashing past the post, and the victors leaped overboard with shouts of victory.

Swimming races, both under and on the surface, followed, and I don't think I have ever joined with a happier, more rollicking crowd of sportsmen.

The day's fun completely swept away suspicion from the minds of the people and chief, as I hoped and intended it should do. The girls, who received the pretty cloths from their brothers, lovers, or husbands, paraded through the village singing the praises of their champions, and as usual composed impromptu choruses about the advent of the white man who came to talk to the chief.

Dancing past my tent in the evening, clothed with the pretty cloths, clapping their hands, and followed by a crowd of young people, these dusky maidens sang:—

"To-day we throw away our skins"

(They had worn goat-skins),

"To-day, to-day!
Our men have beaten every one,
To-day, to-day!
And now we beat the butterfly.
Our clothes are bluer than the lake.
The white man likes to see us laugh,
To-day, to-day!"

How refreshingly sweet and simple! Here was perfect happiness and natural joy.

Next morning I met the chief, and when night came I slept with the title-deeds to their country under my pillow.

'Tis surely better to build an empire on such foundations than to write a transfer of land with the blood of its owners.

CHAPTER XIII

THE PEOPLE OF THE TANGANYIKA—A CANNIBAL—THE WARUNDI —A CONJURER—THE FAUNA OF THE RUSIZI—ATTACKED BY LEOPARDS—A STORM ON THE LAKE—SWAMPED.

THE Wazigi tribe, amongst whom I was travelling making treaties, occupied the extreme north-west of the lake. Their chiefs were powerful and owned large herds of cattle; the people certainly showed themselves to be full of activity and very courageous.

Whatever trade they carried on was done mostly with the tribes who inhabited the eastern district, near to the Albert Edward Nyanza, from whence they obtained great quantities of ivory in exchange for hoes, salt, and gunpowder, which the Arabs imported from the East Coast.

Near to them lived the Warundi, who physically were a much finer race of men and women. It was their practice to decorate themselves with elaborate tattoo marks, or patches of red and white pigment. They are the real fishermen of the lake, being expert with spear, net, and hook, and in every respect perfect watermen. Their villages were composed of small family groups who chose to live separated from the great towns, where, they say, there is no peace, but too much annoyance.

Food was abundant everywhere. Tobacco was to be seen growing most luxuriantly in the dark loam at the base of the hills. The Warundi being very powerful, none dared to molest them, with the result that their gardens were both large and well stocked, and the numerous grain stores, in every village, testified to the general welfare of the community.

There can be no doubt that for the purposes of agriculture

the north end of Tanganyika and Nyasa should be selected for growing coffee, tobacco, and palm-oil.

The glossy skins of the cattle spoke eloquently of the rich grass-land on which they were reared. Milk and sour cream could be purchased for a trifle, and could even be had for nothing in some of the towns where cattle were plentiful. As for bananas, they rotted on the trees.

I was much impressed with the numerous markets held every day in most of the principal villages. There being no money, and very little calico, the common currency was rings of iron wire twisted around a nucleus of stiff reed, the value of which was determined by the fineness of the wire. Ten of these rings would purchase about as much as a yard of calico.

Native-made hoes were offered for sale in great numbers, and transported westwards to the Mitamba forest dwarfs in exchange for ivory. Their neighbours, the Watusi, were purely breeders of cattle. The men were tall, slim, and dignified, whilst the women were both graceful and pretty, but extremely shy of strangers, not mixing freely with people in the market-places, as at Ujiji and other towns.

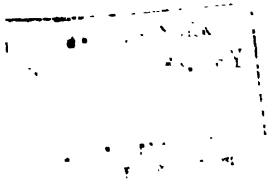
The large pearl mussel was brought for sale, but was not edible. The shell was coated on the inside with mother-o'-pearl, so we inserted under the lip a small particle of sand and replaced the bivalve in a protected corner of the lake. In five months each mussel contained a small pearl; but several were attached to the shell and were valueless. It proved that pearls could be produced in this manner, but I think the mussel is too small to warrant any outlay of capital on the enterprise. Whilst we were at anchor in a small creek, a most hideous creature came and danced before my tent. I found that previously he had been annoying the boat's crew. His face was pitted from smallpox; his eyes were bloodshot; all his upper teeth had been filed to a point to enable him to tear raw meat. Cat-skins adorned

AN ELABORATELY CARVED PIPE

The bowl is made of burnt clay. A woman is represented holding a bowl on which her lord's pipe rests, typifying the servile position of woman. Such pipes are very uncommon; none but chiefs or near relatives are allowed to smoke them. Native tobacco when properly cured is fairly good.

DRYING FISHING NETS ABOVE THE SAND

The sun makes the sand so hot that it burns the nets, therefore they are hung upon sticks. The cord is spun from a vegetable fibre; it is untanned and therefore does not last long, but it is fairly strong.



his body; one leg was painted with red ochre, the other with white kaolin. His hair was twisted into long curls, which hung around his head; from the ends of these curls palm-oil was dripping on to his neck and back.

After a long series of disgusting evolutions and weird shrieks, he rolled over on the ground, up to my feet, and lay with his face near to the sand, handfuls of which he was thrusting into his mouth and then ejecting. I was sure this had some meaning, but his language being unknown to me, I asked an interpreter what he wanted.

"Food, master," was the reply.

"Very well, give him some maize meal."

"He won't eat porridge; he wants meat."

"All right! I suppose he is mad; give him some goat's meat—there is plenty in the boat."

This was offered to him, but he refused, saying, "The child of the lizard only eats *live meat!*"

"*Live* meat! What does he mean?"

"He wants you to give him one of your boatmen!"

The interpreter turned and pointed to the boat as he said these words, and this beast sprang to his feet, poised aloft his spear, making vigorous thrusts with it in the direction of the vessel.

"Tell him I require all my men to fill the boat; we don't use them for filling hungry mouths."

This decision did not please him, for with a frown at me he sneaked away into the bush; but I had him cleared out of it before the sun went down, as I like neither sneaking lion nor man. They cannot be trusted.

It transpired that he had walked over from Manyema, and was not only a cannibal but a Mfiti, who was supposed to disinter bodies and eat them. It was the first specimen I had encountered, and certainly if there is a missing link anywhere he would almost fulfil the necessary conditions; for I have seen far saner and more intelligent apes than this

half-man, half-beast who begged for live flesh to eat. To the west, many of the tribes are known to be cannibals.

Like most of the northern tribes, the Warundi were clever workers in iron, but could not show such fine workmanship as the skilled men on the Zambezi.

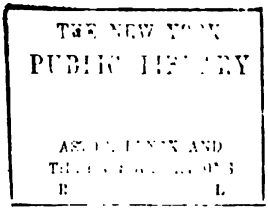
One of these Warundi young men performed a brave action whilst I was in port. Near to the boat, some youngsters were bathing and having the usual game of hide-and-seek under the water, when one was seized by a crocodile. The lad's brother, who was standing on the shore, seeing his brother in trouble, without the least hesitation leaped into the water amongst the screaming boys and dealt the croc a heavy blow on the nose with his axe. This made him release the boy, who was promptly dragged on shore. Blood-poisoning set in and he died, but I thought the brother had made a most plucky attempt to save him, and calling him the next day, I rewarded his bravery with a large packet of salt. It was difficult to get him to understand why he was receiving the present, because they never understand the reason for a gift; it seems to them so utterly ridiculous "to give something for nothing," as they term it.

This attitude of most Africans cannot be too often brought to the notice of young people who intend to work amongst them. You can never win respect by presents; they at once consider you deficient in intellect, or as having some sinister motive which they are unable to understand, and hence their suspicions are aroused. This is fatal, as their confidence is extremely difficult to obtain afterwards.

The croc was shot as it tried to crawl into shallow water; the nose having been cut through, it could not go into deep water. On opening its stomach we found a large piece of white quartz about 4 lbs. in weight; this, the natives explained, was swallowed by the animal as "ballast," to enable it to lie on the bottom of the river. Strange to relate, I shot another, years afterwards, on the Lake Nyasa,

BLACKSMITHS AT WORK

The skin bladders are being blown by the two men at each side; they open the bags and shut them rapidly, thus squeezing the wind through clay pipes into the charcoal fire. The mechanic is holding his stone hammer. A gauge of four holes lies against the stone anvil. A hoe, just made, lies upon the ground, and several tools are scattered about. On the Zambezi, with similar rude implements, they make the most delicate filigree work in gold and silver.


THE NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY
ASTOR, LENOX AND
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS
R L

which had a similar lump of quartz in its stomach, and a Swahili man gave me exactly the same explanation. The latter piece of quartz was for years exhibited in the Government Offices at Kotakota, covered with particles of otter hair, showing that the crocodile had been swift enough to catch that alert creature.

In the cool of the evening, after the excitement had abated, we sat and discussed crocodiles and other dangerous beasts; the conversation turning to a wonderful man who could entice them out of the water whenever he pleased by simply whistling. Having had an interesting exhibition of this whistling power, I expressed doubts, when an Arab said, "You doubt my words, do you? I'll fetch him!"

"I do not doubt there is a man who whistles," I replied; "but that he can make the crocodiles come at his call, I think is too stupid for children, much more for men, to believe."

After a lot of fuss the interesting individual appeared. He prated the usual rubbish about the moon not being on its right side and the stars not yet awake, but seeing me smile, he got to business and asked, "Will the white man pay me for my services?" Servant girl and gipsy came into my mind, for the man actually repeated the old formula in another language—"Will the sweet maiden cross my hand with silver?"

"I am told you call to crocodiles in that lake and they come on shore. If you can do that I will certainly pay. Can you do as these people say?"

"Yes!"

"How many can you bring at one time?"

"It all depends on the amount of calico I receive."

That I thought an exceedingly practical answer, and I was not slow to close with his offer.

"Very well! I will give you two yards of red twill for the first croc which puts its head up, three yards for the

second, four yards for the third, up to the tenth; after that we must stop or there will be none left."

"I agree to do so; but you must first give me the calico, so that I can go away and make medicine."

"No, you don't! No crocs, no pay! Understand?"

He evidently did, for, entering a house, he beckoned me to follow him.

I took the precaution of taking a boy with me, for I had not forgotten that "Snakes lay on the path waiting for frogs."

"You don't need the boy, master; he can wait outside."

"No, thanks! he carries my tobacco and pipe."

On arriving inside the house we sat down. Fixing my eyes on his, I said:

"Look here, my man, my skin is white, so is my father's; we are not quite such fools in our country as to believe in all this rubbish. But in order to give you a fair chance, you are to call only once for each croc: every time it refuses to put its head out of the water, you pay me a sheep; every time it answers you, I pay calico. That's fair, is it not?"

Too fair for him. He was getting a lesson in profit *and* loss; up to now it had been all gain.

Bending forward, he whispered:

"I cannot make them come out of the water."

"Then why do you cheat these people?"

"Because they pay; why should I not take it?"

Why not? I knew a similar game was at that moment being played north of the equator, by people whose skin was white like my own; so I closed the interview by going outside to the Arabs and the crowd who had collected to see me pay over the calico.

"I have stopped the man from bringing out the crocs, because I am your guest, and it is polite to honour your host. Every day I see you praying and hear you declare there is but *one* God. Knowing this, I could not allow this person to insult your religion."

"In what way did he wish to do it?" they asked.

"Let me explain. As the Creator made the croc as well as the water in which it swims, no one but He could make it come out, unless it had previously been tamed and recognised its master's voice. If this stranger to your crocs compelled them to obey him, he must be a God. That would have made two, and proved the Moslem religion to be wrong! Don't you understand?"

Smiting their breasts in true Oriental fashion, they replied, "Truly, truly! we have sinned."

"Yes, you have! This poor impostor has never heard of any religion; but you have, so that you are worse than he is."

"Let's kill him! Shall we?" they asked.

"No! certainly not; it would be unfair. He deceived you, but you deceived yourselves by consenting to make him as God. Sacrifice two fat sheep, and let their blood mingle with the clear water of the lake, and be thankful we have saved you from the consequences of so great a mistake. The meat will be carefully removed from your midst by my sailors, so that no remnant of the sacrifice shall be lost."

This was done, and from the expressions of pleasure on the faces of my men I really believe a daily sacrifice of a similar nature would have been appreciated by them. It seemed advisable to make natives and Arabs pay for having their eyes opened to all kinds of fraud.

On the morning of our departure I continued the lesson by saying: "Don't forget, these conjurers are too clever to work in the fields. They are lazy and prefer to deceive you; the hand is quicker than the eye."

"No! no!" they exclaimed. "Nothing is quicker than the eye."

"Is it not?" I retorted. "I'll prove to you the hand is, now, before we sail."

Taking out a needle from a box and passing it through the skin of my first finger, I grasped it with the thumb, thus

partially hiding the needle, and taking hold of an Arab's arm, I asked:

"Have you bones inside?"

"Yes!" he answered.

"Do you think I can pass this needle through your arm without your feeling pain?"

"Of course you cannot; and besides, it would bleed!"

Giving the needle an apparent blow by raising my hand and bringing it quickly down on his, and instantly passing it underneath, I produced the needle, after making exertions, from the other side.

"Go away, master—go away! You could send it through our hearts."

"No, I could not; it's all a deception, and only done to prove to you the eye is slow, the hand quick."

When I showed them how it was done they laughed heartily, and I don't think our visit was readily forgotten.

With this final adieu we entered the Rusizi River, which was flowing into the lake at about two miles an hour. On either side the plain stretched away to the base of the hills, presenting abundant evidence that it was once covered by the lake for many miles to the north. Numerous shallow pools had been left by the receding water, in which grew just sufficient reeds to afford a breeding ground for aquatic birds. I do not think it is possible to witness such a collection of wild-fowl anywhere in the world as could be seen on these muddy flats. They flew about in thousands, and appeared to be of every known African species.

Heavy spur-winged geese stood in great numbers in the marshes, digging their long beaks into the mud for food. The handsome Egyptian goose fought for tasty morsels with white-breasted, black-backed geese, these latter being in greater numbers than any other. Teal and widgeon were untiring in their playful evolutions over our heads, probably being curious to find out what our white painted boat was.

This was quite natural, as they had only seen canoes. Pelicans, dreamily floating, looked more like a long streak of cream on the water than heavy birds. Immense flocks of marabou storks sailed in wide circles high overhead, giving a beautiful display of their powers of easy aviation, almost to be envied. The report of a rifle disturbed tens of thousands of birds of all sizes, which rose in dense masses, blackening the sky as they crossed each other at different altitudes in graceful flight.

It was a breeding place, to which the birds came annually, and one could scarcely imagine the number of eggs laid amongst the reeds by the countless feathered host. For miles up the river we enjoyed this lively spectacle; but as a contrast there were ever to be seen below the cruel crocodiles, which splashed into the stream from every stretch of sandbank.

The upper portion of the river widened into what is known as Lake Kiwa, and in this neighbourhood peaceful treaties were made with all the most influential chiefs, including Rusavia, who claimed to be paramount on both sides of the river. The actual diplomatic work being accomplished, I left the boat and camped up on the side of the mountains, as sleeping amongst the myriads of insect life in the reeds was quite out of the question. The air at this altitude was bracing, but the sudden change of temperature gave several of my men fever; this is a very common result to hill people who descend to the plains, or *vice versâ*.

The view was very picturesque. To the right lay the great lake, reflecting the rays of the setting sun; on its surface the fishermen's canoes appeared as tiny black dots near the coast-line. The plain spread northwards far beyond our range of vision, suggesting a greater Tanganyika, and one could easily imagine it was once covered by one body of water, which, at a higher level, may have joined the great Nile system. The river could be easily traced winding through green patches of papyrus, whilst at intervals small groups of

villages nestled under isolated clumps of trees, taking advantage of the protection they afforded from the burning noontide heat, which radiated from the surrounding sand, causing pain to the eyes. At our backs, and far above us, rose the hills, covered with luxurious vegetation wherever the soil had not been washed away by torrential rains.

Monkeys of various kinds sprang about amongst the tall trees, indulging in gymnastic exercises on the strong creepers which hung suspended from the high branches.

Green parrots kept up those constant, shrill, unpleasant notes by which they are easily distinguished from all other birds.

In the midst of such scenery, and surrounded by these myriads of creatures enjoying life in varied forms, far away from the teeming cities of the world, is it any wonder that when I dropped to sleep the first night on the hillside I was almost afraid to think of treaties and empire, lest I should picture this fair region cut up by roads, blackened by the smoke of factories, and its golden sands, instead of being habited by wild-fowl, covered with vast workshops in which men and women might have to labour in close confinement, and might possibly be compelled to demand that they should not slave more than eight hours a day?

The sleep was, however, not to be of long duration. It seems well-nigh impossible to live out there at a moderate pace. From dreamland one is plunged into tragedy. A contemplation of nature under her most attractive aspect is rudely swept aside by a sudden introduction of turmoil, pain, death. Some unseen hand appears to be manipulating moving pictures, over which you, as a spectator, possess no controlling power. You are not consulted as to whether the change is desirable or not. It comes! goes! for the moment obliterating all preceding impressions, and it is only when, years afterwards, one sits down, as I am now doing, to develop the negatives which have been stored up in the brain, that one realises the

deep impression each passing phase of African experience has left on one's life.

I closed my eyes with pleasant thoughts of life. In the air it had all the previous day been manifested by those countless wings of the wild-fowl; in the forest by the bouncing monkeys and swift-climbing lizards; in the evening by choruses of insect calls which hushed me to sleep. It was life everywhere. Above! around! below! On opening my eyes I was in the presence of crying, suffering humanity, struggling to escape death.

A few of my people had accompanied me to the village, and not caring to cross the swamps at night to return to the river, had obtained permission to sleep in the village. The night air was warmed by the heat radiating from the surrounding rocks, which had absorbed the sun's rays during the daytime, and thus the men were tempted to sleep in the open air, not troubling to seek a hut, which would have been readily placed at their disposal.

I was lying half awake about midnight, when a horrible shouting and crying of "Chui! Chui! Bwana!" ("Leopards!") thoroughly aroused me. These shrieks were mingled with the ferocious snarls of two leopards as they attacked the men lying around their fires. Snatching up a revolver, I rushed out, and saw on the ground, locked in a close struggle, men and leopards. The brutes were rolled over by the powerful men, sometimes one, then the other, being uppermost. Blood was flowing freely from the men's legs, arms, and backs, where the sharp claws had dug deep into the flesh, but up to that moment they had succeeded in keeping the animals away from their throats, which the leopard invariably seizes if he can. Both animals were smeared with the blood of their victims, who were rapidly tiring, and having been caught when half asleep, were at a disadvantage, with no weapon of defence. It was impossible to fire at so confused a mass of struggling men and beasts without danger of hitting the men, so I discharged

several shots in the air to scare away the creatures. It had a partial success, as they both turned to look in the direction of the noise. This gave the men breathing time; but the loss of blood had left them but little strength to continue the unequal battle, and certainly no chance of victory.

The report of firearms aroused the active hill-dwellers, who rushed out of their huts, and as soon as they saw what was taking place, without a moment's hesitation, charged down on the leopards, plunging their broad-bladed spears into both animals, almost cutting them to pieces. If the leopards had seized the men's throats nothing could have saved their lives, for with a few rapid strokes of their claws across the neck they will sever the large arteries and drink the blood.

In this case it made little difference to two poor fellows, who died the next day from exhaustion. One other had to be left in the charge of the chief, and ultimately recovered from his wounds. Such attacks from leopards are not common, as they prefer to catch fowls and dogs and roam nightly through most villages, occasionally killing a goat which may have been tied up unprotected.

In the rice-growing district, women are sometimes killed who go out alone very early in the morning to scare away birds from the corn, or old women who wander carelessly into the forest to gather firewood; but, generally speaking, the leopard is considered more as a nuisance than a dangerous enemy. I was afraid the natives might raise all sorts of unpleasant questions about witchcraft, in which light the attack was nearly certain to be considered, the leopard being the favourite animal chosen as a temporary residence by their ancestors and enemies, and certain live persons being believed able to transform themselves at will into his shape for the purposes of revenge.

No such unpleasant consequences followed, but we were politely given to understand that they would prefer our room to our company, so, as the south-east wind had subsided, I

packed up and set sail for Ujiji, with the valuable treaties safely sealed up in an iron case.

We were not to escape quite so easily with miles of territory; for, on rounding a cape, strong squalls of wind and rain struck us, necessitating speedy reduction of sail. The cold wind came rushing down those deep ravines which separate the hills, and as it caught the cape, formed into a miniature cyclone, catching the raindrops as they descended, and in a few seconds forming them into a waving column of water. A corresponding column was sucked up from the lake and met in mid-air, completing a grand but dangerous waterspout, which came racing after us accompanied by a tornado of wind.

There was only one chance, and that was to cut across its track and beach the boat; so, hoisting a reefed jib and double-reefed mizzen, we eased off the sheets and almost flew through the water towards a clear strip of sand between two headlands. It was the wildest, and at the same time grandest, spectacle one could witness. The tiny white boat, made whiter by contrast with the inky sky, flying like a seagull before the wind. As the storm-centre swept towards us I blazed away all the cartridges in the magazine of the Lee-Metford rifle, hoping the vibration would disperse the concentrated force which threatened our destruction; but the reports were scarcely audible, as a blinding sheet of flame, followed by a crash of thunder, sent the dark column of water dashing to the lake's surface in one wide sheet of foam.

At that instant an eddy caught us, tearing both sails to ribbons, and blowing the boat over as if it had been a bubble. She sank only a few yards from the shore, carrying with her the precious title-deeds which had been procured by so much labour and thought.

Wet, cold, hungry, and "down in the dumps," we crawled that night under some grass for shelter to try to sleep and dream of the bird-life, the frolicsome monkeys, the music of

the insect choir, which seemed to belong to some other far-off world we had read about in books; whilst the great silver sangala swam around our precious vessel, as it lay in silence at the bottom of the lake, wondering what strange white creature had descended from the regions above to disturb their peaceful lives.

CHAPTER XIV

SALVING THE BOAT—A GREAT DISAPPOINTMENT—TROUBLE WITH THE ARABS—A MISCHIEVOUS MONKEY—AN ACT OF REVENGE

THE morning following our disaster revealed the lake like a sea of glass; not a ripple disturbed its surface. The two masts of our boat stood out of the water, with a small red flag hanging, as if in mourning over the silent wreck. Speckled kingfishers stood on the masts, darting down every few minutes into the water for their breakfast. That a wild battle of the elements had taken place on this spot but a few hours previously seemed well-nigh impossible. Fever, as I expected, followed my somewhat sudden bath and a night's sleep in wet underclothes.

The men rallied splendidly. A fire was soon kindled by the usual native method of rapidly rotating one piece of wood on another, and natives came down the valley bringing food, accompanied by one of the crew who had been sent the previous evening to search for villages. Our breakfast, of steaming maize porridge and tomatoes, washed down with non-alcoholic white beer, made from millet, was about the sweetest meal I ever ate.

The crew dived and dragged on shore everything out of the boat, including my precious tin box containing the treaties, which were rolled up in long tin cases similar to those purchased at Aden for the transport of ostrich feathers. This precaution had saved them from destruction, and a day devoted to drying them on the sand made the situation much less discouraging.

It was in such awkward corners that my men seemed at their best. Face to face with the hurricane and water-

spout of yesterday they were like helpless, terror-stricken children, and no wonder—for I was not particularly calm myself—but with this return to more normal conditions they were invaluable. A hearty meal and several pinches of strong snuff transformed them from miserable, desponding men to boisterous children.

Stripping off what little clothing they wore, they dashed into the lake, shouting: "We'll soon have the boat up, master. You keep out of the water, and drink hot beer. It will kill the fever." This cheerful optimism was worth more than all the quinine in the world to me at that moment, as I sat shivering on the sand with ague, wrapped up in a dirty blue cloth which one of them had lent me, whilst mine was drying in the sun.

Crowds of natives joined in the salvage operations, the boys especially thoroughly enjoying the fun of diving for small articles. It was really a pleasant diversion to watch a youngster rise with a saucepan, another with a kettle and—joy of joys—my little briar pipe, which had been knocked out of my mouth as I fell overboard.

The anchor and its chain were soon stretched out towards the shore, and a pole inserted under the keel after the sand had been scraped away. To the chain were attached strong creepers, as thick as a man's wrist. These were passed to the crowd of eager helpers, standing in shallow water, who ranged up in line—a yelling, jolly crowd of darkies. A pull, enough to snap a manilla cable, followed and the vegetable rope parted. It was laughable to see the whole lot fall down splashing into the lake, a confused heap of astonished, but humorous creatures, determined to rescue the vessel for the white stranger.

After repeated failures they were taught to apply their strength with more reserve, and, to my intense joy, I saw the boat move inch by inch towards the shore. Before noon the gunwales were above the surface, and it was only the work of

a few minutes to bale out the water and to see her once more floating, but little the worse for the immersion. I think the villagers were almost as pleased as ourselves; not one asked for presents; they seemed to take the whole thing as a matter of course. To them it was a sunken canoe, which needed pulling on shore. They, being fishermen, know the great difficulty of cutting down a great tree high upon the mountains, and the months of hard work that must be spent in chipping out its centre with small axes; therefore they took a keen interest in saving our ship.

The day previously the Consul's envoy, whom I had sent along the coast, had passed and left a present with the chief, so we were known to be in the neighbourhood. But even taking this into account, I could not help feeling that their valuable assistance was really very much more than could reasonably be expected of complete strangers, and that they might quite naturally have demanded heavy payment before lifting a finger to help us. It was impossible to give each a present; so I had four thirty-yard pieces of American calico stretched along the sand, and the people ranged alongside it. To each a few inches was allotted, and all appeared quite satisfied, if not surprised, at getting anything at all. In order to thoroughly arouse a spirit of fun, I placed a bag of wet salt on a rock about fifty yards out in the lake, and making the young men toe a mark, I pointed to the salt, saying: "There you are; go for it! Whoever gets to the rock first shall have the salt."

So we embarked and left them struggling, diving, shouting, and tearing at the bag of salt, a scramble I guessed it best to be out of, lest another appointment as referee should be thrust upon me. We left them wishing for another shipwreck, or for another scramble, at any rate, and hoping we should return. Perhaps that is the best parting one can have from strange tribes.

We picked up the envoy next day, and, after an uneventful

journey, we arrived at the South End. The despatches were sent off immediately; but when they arrived in London, Europe had already partitioned Africa into "Spheres of Influence," and by the international arrangement the much-coveted link in the chain, which would have given us a clear Cape to Cairo route, and which had been honestly signed over to me on behalf of Great Britain, fell to the lot of Germany and the Congo State. My keen disappointment may well be imagined by every true Imperialist, and although the thanks of Lord Salisbury and Consul Johnston were highly appreciated by me, they can never compensate me for the abandonment of that small red line, which was actually completed in a legitimate manner during the exciting time I have described, and which I should have been so proud to have seen drawn on the map of Africa.

From important international politics we must return to local events, which were taking place around the lake. The Arabs, having received no direct communication from the Congo State officers who were attempting to close the road to Manyema, and who had, as they considered, no right to the country, collected their forces to oppose them. After numerous minor skirmishes, a pitched battle was fought, resulting in the defeat of the State troops. One officer was killed and partially eaten by the cannibals, and the commanding officer had to retire to his headquarters through lack of support.

Having business at Ujiji, I called on Rumaliza, who at once informed me that hostilities had commenced on the west coast of the Lake, explaining the situation thus:—

"You, and the other Europeans, arrived here with proper introductions from the coast, which we always respected, and never caused you trouble of any kind. These Belgian officers came, and the first thing we hear about them is that they are attacking our outposts and claiming the whole country. Not one has visited us, or sent his flag, or had the courtesy to approach us in any way. We do not know who sent them, and cannot believe they came from a Government; they must

be independent men, as Governments always instruct their servants to enter first into negotiations with the rulers of the country, even if they intend to fight. We received information that they were occupying the road between here and our other trading centres, and had stopped all traffic in ivory. Our head-men sent asking for instructions, and we told them to defend our trade, but not to attack the white men unless fired on by their troops.

"None of the Arabs have left here, for we did not think it was a serious matter, as there were but two officers and a few soldiers. But news reached us yesterday that a fight had taken place, in which our people were victorious; and we regret to hear that one European was killed, and that some of the Manyema, who, as you know, are cannibals, cooked and ate a portion of his body. We cannot have people running about this country with armed men attacking our soldiers, and as they did not think it necessary to acknowledge our presence, we on our part declined to put ourselves to the trouble of crossing the lake to superintend the operations of our half-wild followers. The Belgians have themselves to thank for all this trouble. Do you know these men?"

I replied: "I am not acquainted with them; but they are certainly Belgian officers, sent out by the Congo State, and are not adventurers, as you wish to suppose."

"Then why did they not come and bring their credentials, and show their flag? Are we to be treated as pagans?"

"I cannot tell you their reasons; it is not my business to know, but I can guess why they did not do so!"[1]

"Why?"

"Firstly, because you are in German territory in this town. Secondly, they do not consider you the rulers of the west coast. As an officer has been killed, you may expect trouble; it is a great pity you did not send, or go to see them, before fighting."

[1] I believe it is the fact that Capt. Jacques did previously visit them.

"Will you go for us and tell the remaining officer how sorry we are he has lost a comrade, and that, if he will come here with you and bring his flag, we will listen with respect to his instructions, although we cannot promise to accept his demands."

I thought this quite fair, and consented; but I added: "If I go, you must send with me a responsible man, with power to stop the fighting, whilst you talk; and if he decides to come here, you must swear you will protect him and permit him to leave in safety. That is the custom in Europe, and I will not go to him unless you swear."

"We swear by the tomb of Mohammed that we will protect his life, and that he shall return alive with you to his fort after our interview!"

"No matter what he may say to you?" I asked.

"Yes! words cannot make us break our oath."

I at once crossed the lake, and Captain Jacques paid me a visit on the steamer. I told him the Arab's message, and asked him to go back with me to Ujiji. This invitation he politely declined, saying he could not trust them, and, moreover, did not desire to hold any communication with them, as they were not within the territory of the State. He appreciated the sixteen days' armistice I had arranged, as it gave him time to visit his headquarters. His main contention was that the Ujiji Arabs, being mere interlopers, had no right to expect he would consult with them upon any matter concerning the country. That, as an officer, his duty was to uphold the honour of the State, ignoring the right of any one to dispute their claim to the west coast.

All this was quite true from his point of view; so also was the opposite position as understood by the Arabs.

Both claimed the country, basing their respective claims upon the principle that "might is right." It was no part of my duty to take sides, however much I sympathised with the agents of civilisation. Beyond attempting to persuade the

Arabs not to draw the sword against the Europeans, and seeking to afford the State official an opportunity to deliver his ultimatum, I took no part in the controversy.

It was a plucky thing for two isolated officers to step into that disturbed arena, and, with altogether inadequate support, to beard the lions in their stronghold. Criticism, just and unjust, has been levelled at both Belgians and Arabs. The trail of blood left by the Arabs I had witnessed, and denounced both on public platforms in England and before their faces in Africa.

The policy and administration of the Congo State officials have, with equal severity, been criticised by my countrymen. With this criticism I am not associated, either directly or indirectly, having never travelled through their territory. One thing is quite certain to all African pioneers—that the State embraces some of the most savage and intractable cannibal tribes, living in districts not easily accessible, many of which are far removed from bases of operation. The work of reducing such people to order would tax the abilities of the most experienced agents of civilisation.

I hold no brief either for Congo State officials or Arabs, but desire to speak of both as I found them, and repeat, that those officials whom I met on Tanganyika, at close grip with this great problem, were men of whom any country might be proud, whose friendship I enjoyed, and whose brave deeds filled me with admiration. On the other hand, I found the wealthy Arabs courteous, sensible adventurers, so far as the common rules of life are concerned, ever ready to assist white men, and sometimes at great personal inconvenience to themselves; but their cruel trade in slaves made them appear little else than fiends in the eyes of the native tribes, and deserved the swift destruction finally meted out to them by Europe.

Smarting under defeat by overwhelming forces, Captain Jacques, like a brave soldier, had only one ambition, namely,

to cross swords again with his enemies, and turn defeat into victory. With cheerful courage he unfolded his plans to me as we steamed southwards. It was an inspiration to see his flashing eyes, as he described the late fight, and drew a picture of the coming annihilation of Arab rule on the Congo. Beyond the battlefield where his comrade fell he appeared to see the crumpled-up forces of Islam, fleeing in every direction, and the cannibal men-hunters of Manyema engaged in peaceful pursuit under another ensign.

There was no looking backward, and as he impatiently paced the deck, I felt I was watching a true soldier, eager for the moment when he should be able to draw his sword against the enemies of his country. As things happened, he had not long to wait. A few hours' steaming brought us to his station, and we parted with the exchange of mutual good wishes for the emancipation of the black race.

Meantime the Arabs were in possession. Long lines of slaves continued to bring ivory to Ujiji from the west, but there it had to remain, not a tusk could be sent to the east coast. The Lakes Company, now the African Lakes Corporation, were not yet in a position to divert the stream *viâ* Nyasa, and the great merchant princes became desperate at their enforced isolation from the markets. A spirit of defiance of the white invasion spread southwards, and a general rising against us seemed imminent. At every port of call I found less courtesy, and distinct coolness, in the welcome offered us.

Petty annoyances became frequent; for instance, the price of food was doubled. Huts for the sailors to sleep in were either refused or lent with great reluctance. Fowls and eggs could not be purchased. No one would accompany us in search of game. All these were manifestations of the under-current of feeling that was setting against us, and, although no open acts of violence were attempted, it required some patience to put up with these pin-pricks. Probably we

should have felt the same in their position, or even carried our resentment beyond the stage of passive obstruction. I have no doubt the general populace were kept in check by the educated Arabs, who endeavoured to delay taking up the gauntlet thrown down among them.

A sharp attack of ague compelled me to stay for two weeks in harbour amongst the Wafipa, who were little more than puppets in the hands of small, half-caste coast men, who were strangers to us. They made our stay uncomfortable, and when reproved for not having such good manners as the other Arabs, retorted by declaring that they owed no allegiance to any one; and certainly they took no trouble to hide their displeasure at my presence. Fever made me long for milk to make a cup of tea palatable, but not a drop would they sell, although they had both cows' and goats' milk in abundance.

Lying beneath the shade of the trees, with a splitting headache, I overheard the following conversation between my personal servant and the head-man of the village: "Why should we sell or give our milk to the white man? Is he not stealing our country and making us poor? Go and tell your master to carry his own cattle about the lake if he likes milk. Have you not heard of the lizard which cried for the eagle? Did he get it? We do not want his calico or beads; we want him to clear out!"

I was scarcely able to lift my head, much less to engage in such an athletic exercise. My faithful boy, knowing how ill I was, pleaded: "It is not customary in our country, or yours, to let a stranger's tongue remain dry in the village when he is so sick as to be unable to walk to the water. Master's cows are far away."

"No! it is not," they answered. "Neither is it customary for people to steal away other men's country! Who called these white men? Have they greedy parents, or are they so poor that they have no gardens to give to their

children, and no fish in their rivers, and so come here for ours? Our women carry only their own children in the skin-support at their backs; there is no room for strangers who come, as you say, out of the salt water!"

The little fellow replied: "I cannot tell you who called the white men; perhaps the same people who called *your* masters, the Arabs." (This was clever sarcasm, considering that these scoundrels had not only taken the land, but practically annihilated the owners.) "Master's tongue is too dry to speak to-day, or he would tell you. I have heard him talk to unkind and stupid people when he was well; some of them listened to his words, some were ashamed and left him alone. Would you like him to sleep here and not wake up again? We do not know what *their* spirits do. Ours sometimes go into small leopards; but I've heard old men say that the spirits of white men only go into lions, and lions give trouble! Is it not safer to give master milk than to give his spirit the blood of your children to drink? Because if he dies thirsty, the spirit may take long drinks before its tongue is satisfied."

The lad was using some of those weapons he had so often heard me call to our aid, only they were more beautifully manipulated by him in his native tongue, and cannot be so translated as to reveal the finest points. I mentally thanked him for his thoughtful assistance.

The arguments produced a softening effect on the man, who of course did not care a straw about my thirst, but was afraid of that sneaking, thirsty lion-spirit which the boy had pictured; so he considered it best to propitiate mine by sending a gourd full of delicious milk as soon as the cows came home in the evening.

My servant had no idea I had overheard his kind entreaties, and simply placed the milk near me, asking: "Will you drink it cold, or shall I put it on the fire?"

"You had better boil it. These people are not very

friendly, and besides, there are lots of little live creatures which swim about in milk; they might swim about in my stomach and stop me from getting well. So boil it and kill them!"

How zealously he carried out my instructions may be gathered from the fact that I fell asleep, tired of waiting, and the next morning the milk had not yet been brought.

"Where is the milk, my son?"

"You went to sleep, master, and I knew the fever was going away. When I went back to the fire, the pot was nearly red hot. I suppose the little things you said were inside drank up all the milk, for the pot was empty!"

I was too weak to burst into laughter, so I smiled, saying:

"Never mind! Perhaps they were more thirsty than I was. Go and make some tea, and watch that no more little creatures rob me of a drink."

As a rule these servants are inclined to keep away from Europeans when they are ill, not altogether from a lack of sympathy, but from a dread of being implicated in trouble, which generally follows death amongst themselves. All kinds of inquiries are made as to who attended the invalid. Who fed him? From what garden did the maize come which was used to make his porridge? Who kindled the fire in the hut? Who had quarrelled with him? and so on.

Their first thought is: My relative has died through foul play of some kind; and they at once seek to fix the blame on somebody, it does not much signify on whom. They believe that death cannot come by natural causes, and this idea being impressed on them from children, it is no easy task for them to shake it off in later years. So, directly a European becomes ill, his servants, in most cases, avoid his bedside as much as possible; this often gives a stranger the impression that black men are callous, and do not care a pin whether their masters are hungry or thirsty. I have had servants who, as in this instance, were most thoughtful, but who invariably avoided

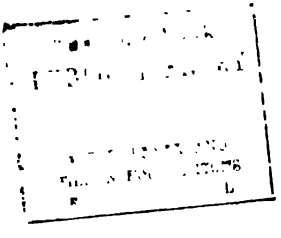
staying near me when really serious illness threatened life. There can be no doubt, however, that this boy simply went away to his chums and forgot my milk. A few days' rest completed the cure, and we continued our voyage.

I had purchased a black monkey, and this imp of mischief gave us no end of trouble on board. It was amusing to watch him creep up alongside the stokers, as they came on deck for a breath of fresh air, and throw overboard their towels directly they laid them down on the deck. Had he confined himself to these little pranks it would not have mattered; but he threw ropes overboard, and these, trailing behind, were immediately caught by the propeller and jammed so tightly around the boss that the engines were stopped. I jumped down into the engine-room to see what was the matter, and of course could see nothing wrong. Steam had to be reduced, and fires drawn, whilst we searched for the trouble. Everything was in perfect order, so I went on deck and looked over the stern, when the cause of the trouble was seen trailing about the propeller in long stretches of rope. It took our men hours to cut out the hard rope, as it was under water.

A heavy south-east wind compelled us to shelter under the Mbeti Cape, close to a large village. During the evening an impromptu dance was arranged for our pleasure, in which most of the married women and girls took part. They formed themselves into a circle, and three men beat drums to keep time for the several dances. Each girl in turn stepped into the circle, danced a few graceful steps, and retired into her place. One girl in particular excelled all the others, both in her dancing and looks; she was about fifteen years of age, her skin was of a deep brown colour, and she looked a picture of health. She was the life of the party, and from her all the other dancers took their cue. At the conclusion of the entertainment I gave the dancers small presents of blue beads, and to this young mistress of the ceremonies a large necklace of white beads, as a mark of my appreciation of her abilities.

ELABORATELY CARVED DRUMS

These enter into most phases of native life, births, deaths, marriages, partings, and meetings. Joy and sorrow are interpreted by these never-ceasing drums. They are tuned by warming at a fire and sticking rubber on the centres. No man will play and no woman dance if the drum is out of tune. To deprive a village of its drums is to shut out the sun from an African community.



I inquired if she was the chief's daughter, and found she was not. She had been betrothed to a man who had subsequently taken a disease similar to leprosy just before the marriage ceremony, and she had therefore been promised to another. The long white necklace looked pretty as it hung close to her perfect figure, and she was evidently highly pleased by the gift; for, about an hour afterwards, she returned with some ripe bananas for my breakfast.

It appears that she afterwards went and slept in her mother's hut. The man to whom she had been originally betrothed—stung with disappointment at losing her, and hearing she was to become the bride of another—left the segregation camp and went to where she was sleeping. He knocked at the door, which was cautiously opened by the mother, and rushed in. Seizing the beautiful girl, he drew his knife across her left breast—almost cutting it in halves. He then slashed his own arm and rubbed his bleeding, diseased wound into her opened bosom, so that the blood might freely mingle together. The mother made desperate efforts to save her daughter, but failed. As he left the hut, he shouted: "I have had my bride. Whoever gets her will get a thorn; she is no longer sweet; she will die diseased as I am."

The poor girl was brought to me covered with blood, her breast looking beyond the power of surgery, and the sad story was told me by some of her friends while I searched in my medicine-chest for bandages, needles, &c. The beautiful white necklace I had so recently placed over her head was stained red, and her piteous appeals to me: "Kill the disease, master! Kill it!" almost unnerved me for a moment.

Washing my hands in a strong disinfectant, I cleansed the wound with almost pure carbolic acid, which burnt the surface white. Perhaps it was a little too strong, but this was no time for half-measures. It had to be "kill or cure." She was very brave as I stitched together the quiver-

ing flesh and endeavoured to preserve to her the figure of which she was so proud, and which means so much to an African girl, who seldom wears clothes above the waist. The pain from the carbolic must have been acute, and I feared collapse, as she had lost much blood, so I injected morphia into her arm to help her over the crisis. Before sailing next morning I paid her a visit, and found the little maiden very prostrate, but not suffering acute pain.

As I entered she turned towards me and asked: "Did you kill the disease in my bosom? *Will the scar always show*, even if I escape the disease?"

Every one of my female readers will understand the feelings of this girl in the bloom of life as she contemplated the possible destruction of her beauty, which, in her country, is seldom covered by wearing-apparel.

"I hope I *have* killed it," I replied. "Don't worry about the scar. I will come again some day, if I can, to see you, and you will then tell me how quickly the wound healed."

"When?" she eagerly asked. A strange earnestness was in that interrogation. "When?" I repeated; and was about to add "Why?" but I restrained myself. It was just as impossible for me to answer her "When," as for her to have answered my "Why," if I had asked her.

CHAPTER XV

General Unrest—Storming Stockades—Rumaliza the Slave-Trader

THE signs of general unrest, noticed amongst the people on the east and west coast, were observable over the south end of the lake, only here they were more pronounced. On arrival we found the country in an uproar. The Itawa Arabs were raiding westwards towards Moero and eastwards towards Fipa. Their agents were everywhere, trying to set the minds of the Awemba and others against us by circulating false reports of our intentions.

It was becoming almost impossible to keep up mail communication with Nyasa, as the people demanded exorbitant rates of payment. Petty head-men assumed an independent manner, whilst the paramount chief either withdrew into solitude, or openly took sides with the Arabs, who did not hesitate to remind them of the fate awaiting all who deserted to us. I cannot blame the natives, for the pistol was at their heads. "Your money or your life!" is a demand not to be trifled with, if you have no powers of resistance.

The tribes for which we had done so much could not take their stand with us, as we were powerless to protect them; so they drifted away from our influence. A few, who resided near, declared it impossible to remain unless we erected stockades around the villages. In order to quiet their fears this was done, the reason given to outsiders being that we wished to sleep without being disturbed by lions or anything else. Natives, when they have once fallen into a state of fear, require a long time to calm down. They take no chances,

being always on the alert to scent danger, and ready at a moment's notice to fly to arms, as the following incident shows. We were sitting quietly one evening, having a chat about the unfortunate condition of the country, when suddenly our peace was transformed into a state of war; guns were fired in rapid succession, and bullets went whizzing through the air, making one dip the head for fear of becoming a target for a stray shot. Men rushed about in all directions, shouting, "Awemba! Awemba! Vita Vita" ("War! war! from the Awemba"). Women snatched up their young children and bolted into our houses. Boys cleared out of the opposite side of the stockade, jumped into canoes, and paddled out on the lake to safe distances.

My companion, who had been dining with us, looked at me, but did not speak. I understood his questioning glance, and replied: "Yes! Carson, it seems as if the much-talked-of Awemba have at last arrived. You had better get your rifles; we may need them."

"Are they in the village?" asked my wife, as she rolled up our baby in a shawl ready for emergencies.

"I have no idea; but if they are, I should imagine, from the number of shots fired by our men, they are blown to pieces. Sit still whilst I go out and see, and don't go out!"

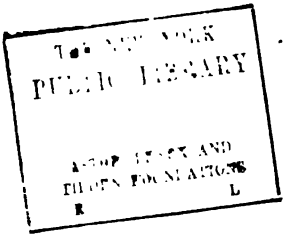
Slipping around the house with revolver, rifle, and bugle (used to call the workmen), I ran up to where most of the men were blazing through the stockade, and saw at a glance that if there were enemies, they were outside. It was impossible to make one's voice heard, so I blew a few weird notes on the bugle, which at once steadied the men. Each, half-crazy, turned towards me, shouting, "Awemba, Awemba! master."

"Very well, lie down, unless you want to be speared."

It was the only way to calm them; they at once took the hint, and had time to breathe. On going up close to the stockade, I saw outside four prostrate men, and at first thought they were slain enemies; but my eye caught sight

HEAD-DRESS OF AEMBA GIRL

This head-dress is usually worn by warriors. It is tied by a string to the back part of the head. A piece of ivory is suspended from her neck attached to a string of beads. Her tribal marks may be seen on the forehead and side of the face. She looks stern while facing the camera, but in daily life she is full of fun.


THE NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY
ASTOR, LENOX AND
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS
R L

of a mail-bag lying beside them. They were our own mail men. I shouted to the terror-stricken creatures, "Get up! the war is over."

They had had indeed a narrow escape from being blown to pieces. "We came in late," they said, "on account of the heavy rain, and on approaching the hammers of our guns fell, discharging the bullets. Immediately all your people commenced firing at us, so we lay down under the poles." This will show to what a pitch of excitement the natives had been worked up by the disturbing reports which were freely circulated.

The next move made against us was by small parties of men who would hide near the roadside and frighten our people, so that they could not travel from village to village. This was followed by their sweeping down at night and stealing the standing crops; so that not only inconvenience was caused by the roads being blocked, but starvation was imminent if we were deprived of our harvest. It was not the Alungu themselves who harassed us with these annoyances, but the half-Arab retainers and domestic slaves. The African Lakes Corporation were as much hampered as ourselves, suffering considerable loss by the stoppage of all trade.

We sent messengers to the worst offender, Kakungu, who lived on the eastern shore of the lake, and told him we could not understand these repeated insults from his people, and requested him to see that they ceased. Our messengers were not molested, but told to go back and tell the white men to "Sazia Kiongo!" ("Shut up!") This unpleasant command was practically an ultimatum, but we did not desire to understand it as such, our work being to promote peace, not war. You can have peace, however, at too high a price, no matter whom you represent; for there comes a time when not to protect one's dependants against aggression may end in having nothing left to protect.

The reader will bear in mind that we were but five white

men, beyond all reach of assistance, and responsible for the natives who had thrown in their lot with us. Our patience under repeated insults was interpreted by them as fear, or lack of power to protect them. In order to exhaust every resource of civilisation, we sent out armed parties to protect the women as they gathered in the corn; but these escorts were repeatedly fired on, until at last they refused point-blank to go, saying: "This kind of thing will go on all through the year, and we shall be killed one by one; we must either fight or be killed."

Kakungu sent me the treaty Johnston had signed, with the message: "Keep it; you have broken your pledge. I signed away our country to the white man in exchange for protection from my enemies, but you have done nothing to protect me. I am repeatedly attacked, and you let them eat me up. If you want your flag back, *come and take it!* If you and the Balozi (Consul) come here again, we'll spear both of you for telling lies." I remembered Johnston's words when I told him he had left flags and no one to protect them. "You need not anticipate serious trouble, annoyance perhaps, because you cannot defend the people." The sequel to that treaty-making was now known.

The return of the treaty meant open war. The same week they caught one of our old women in the fields, cut off both her ears and her nose, and slit the corners of her mouth so that the skin fell over her chin and hung down on her neck. The right hand was almost severed. In that condition she was sent back to us with disgusting messages and threats to the effect that all our people whom they caught would be similarly dealt with. The poor old soul walked home in this condition. We did our best, but the inflamed mouth prevented her eating very much, and the general shock was too great for her strength. She died eleven days afterwards.

This brought matters to a climax, and we decided to end it. Though representing Missionary Society directors and

philanthropic merchants, we had to accept this "white man's burden" whether we liked it or not. Sentiment had to give place to "duty to man," and in this case that was equivalent to "duty to God," if it meant "Do unto others as we would be done unto." We could not leave our dependants to be murdered. So, joining forces with the Lakes Company, we marched into this den of brutes.

It was our desire to deal them a smashing blow, to end the business by one sudden, sweeping stroke, so as to prevent a long, guerilla-like struggle. Two Europeans went with the land force, two with the boats. I was to demonstrate from the lake, in order to draw the enemy out from their stockades, thus permitting the land forces to rush in and occupy the villages, situated about a quarter of a mile up a river which flowed through them. They were strongly fortified by a deep trench; earth was plastered up the sloping sides nearly to the top of the poles, on which thick thorns had been placed. To get at the stockade, the ditch had to be crossed and the smooth sides of the earth embankment scaled. When that was done, it was impossible to get in without climbing over the thorns. These particulars had been ascertained during the previous visits.

We bound oakum dipped in turpentine around arrow-heads, to set fire to the grass huts in case of failure to take the place by storm.

Arriving at the arranged time, we found that the natives had discovered the approach of the lake division. They danced along the sand, calling us all kinds of filthy names, and defied us to come on shore. In order to keep up the diversion, we moved slowly along the bay, firing an occasional shot over their heads; this made them more bold, and drew them away from the forts, which was our object. The glittering spears of the land force could be seen coming over the hills at the back of the villages; but, instead of at once rushing into the stockade, then undefended, they came down to

the shore to drink. Of course this gave the enemy time to get back home, and our ruse was spoiled.

When we landed and asked our companions why they had lost such a chance, they said the people refused to fight before quenching their thirst. This was most annoying, and victory was now quite an open question.

It served no purpose to stand still and grumble; our natives must be kept moving in work of this kind, otherwise they would bolt. So we divided our force into four companies, and crept up under cover of the maize gardens, telling our men to fire a volley at the earthworks, and then to lie down.

The defenders would be sure to empty all their guns and bows, and then we were to rush the trench, get under the embankment, and set fire to the huts.

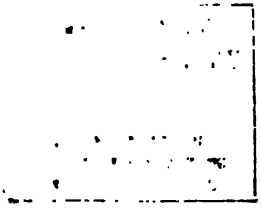
We volleyed, as arranged, and rushed the trench, climbing with difficulty the slanting earth bank, in which we had to cut holes for foothold. Several ineffectual attempts to scale the thorns failed. As I thrust my rifle through the poles, some one from the inside jammed his gun on the top of mine and fired. I was just out of line, but the flash scorched my right ear. This kind of give and take continued for some time, and we were making no progress, when I heard our people shout, "A white man has been shot." "Never mind," I replied; "mind you don't get a similar dose. Give me those arrows, a small bow, and matches."

In an instant I had an arrow strung, and setting alight the prepared oakum, I gently fired it into the thatch of a hut which was quite near me. The grass caught at once, and though I could not see any one I kept up a rapid fire into space, to scare away any who might attempt to put out the fire. In a few seconds it was well alight, and jumping down into the trench, I ordered my party back under cover of the maize. I knew the place was ours.

James Yule, the well-known African pioneer and hunter, had also set on fire his section.

A TYPICAL AFRICAN STOCKADE

Thorns are sometimes fastened along the top, where lions are troublesome, as they have been known to spring over and return with a victim. The women are returning from the wells with water. A deep trench was dug outside the stockade we rushed at Kakungas.



"Shout 'Hippuray,'" I said. (It is a corruption of our Hip-hip-hurrah.) They shouted as one man, and the defenders must have thought it was all over, for this, coupled with the burning village, made them conclude we were *inside*. We were not; no one had got in up to that moment; but soon after Yule bundled his men over, and they ran and unfastened the gate. We rushed through it, and saw the enemy retreating across the river, away from the flames and smoke. So much the better for us; but there remained the river to cross and No. 2 stockade to storm; the battle was by no means won. We saw this, and giving the enemy no time to barricade the doorway, we poured a heavy fire on it. No one dared to stop in its neighbourhood; no one wanted to, apparently, for they rushed right through the village and out on the other side.

Yule and I and our men were soon through that stream, up the opposite slope and through the gateway, surrounded by a howling crowd of followers, who found nothing more dangerous to hunt than fowls and pigeons. It was the chief's village, over which was flying the very British ensign given him by Johnston and myself when the treaty was signed. Ivory lay by the side of the staff; they had had no time to carry it away, for our movements were too rapid.

"You take the ivory, Yule, and I'll go for this flag which those brutes invited me to come for."

"I guess they never dreamed we should lower it in all this smoke," he replied, as I hauled down our national flag. We had saved it from being lowered in disgrace. We saw the people creeping up the rocky hills, and only a few of the more daring ventured to linger to send among us a few parting shots. "Shall we go after them?" our men asked.

"No! let them go, and a good riddance. We did not come here to kill *them*, but to save *you* and your families. Understand?"

"Yes, master; they will never interfere with us again;

we shall lose no more children, now these slave-raiders are defeated. We have burned down the tree in which the bees had their home."

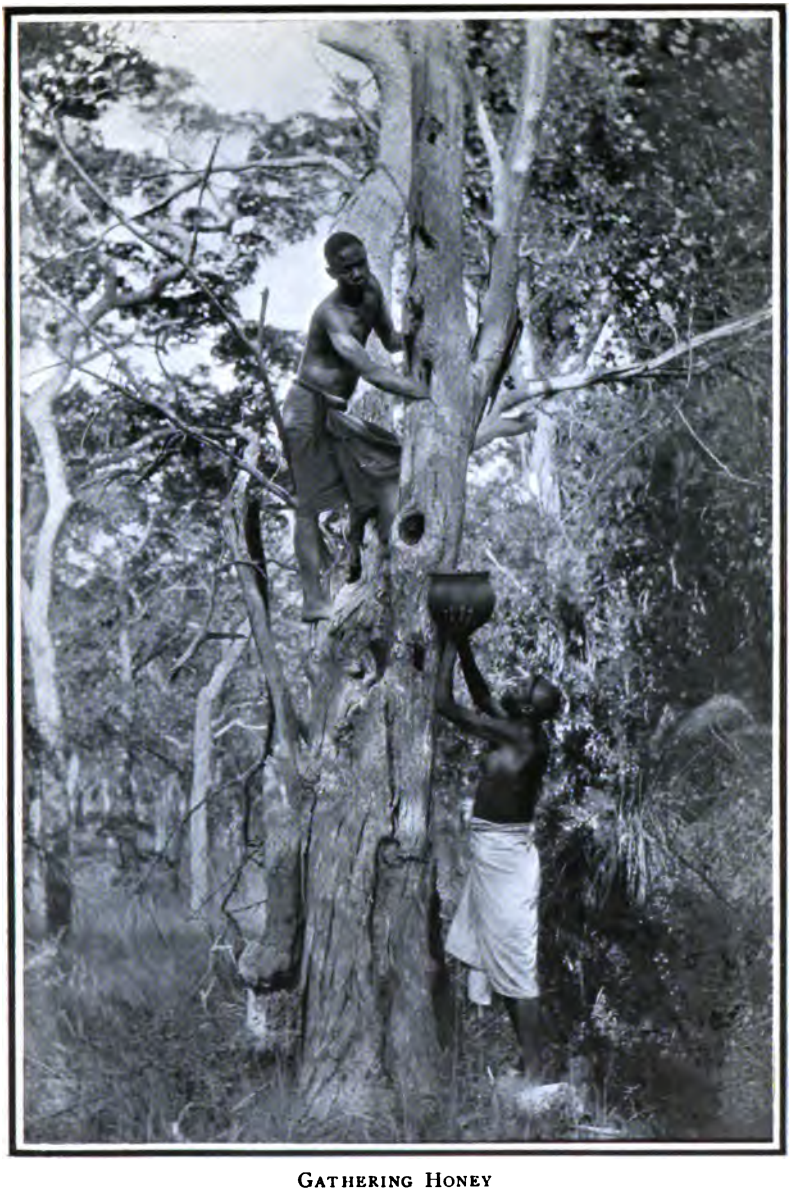
This illustration was taken from their habit of burning out bees to get at the honey, and it proved a true one, for when that flag of Great Britain came down, lowered by two of her sons, it marked the complete destruction of slavery in our sphere of influence at South Tanganyika. The charred remains of that hotbed of cruelty and oppression have been cleared away, and to-day the empires of Britain and Germany meet and keep guard over those Africans. Separated by that little river, which we crossed under fire in our victorious attack on the last stronghold of oppression, these two mighty empires vie with each other in upholding all those great principles which were embodied in the treaty signed by Johnston, Kakungu, and myself before the storm-cloud burst.

I doubt if either Yule or myself realised, in the heat of conflict and the joy of victory, the significance of those clouds of smoke which drove us out of the villages, or knew that our work was accomplished when the sun set on that day of conflict, which must ever remain in the records of that country as a red-letter day, the day of freedom.

"Where are Law and Moore, Yule?" I asked.

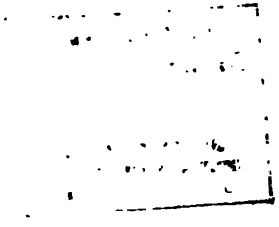
"Law was struck by an arrow early in the attack, and Moore carried him to the vessel; let's go and see how he is."

We found him stretched on a couch, very pale, and scarcely able to speak. An irritating cough made the blood flow from a nasty wound about an inch above the heart. It appeared that he had issued from the maize gardens right opposite the village gate, and wishing to blow it down, had fired at it with his heavy elephant rifle. As he did so, he saw a native draw his bow and let fly an arrow through the chink between the door and the post. It struck him fairly in the chest, and the force of it, added to the recoil of the heavy rifle, knocked him down; and in falling he twisted the arrow,



GATHERING HONEY

The honey-bird invariably leads the hunter to either honey or game. Holes are cut below the bees' nest and fire applied; the honey is then extracted from the hole through which the bees enter. If very hungry the natives do not always wait to apply fire. The legend is that bees once stung the young of a honey-bird to death, and that in this manner the birds are taking their revenge.



making the wound more severe than it might otherwise have been. He pulled the arrow out and fainted. I washed and dried the wound, applying a disinfectant for fear of vegetable poison, painted some wool with collodion, laid it on the wound, and covered it up with some thick porridge to check excessive bleeding. A sleeping-draught kept him quiet and stopped the cough.

We sailed all night, reaching our doctor next morning, who found that the lung was not injured, and that the heart had been missed by the fraction of an inch. In a month or two he recovered, but it was a near thing. A few years afterwards, whilst swimming in a small lake, not far from his station, after a duck he had shot, he suddenly sank and was drowned. I often wondered whether his sudden collapse was in any way due to the results of this serious wound.

Moore contracted dysentery, probably from over-fatigue, bad water, and bad food, and died soon after the fight. James Yule, whose energy, pluck, and daring were an inspiration to us all, is still alive, and dwelling at no great distance from the scenes of action I have just described.

The chief, Kakungu, was afterwards captured, and died in exile near Lake Nyasa, and his fiendish followers were scattered. The news of his crushing defeat spread swiftly all over the country, making sundry other petty ruffians escape hastily to other climes, whilst all those who had been sitting on the fence jumped down on our side. Trade revived, as it was now no longer dangerous to travel. Schools were established, workshops erected in several districts, and encouragement given to thrift, as the people now felt that whatever they accumulated in the shape of goats, sheep, or cattle would be safe from pillage.

Being now anxious to hear how matters were going between the Congo State and the Arabs, I made a flying visit to Ujiji, taking my wife and child. We found the place in a state of excitement, owing to the serious illness of Rumaliza's principal

wife, who had always been extremely kind to my wife; so we sent her messages of sympathy and inquiry, begging to be excused from visiting her whilst she was so ill. We were afraid of inconveniencing Rumaliza, as harem rules are very strict. In reply to this, Rumaliza sent an urgent message saying, "Come at once; we wish to see you."

It was perhaps somewhat risky to put this man's friendship to such a test in what might prove an hour of bereavement, for she was his first lawful wife and mother of his eldest son. He was also then at war with Europeans; although that was not our business.

We were received with every mark of courtesy, given comfortable quarters, attendants, and food. My wife went at once to the sick woman, while I remained talking to her husband, who described her serious illness. "Can you cure this?" he asked.

"I cannot, Rumaliza; I am not a doctor, and cannot venture to have anything to do with it. Only an experienced man dare interfere in such serious cases."

"Will you see her?"

"Certainly, if you wish it; but don't ask me in her presence to cure her."

I found my wife sitting beside her, and one glance showed me that the poor woman had not long to live. She beckoned to me, and as I bent over to hear her words, she whispered, "Sew up the wound, sew it up, that I may live to see my children again." Rumaliza heard those words, "that I may live to see my children." I wondered if he heard the voices of those tens of thousands of mothers away yonder at the coast, whom he had separated from *their* children, crying and wailing in their grief. I did if he did not. "Try and sleep, Bibi" (lady); "it is late now—we will come in the morning," I replied.

"Will this child of mine" (pointing to my wife) "come and sit with me? She is so far away from her own mother."

"Yes, she will gladly come, and bathe your face and hands. Good-night!"

As soon as we were outside, Rumaliza asked: "Tell me the truth! Is she dangerously ill?"

"Yes, she is, and so far as I can judge by her weak pulse, she cannot live long. I would do anything to save her, if only in return for your having saved us, but it is beyond our power."

"I know you would," he replied. "Go and rest; you are both safe here, with your child, no matter what happens."

Early next morning prostrate women lay all over the courtyard, wailing bitterly and crying, "Mama, Bibi, Mama," and we knew the great head of this opulent household was gone; for she reigned supreme in her home.

We also knew that however cruel this man had been in his wholesale dealings with pagans—as he called them—he could suffer from those human sorrows which do not afflict the tender-hearted alone.

The body of this Arab woman, who had never been allowed to step on to the public verandah of her lord and master when alive, was now strapped under her bedstead, covered with calico, and placed in the centre of it. The apparently empty bed was, I thought, very touching indeed. It was laid on the place of honour, the highest mark of public respect her lord could pay his wife.

We were invited to be present at the funeral, special praying-mats being placed near the grave for our use. All his relatives approached the bedstead and kissed the valance with which it was draped, as a sign that there was nothing but affection towards her in their hearts when she died. Rumaliza came last and alone. As he approached the verandah he removed his sandals, according to the usual custom. All his relatives bent low, with their hands crossed on their breasts, as the master quietly placed his sandals and her fan on the bed. As he did so, I noticed tears run

down the great slaver's face. Yes, Rumaliza ("The one who utterly finishes") was made to shed tears when his home was entered by the Finisher of life, which had reaped so many harvests in his hideous raids.

"What is the meaning of placing those sandals and fan on the bed?" I asked.

"It was an expression of his intention to join her in the other life. They were the sandals he wore *only* in her private room, and by burying them with her he tells his household it is his command that no other woman must occupy that portion of the house, and that he will never walk there again."

We left the town soon afterwards, as the incessant cries of the women made us miserable. In four days we were at home, listening to the voices of black children as they sang hymns over our third little mound in Africa. Bronchitis had seized our only remaining child, and before we realised that he was ill he was gone.

"You will go away now you have lost your son," said an old woman who had attended him.

"We shall go away when our work is finished and you are free," I replied. "Our boy is not *lost;* we shall see him again."

"How do you *know?*" she eagerly asked.

Did she feel unsatisfied with her own vague beliefs, and, like most of us, wish to know the unknown? Knowledge instead of faith!

As the great political climax drew near, events seemed to rush on with perplexing rapidity. An urgent letter from Rumaliza took me again to Ujiji, and for the last time. I was accompanied by a trader who wished to purchase ivory. "Buy our ivory! sell us the steamer; we will give it to these traders if they will only take our ivory." These appeals were made to me by Rumaliza on landing.

"No," I replied, "I never have, and never will trade; you

know that. Sell to this man, if you like; it's his business. I am leaving Tanganyika for ever. You are fighting the Congo State; I have always told you it was a mistake, and you will be crushed, but you have not taken my advice. Tip-pu-Tib was wiser—he left. You have always been my friend, and the least return I can make is to try and save you from yourself, as I have tried to rescue the natives from your cruel trade. My mouth has never been filled with honey when speaking to you in this land. It was not my work to fight against you with powder and shot, but I and my comrades have never ceased to do so by every other means in our power. We have just returned from using force against some who attacked us, and have swept British Tanganyika clean. Other nations will soon do the same here and on the Congo. Will you take my last advice and stop your work?"

"I cannot," he replied; "all my wealth and people are in this country."

It was a fatal decision for him. He had pronounced his own doom, and the salvation of Central Africans.

"Very well, I have finished; sell your ivory to this man. It's nothing to me."

"Cannot you put the British flag over all the lake?" he asked.

"No, I cannot. Years ago we hoisted it in this town, and you tore it down; and besides, look at that!"

Here I pointed up to the German flag, which Emin Pasha had sent him long since.

"Good-bye, Rumaliza, good-bye! thank you for all the protection you have given to me and mine. I have begged you to extend it to these poor Africans, and you refuse. We must now part;" and turning to the flagstaff, I saluted the Kaiser's ensign, and left the historic place where that daring pioneer Stanley—sent out, to their honour, by our American cousins—met David Livingstone.

Rumaliza fought for, and lost, the Congo. He was crushed,

together with all the vile hordes which for so many years had struck terror into the hearts of Africans. Civilisation had triumphed. Nations whose mottoes were Freedom, Justice, and Protection had planted their standards around the great lake.

A few days later we were marching homewards. At the top of the plateau, I turned round to take a long last look at the great Tanganyika before it was hidden by the trees. A panorama of the past eleven years unfolded itself to my mind's eye. Its weary work, disappointment, and failures were vividly remembered, but it had been a life worth living. I could hear again the sailor's cheery "So long" at Zanzibar. I could see again the boat journey, the dying slaves, the maiden leaping from the cliff, the midnight conferences with Arabs, and the final rush through water and smoke to capture a British flag for Britain. A part of the great equatorial tragedy of chaos and death was finished. The little rain-cloud seen in the distance by Tip-pu-Tib had covered the sky and burst.

Our attempts to do something to help our country to take up its share of the "white man's burden" were rewarded by the sight of a little red ensign which we could see waving an adieu to us from a flagstaff on the lake shore.

Turning to my wife, I said, "Let's go, and thank God it's British territory."

"Yes," she replied, "it is—*but some of it is ours!*"

Did she mean that

> We were unwilling owners of land,
> With two small claims pegged out on the veldt,
> And another marked in the sand?

CHAPTER XVI

THE POTENTIALITIES OF THE AFRICAN—SUPPRESSION OF RAIDING—CHILDREN'S GAMES—ANALYSING THE NATIVE CHARACTER

I MUST leave to others the task of recording the work done on Tanganyika by ordained missionaries. Their educational and industrial successes were by no means small, but there are so many debatable problems associated with all African mission work, and they need such careful study, that it would be impossible to find room in these pages for the discussion of so large a subject—even if I felt more competent to deal with it.

I will set down my ideas on the educational question only; and perhaps the simplest and briefest manner in which I can do this is to record a conversation which passed between me and a supporter of missions whom I met in England.

He asked: "Can you put down in black and white the educational results obtained on the lake by the London Missionary Society's representatives, both lay and ordained?"

I happened to have with me a letter received that week from a native boy, formerly a slave. It was just an ordinary note containing news of the country generally, and of his village and relations in particular. There was nothing of the "goody-goody" style about it—just a boy's chat to his old master. Perhaps the most important item to the writer of the letter was that he had redeemed from slavery his own sister. He himself had been redeemed by a white man.

I handed this to my friend, saying, "No, I cannot! but see, an African lad has made a shot at it. Read what he says, and calculate the total results."

"I cannot, for I do not understand the language," he replied.

"Exactly! that is the boy's answer to your question about results. Your *education*, in this particular, is not complete; the results, *nil*. You do not know what he means to convey to you on that sheet of paper, being ignorant of his language; he might as well have written in ancient hieroglyphics. At the time your representatives went to Tanganyika, that boy had no idea he could express himself in any other manner than by his voice. Had you told him you could put his thoughts on paper and send them over the lake to his sister, most probably he would have pretended to believe you when in your presence, for the sake of enjoying some fun at your expense with his chums around the camp-fire.

"Do not the mighty intellects which rule the world to-day owe all they know to the alphabet? That boy is on the same track that was trodden by our great men—by a Simpson soothing the agony of millions; a Tyndall searching out the secrets of the elements; a Herschell tracing the orbit of a distant planet; a Shakespeare, a Milton, and a host of intellectual giants of all nations. A, B, C and 1, 2, 3 were their first stepping-stones. The writer of that letter is on the *same road!* Can you tell me what will be the results of his upward march? Will he overtake and pass the man who is analysing the sunbeam, continue his journey until he finds the 'Power which rolls the stars along,' that Power of whom Christianity tells us, conveying its Scriptural teachings through the *alphabet!* If you can put the possible results in black and white, it is more than I have time to attempt!"

My questioner returned me the letter, saying:

"I see your point; you are satisfied to have put his foot on the letter A!"

"That's it! He is on the rails! Feed him with fuel, and the actual mileage he will travel can only be recorded on the dial of history, when you and I are forgotten. Pull the wrong lever, and the engine runs backwards!"

"Yes," he said, "you are right; we must not add up the sum to-day."

When we turned our backs on the lake we left many feet on the letter A, and the knowledge helped to make our journey to Nyasaland more pleasant.

But the transformation scene at Lake Nyasa was very painful to witness. I looked in vain for those miles of banana groves, and clean-swept villages, which we noticed on our former journey. Where were the crowds of athletic warriors whom we saw trot down to bathe and engage in mimic warfare on the sand? All gone! Not a trace of the former beauty remained! It looked as if a whole tribe had been wiped off the face of the earth, and in an hour's talk with Fotheringham, the brave defender of the Wankonde, we learnt the whole miserable story.

The half-caste Arabs had fallen on the tribe, giving no quarter. Village after village was burned, the fugitives hunted out of the hills and driven into a lagoon amongst the reeds, which were then set on fire. There was no escape, for the flames spared none but those who preferred to leap into the jaws of the crocodiles, and those who endeavoured to escape both were shot down by the brutes on the banks. Practically a whole division of the tribe was annihilated, and what was once the garden of Nyasaland became the most desolate spot imaginable. Fotheringham and a few brave fellows were besieged, but refused to capitulate; they fought desperately, repelling repeated attacks. Smallpox broke out, and the diseases caused by bad sanitation, privation, &c.; but, nothing daunted, the little band held their own, finally making a successful sortie, and escaping to a more favourable position to renew the attack. A long and desperate struggle followed, during which many brave actions were performed; but the white men were gradually getting the upper hand, when Consul Johnston arrived and made a temporary peace. This was only the usual calm before the storm.

I inquired what became of the old medicine-man whom I had visited in the hills, and whom I last saw disappearing around the rock near to the deadly spear which hung over the path, and was told that the Arabs hated him for making medicine against them. They surrounded his rocky retreat, and forced him to capitulate through hunger. The poor wretch was tied to some very light pith-wood trees, used by fishermen as buoys for their traps; the raft was then placed on the lagoon, with fresh-cut goat's-meat to attract the crocs. His tormentors sat on the bank, watching the crocs fight for his body. This being firmly lashed, the creatures could only snap at him; the buoyant wood prevented them from carrying him under water. It is said they tore him to pieces, and one can imagine what torture he must have suffered as he lay helplessly looking at the green-eyed monsters swimming around the raft and trying to get a favourable opportunity of biting off a limb. When he was nearly torn to pieces the Arabs amused themselves, as they sat, by firing at the crocodiles.

As I listened to the gruesome story I could not help forgiving him for what he had plotted against me, and would have brought about if that spear had descended and transfixed me to the path.

Before the month ended I met Johnston as he was returning to grapple with Nyasaland problems, and accepted his invitation to come back, if possible, and help to solve them.

A few months' rest in England quickly passed, during which I resigned my position under the London Missionary Society; and for the third time I landed in Africa to get to grips with the Arabs, this time through the Zambezi gateway, and as a Government official.

The Cape to Cairo telegraph line was fast creeping up through the country; a wild dream it was then called, but science moved so rapidly that ere it reached Tanganyika it was out of date and wireless telegraphy had taken the field.

SUPPRESSION OF RAIDING

A handful of traders had elected to try their fortunes in the Shire Highlands. The prospect looked encouraging on paper. Coffee was selling at £112 per ton. Land was cheap and plentiful. Big game abounded. Powerful missions had been established by the universities and by the Established and Free Churches of Scotland, but the slave-trade was very much in evidence.

The country itself was difficult of approach, being entirely cut off from the seacoast by Portuguese territory. The Zambezi and Shire Rivers alone gave access to the interior, both of them being hardly navigable during the dry season.

Johnston's task was to establish responsible government as economically as possible. For financial reasons it was out of the question to smash with one blow all opponents to progress. The operations had to be carried out piecemeal, the puzzle worked out with patience.

There were powerful philanthropical interests to be studied, for these had already done much towards the uplifting of the native races, without the assistance of Government. Tribal jealousies needed analysing, as it was easy to do an injustice to one division of the people, by acting precipitately on the vague reports of others. Not only had the tribes who lived in the Protectorate to be studied, but the adjacent powerful chiefs, such as Mpezeni, who had been in the habit of claiming tribute from our people.

The international questions I must leave alone, or leave to the imagination, for politics are dangerous to write about, especially for the amateur.

I have frequently heard hunters say: "So-and-so always seemed a decent sort of chap; I always hunted in his country, and had a good time generally. It seems a pity he had to be 'gone for'"—and so on. All this is perfectly true, but those men often forget that it is one thing to meet native chiefs as a hunter and traveller, prepared to pay heavily for guides to the best game resorts, to give and receive valuable presents, but

quite another matter to go as the representative of another power, and to be compelled to punctuate your conversation with "Thou shalt" and "Thou shalt not"!

It was so in Nyasaland. Several chiefs who behaved decently to isolated Europeans had to be severely dealt with by officials responsible to the Crown. Some of the great Yao chiefs took the field against the new order of things, causing trouble and expense; but of course the real disease was the slave-trade, out of which, directly or indirectly, nearly all the other troubles arose. It was the same story as at Tanganyika—oppression, murder, devastation; and the same rain-cloud was visible in the distance, but there was no Tippu-Tib with sense enough to divine its meaning. Blind opposition marked the course of events, until the final crushing blow was dealt.

I was sent with ten Indian Sikhs to the extreme north end, to check the Arabs who were importing ammunition from the East Coast, and to stop the murderous raids of the Northern Angoni, who came down from the hills and dipped their assegais, as they said, in the weak blood of the fishermen. These half-wild hill-people formed part of the horde of semi-Zulus who crossed the Zambezi many years previously, after their great battles in the south.

It was not long before we collided with them, for a party soon commenced their little game in our direction. I despatched the Sikhs to capture them without fighting, if possible, and this they did. The leader of the crowd wore the well-known ring on his head; he was about middle age, and although quiet, was evidently disgusted at having his liberty curtailed in this summary fashion. It was a new experience in his life.

A talk soon revealed the fact that they knew the Scotch missionaries, Doctors Laws and Elmslie, and as I had no other object than to stop the raids, I released the lot, on the assurance

from the Doctors that it would not happen again. So great was the influence of those missionaries that the promise was respected; it was the last raid in our direction.

Too much credit cannot be given to the Free Church of Scotland men for the plucky and tactful manner in which they handled such a wild and powerful tribe, without the slightest assistance of protection from the Government, which had not then been established.

These two Doctors had a remarkable escape from a lion whilst on their way to pay me a visit. A beast sprang on their tent at night, tearing part of the corner out right over the face of Dr. Laws, who awoke, and hit at something, which proved to be a lion. Strange to relate, it went away without giving further annoyance, and I sewed up the rent next day.

This is the only instance I have known of lions attacking tents at night; no matter how annoying their growls may be in its vicinity, it is generally considered quite safe to go to sleep.

The slaves captured by these hill-people, whose raids we now stopped, were transported over the lake in dhows, and news reached the authorities of two which were hauled up on the sand. Officers, with troops, steamed over for the purpose of destroying them; but the attempt proved a disastrous failure. They sighted the vessels, and went on shore to burn them, when suddenly a heavy fire was poured on them from the bush. A trap had evidently been prepared as soon as their approach was known.

The British officer in charge attempted to swim back with his men to the anchored vessel, and almost succeeded in reaching a rope thrown to him, when he sank, shot through the head. The others were rescued, and the anchor weighed; but the rope thrown to the officer was caught by the propeller, and the engines stopped. In the confusion the vessel was stranded. This played completely into the enemy's hands, for they kept up a hot fire, wounding several on

board. Barricades were erected around the bulwarks as cover, and from behind these the fire was returned; but the enemy increasing in numbers every hour, a protracted defence was almost impossible.

Seeing that they held the trump card, the scoundrels sent on board a deputation, saying that they were tired of fighting, and if they were given bales of calico they would assist to get the steamer off the sand. Catching at the last straw, Captain Keiter gave them calico, but as soon as this was in the hands of the people on shore fire was at once opened again on the ship.

This went on for hours, until the increasing number of wounded made the position seem hopeless. A second deputation was sent, asking that white men should come on shore to settle the terms of peace, which were to apply to all their country, as well as to this particular fight.

They hesitated, fearing treachery, but thinking their position could scarcely be worse, and hoping to save the situation, two volunteered to go. They were led out of sight of the steamer and brutally murdered by the orders of the chief, Saidi Mwazungu.

The attack was again pressed, during which the captain was wounded in the face. It was now seen to be a fight to a finish; but, nothing daunted, the heroic captain fought on with his plucky Sikhs and natives. Under cover of the night, he sent the steamer's crew overboard to dig out the sand around the vessel; they toiled on until daybreak, when the cold off-shore wind increased in force and blew the vessel into deep water. Their joy can only be faintly imagined. The whole affair was a demonstration of that real grit which has so often been exhibited by Scotsmen when in a tight corner. Saidi Mwazungu scored for the moment, but a time was fast approaching when he was to listen to the sound of cannon, and to hear his death sentence pronounced by me in a British Court of Justice.

CHILDREN'S GAMES

It is pleasant to pass from war to play, and the children around Nyasa were just brimful of fun whenever the horrors of war permitted. A favourite game of theirs was to cut off the end of two gourds, passing through them a piece of string about ten yards in length, and knotting each end. One boy would sit behind a hut and place the oval disc to his ear; the string was then stretched around another hut, where several boys would whisper into the disc at the other end, disguising their voices as much as possible. The listener had to detect who spoke, and if he failed three times in succession he was carried by all the boys and ducked in the lake.

"Look at those boys!" I remarked to a companion. "What would the inventor say if he saw that primitive telephone actually being used by those youngsters?"

How few people imagine that girls may be seen all over Africa playing "cat's-cradle"; only theirs is extremely complicated, and forms a series of such beautiful patterns that I was never able to manipulate more than half of them with the bewildering string. There is nothing like it in this country! Is our simple, childish cat's-cradle a fragment, preserved through the ages, of this Central African pattern?

An even more remarkable resemblance to our games was noticed. Two girls stood facing each other with joined hands. About a dozen girls walking in single file approached them, clapping their hands as an accompaniment to the song the two big girls were singing. Each girl passed under the joined hands of the two singers. On listening, I heard these words:—

"Lions and leopards! Lions and leopards!
Hunting at night.
Lions and leopards! Lions and leopards!
Catch the game!

As the final word was sung, the two arms descended

and made some girl a prisoner. She was then penalised by having to stand and try to catch some one else. Substitute for their words "Oranges and lemons," and you join again the childhood of white and black. When were they separated?

Another pastime was what I should call "Prisoner's base"; it would afford amusement to our men and boys, as well as teach them to swim under water.

A number of boys choose sides, and the boys on one side swim out into the lake with a prisoner, who is put in an anchored canoe. It is the aim of the other section to release the boy in the canoe, by passing the defenders under water and reaching the canoe before being touched by an opponent. None of the defenders are allowed to wait closer than about twenty yards to the canoe; it is "off side."

It is very amusing to watch the tactics employed to deceive the defenders. All the boys will swim away in one direction, pursued by the other side; this is done to draw away the defence, and as soon as an opportunity occurs one will sink and swim back, under the pursuers, rising in the rear, and dashing for the prisoner. The game, with a few more additions, would make an exciting exhibition of good swimming and generalship for English swimming clubs.

Many an hour was thus pleasantly passed watching the gambols of black children, especially in those places where we could follow their conversations, which are brimful of smart repartee. The more serious engagements of war and administration were forgotten for a while, and the mind given a refreshing tonic by allowing oneself to become a boy once more, and to revel in mirthful games.

That boys are boys all the world over is true, as we all know, and I found, by entering into the spirit of their pranks, that I learned many interesting details of their lives, and sometimes got to see myself as they saw me.

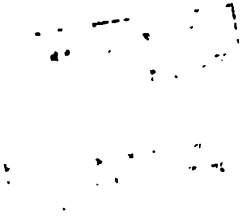
For instance, one day, when passing through the village, I heard some youngsters laughing behind me, and on turn-

GIRLS AT PLAY

Pieces of stone are placed on the ground; the player throws into the air the round wild fruit she is holding and lifts one stone, catching the ball as it descends; if she fails the next player tries. The game is varied by placing the stones in a hole and removing one at a time.

BRICK MAKING

Girls are engaged by Europeans to make bricks; they love to knead the clay and become very smart at handling the bricks. They work from 6 a.m. to about 2 p.m., then go home to pound up maize for the afternoon's meal.



ing suddenly, saw a boy with his hands placed edgeways on his nose. I stopped and laughed, so as not to frighten them, and sat down, calling them to come and have a yarn. They cautiously crept near me one by one, and a few pleasant jokes soon put them at their ease.

"Now then, boys, what was the meaning of those two hands placed edgeways on your face? Was it to represent the bowsprit on my sailing-boat, or an elephant's tusk?"

Their faces beamed with mischief, but no one replied.

"Don't be afraid! tell me. I shall not be angry; I want to join in the fun."

One of the elder lads then said: "We meant no harm, but, you see, your nose and our noses are so different. We were showing how yours sticks out from your face like our two hands on edge, and we said that if you ran quickly between the huts it would knock against the lower ridge and turn you round."

The huts being close together, and the lower edge of the slanting roof almost on a level with a man's eyes, it is easy to understand how they pictured my nose colliding with the poles, and the thought of my being spun round must have presented a very comical picture to them. I saw the quite natural joke, and joined in the laugh, carrying on the fun, thus:

"It sticks out, does it? Do you think, if I put it to the ground, and you wound a string around me and pulled it, I should spin round like a top?"

They were down on all-fours immediately, with their noses close to the ground, and spinning around on a pivot to show how I should look. I laughed until the tears made it difficult to follow their grotesque antics. When they had demonstrated to their satisfaction that a revolving white man would be no end of fun to see, I continued: "Have you ever wondered how it is your noses are so different to mine?"

"No!" they replied.

"Don't you think it's because, when you were babies, your mother carried you on her back, and you pressed your little noses against her, which made them grow flat?"

The idea seemed novel, so they began pushing their noses into each other's backs, to see how it felt, I suppose. One who thought he detected a weak spot in the suggestion replied, "If that flattened ours, why did it not do so with yours?"

"Ah!" I answered, "that's just it. *My* mother carried me in her arms, not on her back!"

"How could she do her work and carry you as well?" came a ready inquiry.

"Look here, my lads! I expect when I was a baby my mother let my nose alone, but when you were born, perhaps you had no noses, and your mothers squeezed up a lump of porridge and put it on your face, and then made two holes in it with her fingers, so that you might breathe, but forgot to make it pointed. Go and ask them!"

I rose, and looking back after going a short distance, saw some running about pretending to have a gigantic proboscis, whilst others were making imitations, in friendly rivalry, of the latest fashion introduced by the white man. Always after enjoying these impromptu circus performances, I felt better able to think calmly over the more serious problems arising on every hand. To escape from one's official trappings, to cease to be a dictator, chastiser, and representative of the law, even for a few moments, was not only a recreation but a real education. It gave me opportunities of looking unobserved beneath the impenetrable exterior of those black races, and to see many of the inner aspects of their character. I found it profitable to make the most minute observations, and to note every detail of their actions, when for a few seconds they showed me a glimpse of their real selves. Many of these true impressions

were invaluable to me afterwards, when called to investigate cases of serious crime in our Courts of Justice, the decisions sometimes entailing capital punishment.

The patriarchal form of government is sometimes too quickly superseded by English law, with all its complicated forms. These are quite beyond the understanding of a race awakening from the slumber of ages.

What we know to be justice is to them, in many instances, the opposite. Their tribal and social life, as I understand it, had been kept together, not by Acts of Parliament, police, and magistrates, but by answering "*Yes*" to the old inquiry, "Am I my brother's keeper?" Such a thing as individual responsibility was almost unknown. Destitute of the machinery to secure evidence, or arrest offenders who escaped out of tribal jurisdiction, they perforce maintained family responsibility, and this developed into tribal responsibility, or, as we should say, national. In this manner half-savage natives were held in check by the knowledge that there could be no escape for the family if any member of it broke the tribal laws or customs. Not only did this weld families together in the interest of peaceful village life, but secured to each member a corresponding amount of protection all through life.

Young children were nurtured and taught to work by the parents. Daughters married and settled near their parents, assisted, guided, and protected by both families. Old people, no longer able to work in the gardens, fell back as children upon the now efficient guardianship of their offspring, whose duty it became to watch over the last resting-places of father and mother.

When free from the slave-raider and outside enemies, they lived a simple and easy life, obtaining from nature everything necessary for natural requirements from the cradle to the grave; living in houses built by themselves, for which they paid no rent, cultivating in their own gardens

just sufficient for everyday life; laying up no store, wasting nothing, with no "rainy day" to dread, mutual responsibility insuring mutual help and support. "Sufficient for the day is the evil thereof," was the keynote to the whole of their lives.

When such a state of existence is possible at the present day amongst black men, it will, I think, be easy for my readers to understand how necessary it is to send amongst them our most able administrators and missionaries, lest they be too suddenly brought face to face with the tax-collector, the policeman, and a life of severe competition which will compel thousands of them to labour from daylight to dark for other people, in order to obtain bread for their families, and possibly drift into the same state as those white races who not long since decided that it was some one's duty to care for the aged population.

CHAPTER XVII

Big-Game Hunting—A Wild Trip across Nyasa—An Eclipse—A Memorable Interview

NEWS of the defeat of the white men at Saidi Mwazungu's spread rapidly, with the usual result, that most of those who had been sitting on the fence jumped down on the side of the victors. The Upper Shire River and east coast were practically in the hands of the enemy, and a renewal of slave operations immediately followed.

Sultan Jumbe reigned supreme at Kotakota, the great forwarding depôt from what is now North-East Rhodesia, but this wily ruler had too many local enemies not to see that it was the better policy not to take sides against the British. His neutrality at this period was most valuable, as, had his forces been thrown into the opposite scale, it is impossible to say what might have happened.

Notwithstanding this general disturbance, big-game hunters found it possible to obtain good sport amongst the elephants which frequented the dense underwood growing near Lake Nyasa. One of these hunters, the doctor of a gunboat, lost his life in a battle with a lion. It appears he came upon the lion suddenly, before he had time to take a proper aim; it charged him, and he fired as it sprang towards him, severely wounding it in the chest, but not sufficiently to stop its charge. The boys said the lion bit him, breaking his left arm. It then left him and moved away to some low bushes, and the doctor, upon this, called his boy, made him lie down, and laying his rifle on his back, fired with one arm and killed the lion, falling exhausted at the same moment from the loss of blood. They carried

him to the lake shore, but he died before the gunboat arrived.

The last time we had dined together he was full of ambition to shoot a lion, and I believe this was his first opportunity. His fatal adventure was in striking contrast to the success of another naval officer, who bagged no less than five lions at one spot near Chiromo, as they were feeding on a dead water-buck. It was the record bag for Nyasaland.

There is undoubtedly a fascination about big-game hunting which deadens the senses to danger. To follow the footprints of a bull elephant through high bango reeds or dense jungle, not knowing at what moment you may discover him within a few yards, seems idiotic when one coolly remembers its power, and its ability to move with rapidity through bush which is impassable to you. But when you are actually wading through water and mud, or slowly struggling through reeds ten feet high, all sense of real danger is absent. There is always the feeling that you hold in your hand a weapon with which you can kill or stop your quarry. In most cases this is what takes place, but at times the elephant scores, as the following incident shows.

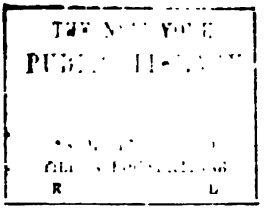
A young assistant magistrate named Johnstone, fresh from home, was sent to assist me in the administration of the Marimba district. We were compelled to live in a most unhealthy station, on account of the large population of semi-Arabs who lived under Sultan Jumbe. Johnstone soon contracted malarial fever. As he failed to shake it off, I sent him up to the hills for change of air. He had only been gone a day, when one of his men came to my house carrying his master's helmet, more or less damaged and dirty. I saw something had happened, and not wishing to frighten him, I continued my lunch, saying unconcernedly:

"Well? Master tumbled into the river Bua and wants another helmet, I suppose?"

"No, sir! Njovu!" (Elephant!)

MASTERLY INACTIVITY

The Author (sitting) and C. P. Knipe, of Nyasaland, resting after a day's elephant hunt—a kind of Bank Holiday sandwiched between official duties whenever it is possible to tear oneself away from work. Elephant hunting is called "Persevering Push."



"Is the elephant dead?"

"No, sir!"

"Is your master coming along?"

"Yes, sir, but he won't speak; he is in his hammock."

It took but a few moments to procure brandy, eggs, and milk, and I was off to his help, knowing that if alive he must need some stimulant.

I met him about eight miles from home; he was quite insensible, but alive, with a good strong pulse. Both eyes were black and swollen; his face looked as if he had been drawn along a gravel path; one arm and leg seemed broken. He lay all of a heap, but there was no loss of blood. We tied the pole of the hammock to trees, so as not to disturb any broken bones by laying him on the ground. We washed the mud off his face and out of his mouth, pouring in weak brandy and water, which, to my great relief, he swallowed; but he did not open his eyes or speak. We beat up some eggs in milk, adding a few drops of brandy; this he also swallowed, and gave a deep sigh. Having kept the flame burning, we made for home. Besides myself our company included but two Europeans, a trader and a missionary; no doctor.

One arm and leg were broken, and concussion of the brain seemed certain. That the case was beyond me I at once realised, and felt that to keep him for days before a doctor could arrive was not giving him a chance. To a doctor he had to go by some road or other. There was a trained nurse at Likoma Island, eighty miles distant across the lake; of her splendid abilities I knew; should I risk such a voyage in the small open boat offered by the trader?

It was then 7 P.M., and dark. A strong south-east monsoon was blowing; the waves were really too high for such a small craft, but it was a *chance*, so I gave it him.

We put him on a native bedstead, and lashed it underneath the thwarts of the boat, covered by waterproof sheets

to protect him from the spray. A drink of hot chicken broth as a night-cap made him safe from starvation during the passage, so we set sail about 8 P.M., the trader offering to go with us and attend to Johnstone whilst I navigated.

I have no desire to exaggerate that yachting experience, but any one who can picture a dark night, strong wind, choppy, breaking waves, open boat, unconscious companion under the thwarts, native crew, and eighty-mile trip, will understand it was scarcely a picnic.

My foreign companion soon experienced *mal-de-mer;* this brought on fever, which he bravely attempted to shake off, but the repeated doses of spray thrown over us all by the high wind was unbearable to his already shivering frame, and he said: "Johnstone's all right; I must lie down under shelter. May I cover myself with your cork mattress?"

"All right!" I shouted; "have a sleep."

Our rotten mainsail split from the foot upwards, and the pieces had to be lowered. I gave the helm to a native, and jumping forward, tied the jib into a knot which made it into a kind of balloon; this was the only safe sail to run under with a heavy following sea and fair wind.

Other exciting events were experienced before morning, but of too personal a character for narration by the writer; sufficient to say that a previous ten years in the mercantile marine from boy to first officer had not impressed on me the value of daylight so much as that wild trip across Nyasa.

In the early morning we reached Likoma Island, soaking wet and done up. Johnstone was alive, but blissfully ignorant of everything. Miss Rees (now Mrs. Wieble), of the Universities Mission, at once came to the rescue.

"Well, nurse, what's the damage?" I asked, after she had examined him.

"Broken arm and leg, high up. Severe brain shock. Nothing seriously wrong internally. Good thing you brought him; he may recover!"

That was the right kind of woman for pioneers to meet; she possessed ability, common sense, courage. Empires cannot be built without the help of such women! She told me afterwards Johnstone was unconscious for about two weeks from the time of his accident. If, reader, you are wondering whether he ever recovered, I can assure you he did, for at this moment he is H.M. representative not a hundred miles from Morocco.

The grand woman who saved his life is now saving others in her well-known West End establishment. Johnstone never knew how it all happened. His men said the elephant struck him with his trunk, then rushed at a policeman and threw him into the grass where he described himself as "sleeping." In this case the elephant scored, and the knowledge of these possibilities makes its pursuit exciting.

Soon after our return from Likoma there was a total eclipse of the moon. The people paraded the town, beating hoes and firing guns. When we asked the reason of these demonstrations, they replied: "The moon and Shetani" (Satan) "are wrestling; he wants to take away our moon, so that we may always remain in the dark." Africans value the moon much more than we do, for they are very much afraid of the dark. The birth of every moon is welcomed with shouts of joy, as it is at once their calendar and village lamp.

"Don't make so much noise about it," I said, "for the devil will go to bed hungry; he will not eat the moon; it will shine again. You don't cry when the sun goes to sleep every evening—why not?"

"Because it comes up again in the morning!" they replied.

I saw my opportunity to find out what they thought of the sun's movements; hence my question.

"How is it we see it disappear behind those hills in the evening and rise up the other side again? How does it get there?"

"Goes back at night, sir."

"Does it? Many of you are fishermen; have you ever noticed it go back when you were out on the lake at night?"

This appeared to puzzle them, as no one answered.

"Cannot one of you suggest some reason? Is there another road underneath?"

A sudden thought seemed to strike one, as he eagerly exclaimed: "I know! *there is an olendo of suns*—we see a different one every day!" ("Olendo" is the name given to a number of travellers walking in single file.)

I let the matter rest at that; the phenomenon had never really given those particular men a serious thought, but the hasty conclusion was not a bad attempt to solve the problem with only the aid of his everyday experience as a guide.

Being in an inquisitive mood, I descended to terrestrial problems by asking:

"Will you tell me how it is the male fowl knows when it is nearly daylight? He is in the dark and cannot see the stars, or they might tell him."

One man replied: "He crows to warn the hippopotamus it's time to clear out of the gardens into the lake."

"That may be," I replied, "but how does he know *when* to crow?"

Then followed a really ingenious explanation, and perhaps original, for I have never heard it before.

"It's like this, master. During the day the fowl eats all kinds of food, and also picks up little stones; these are heavy and sink down below the food in its crop. The food is gradually eaten again at night, like the cows do, and this work takes up most of the night. When all the food is chewed up it gets to the stones, and as these come into its throat they nearly choke it, *so it coughs the stones up*. This effort wakes it, and then it goes on crowing to exasperate the other male birds."

Whenever I now hear that familiar morning salute, I invariably say: "That chap's down to bedrock," and inwardly smile at the quaint explanation of the coloured man.

At Kotakota we were much troubled with lions; one in particular attacked the labourers on a coffee plantation, taking away three men and mauling a fourth.

It was noticed that he only left three footprints on the soft ground. During his last visit he broke into a hut where a number of young girls were sleeping and killed one; their shrieks scared him away for a time, but he shortly returned and killed another girl, but, strange to say, carried neither body away. The men then mustered up courage and went to the assistance of the other girls. Both of the dead children were brought to our fort; their necks were nearly bitten through and broken.

All efforts to get at the brute failed; he would not be drawn from the rocks and dense bush where he had hidden, so we set gun-traps in the cattle-shed. This was more successful, as the first night we bagged a leopard, and the second his lordship. He was a full-grown old male, with broken teeth, and, what was interesting, one of his paws was much swollen and full of pus. On examination we extracted broken fragments of porcupine quills, and this gave the clue to the mysterious marks on the ground. He had received more than he bargained for with the porcupine, and, unable to pull out the broken quills, was quite disabled from catching game. Hence he became a man-eater.

As a rule lions do not interfere with people where game is plentiful, and in many districts its roar is heard every night. One followed a mail man, but he escaped up a tree and watched it tear to pieces the mail-bag, which happened to contain a presentation copy of a novel sent by the author to her brother at our fort. Through this book he bit furiously, and my colleague said he should return it to his sister to keep as an illustration of the savage reception her literary

efforts met with in the tropics. Doubtless the author values that copy above all others.

About this time each day was full of stirring events all over the Protectorate. Saidi Mwazungu and Makanjira became more bold in their raids after our defeat. Zarafi, perched on a mountain, commanded the Upper Shire River and defied the British to do their worst. Mlozi, at the north end, openly declared himself ready to fight it out. Mwasi, westwards, denied us a free passage to his country, and it was becoming too warm to be pleasant for the small British forces; but Johnston never looked back, as he was loyally served by his staff, who responded to his words of appreciation of the slightest service rendered. I fancy that was one of the secrets of his success in opening up new countries; he trusted his men, and let them know of his pleasure whenever good work was done. Good men will do anything for such a leader.

One of the Universities missionaries was murdered by the Northern Angoni, but this was proved to have been the result of a mistake, and not a tribal plot; but it at least showed the grass was ready for burning, as natives would say. The temporary defeat of a handful of men only tended to rally the spirits of those left in the field. A determined attack was made on Saidi Mwazungu and Makanjira; severe engagements were fought, the result at times hanging in the balance; finally, however, victory was won, both scoundrels thoroughly routed from the lake shore, and a fort erected near to the very spot where the brutal murders had taken place. The villains fled to the mountains, and gave a lot of trouble; so our native and Indian troops were sent at them again. They stormed the rocky heights in grand fashion, completely smashing up the enemy once for all in that region. Saidi Mwazungu fled to the Marimba district, where he was to account later on for his foul treachery.

From the command of Fort Maguire, I was transferred

to the late Sultan Jumbe's town, a hotbed of semi-Arab intrigue; but no armed opposition was encountered. They delighted in the most subtle dealings, keeping just outside the law, which is far more annoying than open warfare.

Saidi Mwazungu lived in the hills at the back of my residence, and incited the people to open rebellion. Our people dared not travel westward, and the road was closed to Mpezenis and the Luapula River, and there was material enough on every hand for a general conflagration. Msakambewa and D'zeoli were constantly at war, so I paid D'zeoli a visit, taking with me 150 natives armed with muzzle-loading rifles. When I approached D'zeoli's village, he sent peremptorily ordering me to camp where I stood, as he was busy drinking beer.

I objected, saying: "Go and tell your chief I do not receive orders—I give them; and to-night I sleep in camp near his town; to-morrow I call on him, to transact business."

It was not bluff on their part, but simple suspicion and fear. I found him quite a decent man, and had pleasant relations with him for several years afterwards. He was abnormally fat, having to sit on the ground with his legs in a small hole. After somewhat more than the usual native fencing before talking business, he said at last: "If you are my chief, go and stop that Angoni Msakambewa who is eating up my people; their spears are never dry!"

"Certainly I will," I replied, "if you will send with me some real good talkers to state your case, as they are orators as well as warriors."

Leaving my force in camp at the base of the plateau, I took five native police with D'zeoli's head-men, and went up to see the much-dreaded Msakambewa, sending in advance a letter to Mr. Blake, the Dutch missionary, asking him to act as interpreter, and to advise the Angoni of our visit. This he arranged most satisfactorily.

It was the first Angoni indaba I had attended. The

young warriors came fully armed, and when the old chief appeared, saluted him by rattling their "cowhide" shields and spears and enumerating all his marvellous names. He wore a head-dress, and condescended to give me a most dignified glance, as much as to say, "The great Msakambewa has arrived!"

Mr. Blake carried on all the conversation for me, as I did not know their language; and, but for his assistance, the indaba could not have been successful.

"Let the white man speak; the Angoni's ears are open," were the opening sentences which fell from the chief as he squatted on a mat.

I chafed at the warlike reception with bristling assegais, and determined to administer a reproof at once, as he had been informed that my soldiers were left twenty miles away. "I am glad to meet the great Msakambewa and to know the Angoni's ears are open, but I did not imagine such clever people thought they could catch my words on the points of their spears, as they catch an enemy. Words are like the wind, and only children could conceive it possible to imprison them. I left our spears at rest in camp; they are only for the eyes of the King's enemies, not for his friends. But perhaps it was your intention to prevent any of my words from escaping, and if *that* is your intention you had good reason to come armed. Otherwise it was a mistake."

This let them down easily, but it was undoubtedly an initial score for our side. We showed them that the back seat must find some other occupant.

I then called a head-man to state the case of D'zeoli, which he did with commendable ability. I watched Msakambewa's face, but it was sphinx-like.

"Your man has uttered a fairly damaging indictment," said Blake. The chief took a pinch of snuff and looked towards his orator, who stepped into the clear space and replied:

"If I heard correctly, you said—" so and so, rapidly running over all the previous speaker's points. Then he unrolled a tornado of words, accompanied by expressive gestures, which held the whole assembly spell-bound. I would have given much to have understood his graphic language.

That he was hitting the mark was obvious; my people sat cringing and afraid. Finally, as the man drew near the end of his peroration, he suddenly turned towards the last speaker and paused. It was one of those eloquent pauses we know so well. Stretching out both hands to his opponent, he shouted: "Was not that great raid on our villages led by *you? you? you?*"

As he sat down every warrior sprang to his feet, shook his shield and spear in defiance, and shouted: "Yes! You! you! you!"

It was now time to put on the brake, as it was apparent that there were grave faults on both sides, and they were getting too excited.

"Has the white man heard our words?" asked Msakambewa.

"Yes, I have! I do not require a lot of dancing men with spears to help me hear; it is not the custom of white chiefs. You have both been guilty in the past. I have not come to decide on what has passed, but to tell both of you that it must now stop, and whoever disobeys will be punished by our troops. To-day the past dies. Do you both agree?"

After some hesitation they assented, and I said: "Msakambewa will then break his spear, to show his people that his words were not wind, and that war in his heart is dead."

"No!" he replied. "Msakambewa cannot break Chiwere's spear; he is the great Angoni chief."

This I knew was true, but at the same time was used by him to escape from his promise. I did not intend him to get off so easily, so, rising, I said: "Come along, Blake! Please

tell him I am sorry to have wasted your time; I thought I was speaking to a chief." I knew this exposure of his limited authority, before all his people, would cut him deeply; and it did, for, raising his voice and looking to his men, he asked:

"Am I not the great Msakambewa?"

"You are truly our chief," they shouted.

Seizing the favourable opportunity, I quickly answered: "You are not the chief of all the Angoni, and cannot break the *tribal* spear; I did not ask you to do that, but to break *your own*. I will not now accept the pieces; my King only accepts a chief's spear, not a head-man's. Exchange snuff and salt with my people, and that will be quite sufficient."

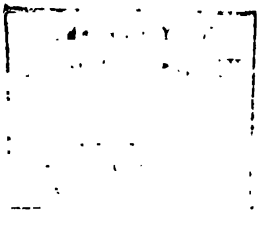
This was done, and that evening he sent me the only bull in his private herd (so Blake told me), and his son was sent back under my escort to sleep in the enemy's country. There was great rejoicing all over the country at the news of the assegais being buried. People who for years had been obliged to live in rocky mountains, descended to the fertile plains, stockades only existed to keep out lions, and from that day to this the oaths sealed with snuff, salt, and palaver have not been broken.

The day is still remembered by Blake and the people as a red-letter day in the history of this country. Msakambewa is now very old and left far behind by his young people, who have long had peace, and have profited by the industrial and educational institutions established in their midst by the Dutch Reformed Church.

Descending to the lake again after this most interesting interview, we slept near a swift-running river swollen with the first rains. I found the people greatly excited, catching an enormous quantity of fish, which were swarming up the river to spawn. Fish-baskets, made out of strong reeds, were fastened to a strong dam built across the stream. They became full of fish in a few moments. Boys took off their clothes and made miniature nets, dragging scores of fish on shore about the size

WICKERWORK BASKETS FOR CATCHING FISH

These structures are built before the rivers are in flood and are held down by large stones. Great quantities of fish are caught as they swarm up the rivers to spawn directly the first freshets descend with the early rains. In fixing these baskets fishermen are often killed by crocodiles.



of mackerel. The next morning the reeds were full of dying fish; others were floating down stream with their mouths above water, apparently exhausted. When asked why they died up-stream, the people replied: "Because there are too many of them; they starve—there is no food." Others said it was on account of the water up-stream being brackish. This spawning takes place annually, but no two rivers are used by the same species of fish; each stream has its particular species which uses it for spawning. All leave their work to engage in this annual fish feast. They cut the fish open down the back and dry them, and store them away for the rainy season, many being transported to other districts.

In order to get away from this African Billingsgate, I strolled into dense country, and struck fresh elephant spoor. Out of curiosity I followed it, soon overtaking two bulls, standing waving their enormous ears to keep away the small flies from their eyes. I had never fired at an elephant, and knew nothing of the game, except that it was risky to amateurs; but the temptation was too great.

"Get closer, master," one of my men whispered.

I felt already uncomfortably close—about forty yards—but mustered up courage and advanced to about twenty-five yards. They seemed to be watching me.

"They cannot see very well in the daytime, master; they sleep."

"Oh! do they?" I thought, but did not reply; the subject-matter under discussion was too adjacent, and not another yard would I approach.

They were facing us, looking quietly wicked, capable of anything, from crushing the life out of me to hurling down the nearest tree, so, resting my rifle on a branch, I fired, and down went the nearest bull. His chum threw up his trunk to ascertain the direction from which the attack came, and as he did so I hit him somewhere in the ear, and he rushed past us, receiving several more shots. The fallen animal only had one

tusk, and the other I bagged a week after in the reeds, where he lay up badly wounded. As I sat on the carcase of my second elephant, news reached me of the commencement of the great attack on Mlozi at Karonga, and I travelled home as soon as possible, feeling little doubt that my rifle might soon be wanted in other directions.

CHAPTER XVIII

Bishop Maples—Capture of Mwasi's Stronghold—Infantile Mortality

OUR return home was none too soon, for mission boys in an exhausted condition arrived with the sacramental vessels of Bishop Maples. Laying them at my feet, they burst into tears, crying: "Baba! Baba! Askofu!" (Father! Bishop!)

"Where is he?" I asked.

"Drowned with Padre Williams in the lake, sir!"

It was a great shock to me, for I had known Maples for years as one of the most able and progressive missionaries in Nyasaland. I was impatient with their tantalising delay in telling me more, and cried, "Where—when—how?" Then followed a description of how they started from the south with a strong fair wind at night. A naval officer warned them not to attempt such a dangerous passage whilst the wind was so strong, but the Bishop was anxious to get to his station. As they made their way up the lake, every mile exposed them to heavier seas, and the native captain begged to be allowed to run for shelter; but to this the Bishop would not consent. They ran on under a mizen and mainsail, when suddenly, out of the darkness, high rocks appeared right ahead. Every seaman knows what happened. The helm was suddenly jammed hard alee, the mizen caught the full weight of the wind, and, as she broached to, the next following sea capsized her and threw them into the lake. Williams was asleep in a small cabin and sank with the boat. The captain, in his evidence before me at the inquest over the Bishop's body, which was found some days subsequently, said:

"After the boat capsized the Bishop scrambled on to a tin box, but it filled and sank. We begged him to remove his cassock, but he refused, saying, 'Never mind me; I feel my hour to die has come, you swim on shore and tell the Europeans of our death.' His cassock filled with water and he sank."

What a tragic ending to a splendid life devoted to the good of Africans! I could not help recalling that wild night on Tanganyika, when the squall struck us and, momentarily blinded by lightning, we were hurled in a similar manner into the waves. But I was not encumbered with a cassock; otherwise this would never have been written.

The mission boys all swam on shore, one actually having the presence of mind to save the sacred vessels. I think that act illuminated this dark page in the history of missions. In a howling wind, amongst heavy breakers, on a dark night, whilst swimming for his life, a black boy added to the dangers which threatened him by voluntarily conveying to the dangerous rocks things sacred to a white man, whom he knew he would never meet again.

The Bishop lies buried behind the altar of a fine stone church, erected, under the supervision of Europeans, by native converts at Kotakota. It was here that Arthur Fraser Simm lost his life, whilst establishing the Universities Mission in the midst of a Mohammedan population. For a long time he was my only companion, both Government and Mission staff being much too small for the work that each had to do. It would have done some people good to have seen that cultured university scholar cheerfully living in a small mud hut and teaching dirty black men and women to manipulate clay for brick-making, or making with bits of glittering quartz a simple decoration for the mud walls of his first church. In the evenings we compared notes, and endeavoured to cheer one another up by relating the small achievements of the day—so many bricks made, perhaps, or so much grass cut for thatching, &c. Here we were serving Church and State, without any of

the pomp and show of either, deep down at the foundations of empire, comrades and chums—but I lost him!

It was our fate to be stationed at what our medical men have described as the most unhealthy place in Nyasaland. Fever carried him off in the prime of life. For four days and nights I attended him without avail. On the fifth he beckoned to me and whispered, "Good-bye! Wash my feet. Others will come!" and he was gone—nearly taking me with him, for a severe attack of fever followed the prolonged vigil which had ended in failure.

Taking advantage of my illness, Saidi Mwazungu and Chabisa made things lively by attacking some of my outlying villages. A demand was sent that they should desist from these outrages and deliver up to me the murderer of white men under a flag of truce. To this they insolently replied, "Come and take him, if you want him."

Matters became so bad that, in order to open up the country westwards towards North-East Rhodesia, Mwasi must evidently be put down, so I sent to headquarters for assistance and permission to clear him out of the path. Johnston was then busy with his great task of opening up the northern road to Cairo by breaking up the Arabs at North Nyasa, so I had to wait.

It was just a repetition of Rumaliza and the Belgians on Tanganyika. The champions of freedom were at death-grips with slavers of the most ruthless type. The fierce onslaught of our Indian troops was met with a stubborn defence worthy of a better cause; for these people fight like demons behind entrenchments. But the result was scarcely ever in doubt.

A parley was held with Mlozi the chief under a flag of truce, and he was offered his life if he would surrender; but he refused, choosing to fight to a finish. The earthworks were at last blown down by artillery and the Sikhs let go. They stopped at nothing in their mad rush to victory. All the stockades fell in rapid succession. Mlozi was captured,

tried, and executed for the brutal massacre of those grand Wankonde in the lagoon, whose deaths were at last avenged by British justice. Alas! it came too late.

The grand sweep of Wankonde manhood, swinging down to the lake to bathe, was a thing of the past. The British flag flew not only over the ashes of Mlozi's towns, but over the silent graves of a partially destroyed tribe.

The road to Cairo was at last open, and troops were sent to me at Kotakota with instructions to take what steps I considered necessary to open the south-western trade-route to Rhodesia. Cecil Rhodes was working northwards, we were working southwards, to complete the chain of communications.

I embraced the opportunity of sending a postcard through to Cairo by an English traveller, who kindly offered to convey it *viâ* Uganda. This card was the first postal missive sent through, and was afterwards graciously accepted as a souvenir by my Sovereign.

Wishing to avoid recourse to arms, if possible, I again sent to Mwasi, demanding an open road and the surrender of the murderer, at the same time warning him that a refusal would certainly mean war at once. Nothing but insolence was received in reply, so I decided to accept their invitation to visit them. Lieutenant Alston of the Coldstream Guards, with the victorious Indian troops, had completed all arrangements, and we left Kotakota for Mwasi's, sixty miles distant over the hills. At our second camp more than 2400 irregular troops joined us, bringing their own rifles and ammunition; not a percussion-cap had been issued by the Government. The Indians were slow on the march, but solid; one felt they could be depended on. I went on with a flying detachment to secure the first village and food. We marched all night, and crept close to the town, hiding in the grass. As soon as they opened the gates in the morning we dashed through, ordering the people to remain quiet so that no one should get hurt. The main body arrived about noon, and the

inhabitants of 116 villages which dotted the plain knew that war had arrived in dead earnest.

The country was open, the people very quarrelsome, and had they been of Zulu extraction, there were enough of them to give considerable trouble. Several chiefs sent protesting neutrality, and to them were given white flags to hoist over their towns.

At 4 A.M., in a downpour of rain, we marched towards Mwasi's headquarters. As we approached the mountain stray shots were fired at us from its slopes, and we could see a host of half-wild creatures brandishing their spears in the neighbourhood of their stockades. A detachment of Makua soldiers was ordered to extend into skirmishing order, to drive in the outposts of our enemy; but they showed the white feather, and refused to march into the high grass. The wily native and his spear were not relished by these cowards.

It was not a task to attempt with my armed rabble, so they were ordered to remain under the mountain and not to take part in the fight until they saw us take the first village. In fact, they took the place of cavalry.

My detachment, consisting of Sikhs, was marched across to the right. As we took up position the natives fired, wounding several men, but they refused to retire. The people shouted to us:

"We'll send you back to the lake to eat fish."

"Junglee, Junglee, plenty know how to fight."

The Sikhs called all Africans Junglees, and thoroughly despised them.

Alston occupied the centre position, a sergeant-major the left. At the sound of a bugle, we were to fire three volleys, fix bayonets, and charge.

How eager those splendid Sikhs were, and as steady as if on parade. They needed no leading, for at the first note of the bugle their rifles rang out, bayonets were fixed, and with a shout they were off, straight for those loopholed walls. The

other detachment charged simultaneously, making such a deafening noise as had never been heard before on that plain. We were checked several times by the heavy fire from rifles and arrows as we got closer, but the Indian blood was up. No natives could face their wild looks, as, with a final shout, they flung themselves over the stockade and rallied inside, breathless, perspiring, and dirty, but victorious! The same process was repeated with several other large towns, some taking longer to capture than others, but they all went under in the end. Mwasi succeeded in escaping.

Saidi Mwazungu was captured after four years' constant endeavours to bring him to account for his atrocious deed. My irregular host were set free, and they completed the opening of the road towards the Cape. In addition to Saidi Mwazungu, we captured one Arab standard, hundreds of cattle, sheep, and goats, about £1200 worth of ivory, 298 rifles, gunpowder, and tons of food. Soaked with rain and covered with mud, I joined Alston in the evening, who was in a similar plight, and as the old year died and the new one was born, we drank hot coffee to "Absent Friends" in Merrie England.

An independent writer summed up our operations thus: "The opening of the trade-routes to the Luapula River are not the greatest advantages which will be derived from this defeat of Mwasi. We may be certain that the prestige of dealers in human misery will have received a shattering blow in all the regions between the Portuguese border and the Loangwa, while, on the other hand, the ability of the British to make their Protectorate of the country a reality will have been most forcibly impressed on the native mind. Not only has the capital of the presumptuous monarch been captured, but a fort has been built there which is now garrisoned by Protectorate troops, so that there will be a standing pledge and symbol of our authority in the heart of the country. Thus gradually and irrevocably the tide of civilisation sweeps

onward over the darkest places of the Dark Continent, and not for the first or the last time has British daring and enterprise brought succour to the slave. If the process of 'ransoming the African' has to be effected by violent means, then it is altogether satisfactory to find that a force under the British Flag is capable of meeting four times its number of natives and semi-Arabs and putting them to rout. In a victory of this description there is much to be proud of, and nothing to regret, for it is a triumph of justice and mercy over base greed and cruelty."

I insert the foregoing in memory of my brave comrade, Lieutenant Alston, who afterwards fell a victim to fever in Nyasaland. Saidi Mwazungu was, later on, brought before me on a charge of murdering Dr. Boyce and another, to which he pleaded guilty. A long trial nevertheless followed, in which he was ably defended by Arab friends, but the evidence was overwhelming, and I was compelled to pass sentence of death. This was endorsed by H.M. Consul-General, and he was executed at Kotakota.

Having now assumed authority over all the hill people, it was necessary for me to warn the great Mpeseni to let our people alone; so I sent him twelve head of cattle, informing him of our occupation of Marimba, and that he must cease to raid the people.

To this he replied:

"If any of my people do so, cut off their heads."

He also sent Indunas to interview me at the lake, but no return present. I let them chat on undisturbed, and, when they had finished, I surprised them by saying: "Your mouths are full of words, but your hands are empty. No chief sends to another only words; you must be impostors. When I spoke to Mpezeni there were six cattle in each hand. My chief is much greater than yours, and yet your chief dares to speak to me with empty hands. It is an insult; go away and tell him so." They saw that their chief had committed a breach of

etiquette, that he was treating me as a subordinate, not even as an equal, and that I would not submit.

The Induna replied: "You talk as a chief; Mpezeni will speak again next month."

He did, and with ivory in both hands, so all was peaceful.

A period of comparative rest followed these stormy times. The building-up process had to be commenced all through the Protectorate; and there was one important work which had to be done first. Civilisation had concluded it was better to decide frontiers by the pen than by the sword, so I was sent as British Commissioner to meet Portuguese officials to mark out our respective territories.

How little the general public know of these international, diplomatic, and economical victories of civilisation gained every year by a few unknown public servants in the heart of Africa and elsewhere. When the sword is drawn and the cannon speaks, making widows and orphans in thousands, and taking millions of treasure from the tax-payer, the world rings with applause of the victorious general. But there are perhaps greater victories won by isolated officials in a quiet camp away yonder amongst the hill-tops, with nothing but a sextant, a theodolite, and plane-table, adding lines to the map of the world which perhaps enclose territories greater than Britain itself, and the cost of such title-deeds less than the rifles of a single brigade of troops.

May we not call these victories of civilisation and common sense? Not quite so exciting as the furious rush through smoke, but the result is the same. *The old flag goes up.* I remember, at the completion of our work on the frontier, one of my Portuguese colleagues, with whom we had conducted the delicate negotiations, lit a cigarette, lay back in his chair beside the last erected beacon, and asked:

"Don't you think our countries ought to fire a salute at the peaceful termination of such work?"

"Captain!" I replied, "did you ever know a native of this

country appreciate anything you gave him? Make him *pay* for it handsomely and you increase its value! So it is with all such work as ours. It costs little from an Imperial point of view, and is not of so much value to those who order salutes to be fired as a single vote of the village blacksmith in an obscure corner of our countries. Never mind! When your son and mine come home from school, we may have the great pleasure of hearing them describe where this beacon stands, dividing the land of Portugal from England."

"Yes," he replied, "that's nice to remember. It was erected by the aid of sun, stars, and telescope. The sword does not erect; it cuts down. Nevertheless, it is bright, sharp, and it hurts, and—scores! The pen is too tame for the excitable world of to-day."

We saluted each other and parted, both proud to have held for a time the confidence of our Sovereigns.

The occupation of delimiting the frontier was interrupted one evening by my noticing a flock of vultures hovering in the air, and others sitting on trees. This indicated the presence of some dead animal in the vicinity, so I approached very cautiously through the grass and came on a dead bull eland, partially eaten by lions, who were, doubtless, in hiding near by.

Sending on the porters, I climbed a low tree to look over the tall grass, and remained quiet. After an hour's waiting the vultures became uneasy, and I guessed the lion was on the move. This proved to be the case, as immediately a lioness emerged into the open, close to the dead animal, and began smelling about, very suspicious that something was wrong. I was about seven feet from the ground, quite within her springing distance, but she had not yet noticed me, and I was content to keep her covered by my rifle and wait for the lion. This little game she suddenly spoiled by turning her eyes directly at me; possibly I had made some slight noise, or she got my wind. She looked very handsome with head

thrown up, ears erect, and tail straight out. I was discovered. She appeared to hesitate as to what it were best to do, we had met so suddenly. I was a little too far off for her, I imagine, so she curled up one lip and turned to retreat, when I rolled her over with a split Jeffery bullet through the shoulder.

It was time to look out for her mate, who was, I felt, sure to be near. And I was right; for, turning my head towards a movement in the grass, I saw the lion approaching in response to the deep growls of the lioness as she was struck down. He saw me the instant I moved, and stopped, crouching, as if to spring; for this I dared not wait, so I shot him at once. He never moved, being stunned by the bullet. They were not full-grown; but their perfect skulls may be seen in the Worthing Museum, together with the record wart-hog shot in the same neighbourhood. Lions were numerous along certain portions of the frontier, probably owing to the large numbers of game which lived in the adjoining preserve.

It will be noticed our life was extremely varied during this transition stage, and some of the best times I had were when I could get away into the bush and hunt the elephant, which was then becoming quite a nuisance to the people, since they were not allowed to be shot at except under a £25 licence. They would enter maize-gardens and make havoc, destroying grain-stores and consuming their contents. Females and their young were the principal offenders. I found the cow elephant and tuskless bulls by far the most dangerous. They appeared always on the alert to scent danger, whilst the old bulls sheltered under dense vegetation, not anticipating trouble of any description.

It is a debatable point with hunters whether they see you and are callous, or whether they think you are game not worth noticing. At times I have moved about, close to a herd, without their being alarmed; at other times I have been seen at once, and immediately charged by cows. I am inclined to

think one is not noticed, especially in strong sunlight, but it is difficult to escape observation early in the morning or late in the day. There is still a considerable number of cows in Nyasaland, but old bulls are very scarce.

As the country becomes developed, these animals will have to go; for already the educated native is asking why he pays taxes, and is not compensated by the Government for loss of crops by elephants. The tax-collector rapidly followed the magistrate, the problem he found was how to obtain taxes from a people who had not the means to pay?

In some districts labour was obtainable, but mine was too far removed from the trade-centres, so I made them cultivate rice which I received in lieu of taxes. This was carefully nursed year by year, until we exported from Jumbe's old slave-depôt no less than 600 tons in one season. The use of Indian rice was abandoned in favour of our home-grown produce, and there seems no reason why the vast marshes in the Shire River valley should not be torn up by steam-ploughs and tens of thousands of tons of rice grown and exported to South Africa and other countries, cheaper than it can be brought from the East.

Another great problem was how to stop the destruction of infants. When a woman had given birth to twins, the work imposed on her in the rice-fields was so great a burthen as to be almost unbearable; and there were, no doubt, thousands of infants killed. I had long talks with the chiefs, but they all considered that it was no use punishing the women; we must gain our object by other means. I recognised that it was a great task for mothers with twin children to clean the tax-rice, and this helped me to solve the problem of infantile mortality.

I issued a notice to the effect that all women who bore twins would be exempt from taxation during the current year, provided they brought the youngsters the following year. This paternal administration brought down on me an

avalanche of good-natured banter from colleagues, but the end justified the means. It also caused not a little merriment at the annual collection of taxes.

I was prepared for fraud, so each pair of little darkies was subjected to the scrutiny of an unemotional native sergeant of police; and to create as much fun as possible, I insisted on two boys being on the examining staff. Those boys almost made people consider themselves extremely fortunate to be allowed to pay taxes; their happy jokes at the expense of some women who tried to impose on me were most refreshing to us all, and made the issue of tax receipts quite a pleasant occupation.

I frequently heard conversations like the following take place :—

"That child is not yours; you have borrowed it!"

"That one's nose is flatter than this one's!"

"This baby is older and fatter than the other; take it away."

If they passed the youthful examiners, the general public gave the mother a cheer as she left the custom-house, but I must admit it seemed to rain twins the first year. I argued that if I could make it pay her to preserve the second child for a year, the mother would have not only become used to the burden, but would have learned to love it, and would need no further incentive to spare its life. There was compensation, I think, for the momentary loss of a 3s.-tax in the annual addition to the manhood, and therefore to the labourers of the country. It may have been a crude manner of dealing with such a task, but great evils need heroic remedies in new countries.

The Arab régime had too long held the field for purposes of destruction; it was now our turn to initiate new methods, to stop any further decrease of the population, and to build up out of chaos and ruin a healthier and better race of people. The abolition of slavery broke down all tribal jealousies.

People began to travel, and this meant enlightenment and broadening of ideas. Young people perceived that there were other and better methods to be learned from larger and more powerful tribes. Thousands, who had been carried away as slaves in their youth, found old relatives still alive, and a general migration ensued from one district to another, bringing all kinds of intricate relationships and claims to be adjudicated in our Law Courts—as, for example, a girl carried away as a slave married her captor's son, bore children; they had in turn married. She hears of her own relations being still alive in the old home and she at once runs away, taking all her children. The father follows and claims his wife and children. These are divided again, some clinging to the mother, others to the father; the girl claiming freedom under our flag, the husband claiming to have been legally married under native law.

Freedom in thousands of instances set whole families at variance, their claims being so well balanced as to make it no easy task to decide in a British Court. In the case of young children, the ruse of Solomon frequently needed to be put into practice. This side of the white man's burden is not illustrated in Blue Books or tabulated in Revenue-returns; but it forms a very real part of every magistrate's day's work.

Fanatics often ask: Why not abolish slavery with a stroke of the pen? It cannot be done without bringing many extremely painful experiences into the lives of the liberated, and the wiser course is a gradual transition. I often wondered whether the natives really felt thankful to us for crushing the slave-trade, for the new state of things brought no end of trouble in the early days. Again and again I asked myself the question: Will they, during my lifetime, realise what freedom means? My question was completely answered by a boy, just before I left the country, and it gave me infinite satisfaction. A big, burly man ordered a lad to

do something, but the boy turned on him sharply, uttering these words:

"I shan't! *Do you think I am a slave?*"

That was what we had all been working for. It had come at last! The African rising generation no longer imagined it was simply *unfortunate* to be a slave, *they felt it to be a disgrace!* In that knowledge lived the germ of a social revolution.

CHAPTER XIX

Wonderful Industrial Development

WE have travelled far together since landing from the old slave-dhow opposite Zanzibar, and have almost witnessed the closing scenes of the Central African drama in which the writer took part. Could David Livingstone live again he would be astonished at the transformation scene. He took wide and comprehensive views of national responsibilities, focussing our vision upon the grievances and oppression which weighed on this dark corner of the world.

Cecil Rhodes, whose greatness perhaps we have scarcely yet accurately realised, also thought in continents, and whilst we were clearing the path northwards, he was forging up from the south. His line of iron telegraph-poles marched onwards through treacherous swamps, penetrating dense forests inhabited by the ponderous elephant (who frequently played havoc with the intruder). Still on, over mountain and valley, ever northwards, this line followed a steadfast course until it spanned the mighty Zambezi River. To reach this goal was, for the moment, considered a marvellous achievement by most people; but there was no half-way house in the brain of Rhodes. No rest for those poles until stretching up to, and across, the Shire River, they placed Blantyre, the namesake of Livingstone's birthplace, in touch with both hemispheres. Scarcely lingering there a day, they skirted the shores of Lake Nyasa, leaping, as it were, the lofty plateau (where the elephants smashed up my cooking utensils one night!) and embracing far-away Tanganyika.

Little did I imagine, as we posted that scrawl of Pitman's

shorthand down the barrel of a rifle in our endeavour to communicate with the outside world, that it would be possible in my time to send a telegram to London in two days from near the spot where Stanley met Livingstone; yet such was the case.

The complete cessation of war brought to life a comparatively dead people. Whole tribes began to get their heads up, to look around, and there was born a very natural desire to see the world. To thousands of liberated men the southern gold-fields were an irresistible attraction. At home they could not hope to receive more than three shillings per month for their labour, that being really good wages at the time; but they were not slow to learn that, by marching a few hundred miles, they could obtain fifteen to twenty shillings per month, and so they trekked southwards in thousands.

Local interests suffered from this wholesale exodus, and it was not easy for some who complained bitterly to recognise the fact that, when once you knock the slave-chain off a man's neck, you not only release his body but give wings to his mind. He begins to think, and soon learns that his labour is his capital. We were compelled to face these new problems almost before the slave-chain had become rusty.

To readers who have never witnessed the awakening of a race of men, it is difficult adequately to describe the rapid march of their progress. One's brain at times became confused, a portion thinking along the lines of the old régime, when palaver and finesse were used to guide the half-savage intellect; another portion studying some obscure clause of an "Order in Council," and trying to foresee the effect it would have on the latest development of character. One moment we were endeavouring to explain to the natives the use of the long wire running through the country, and listening to their declaration that it was put up simply "for swallows to sit on;" the next, hearing one of their tribe

BUILDING A FORT

The Author planting the British flag on a clearing of dense bush preparatory to erecting a fort to hold the Arabs in check in North Nyasaland. Cooking operations are seen in the foreground, whilst a sentry watches on the bush side. Subsequently the Arabs who massacred the Wankonde in the lagoon were crushed near to this fort and the road to Cairo cleared.

A BEAUTIFUL NATIVE-BUILT CATHEDRAL

This is the most beautiful cathedral in Equatorial Africa, and was erected by Nyasaland natives under the superintendence of the Universities Mission. All the fancy bricks, stone-carving, and elaborate woodwork, are native made. The Established Church of Scotland has also a very fine church at Blantyre.

tick off our Christmas greetings to a friend in the old country. To-day missionaries might be seen laboriously teaching a lad the alphabet; to-morrow that youngster is busily typing despatches to the Home Government.

Perhaps the most bewildering advance was made along industrial lines. Not many miles from where the missionary, Atley, was murdered, now stands the most beautiful cathedral in Equatorial Africa, erected by black men under the superintendence of the Universities Missionaries. It is built of stone, quarried out of the adjacent hills, and bricks moulded into various shapes. The carved wood and stone-work would reflect credit on a European mechanic. To stand inside and gaze up at its lofty roof, supported by enormous arches, makes one almost doubt the fact that but a very few years ago the only structures the builders knew of were made of reeds and mud.

Busy compositors rapidly set up minute type for the printing press which chronicles the daily onward march of a race, not long since a mere shuttle-cock, driven hither and thither by the merciless strokes of the slave-raiders.

A youth, whose relatives have not yet given up allegiance to the dreaded poison ordeal, and retain implicit belief in all kinds of witchcraft, may be seen reading his Greek testament and shepherding the younger boys of his own village. One moment a magistrate may be heard passing sentence of death on a creature who is little removed from the brute the next, marrying a young couple, near relations of his, who have renounced polygamy. A man, not yet past the prime of life, who has never stepped inside a craft larger than a canoe, stops to gaze with awe and wonder at a huge steam vessel as it rushes past, nearly upsetting his frail boat; and as he looks he waves his hand to his son on the bridge, who is piloting and steering the steel monster into port.

The rattle of Masakambewa's spears against the Angoni shields had scarcely become inaudible ere I heard of the

measured tramp of their brothers, clad in khaki, led by their own brass band and non-commissioned officers, boldly turning out an enemy from the dense bush in Ashantee. The men who saw their kith and kin carried off by a cowardly rabble of semi-Arabs, and dared not raise a protesting hand, were but lately dying to a man in Somaliland to uphold the British Flag.

In the department of finance we could not escape the maelstrom caused by a whirling race enjoying its first hours of liberty. The mind so long used to bales of unbleached calico, beads, salt, and brass-wire, found it difficult to commence a cash-book and ledger.

Calico, the bulky currency of yesterday, which at times became the prey of rapacious white ants and rats, used to be carefully guarded in a mud hut, while, in a similar erection close at hand, austere policemen watched over captured men-hunters. When I closed my last year's accounts of John Bull and Co., at the once vilest slave-centre in Nyasaland, they showed a total of no less than £25,000 received from direct taxation in one district, where such a thing as a penny had never been heard of when we first made the acquaintance of its inhabitants; and this substantial contribution towards the maintenance of good government was raised in one of the least-advanced districts of the Protectorate.

As the black people advanced, new methods had perforce to be introduced. The old rule of thumb, rough common sense, patriarchal form of government, had to give way to more organised methods as European and Indian subjects came on the scene and entered into the life and trade which followed on the suppression of lawlessness.

The pioneer had to give place to trained officials, well instructed in the Law of Evidence. The handful of white men, who formerly held tens of thousands of coloured people in check, had been unable to study the fine distinctions which European law makes in judging the crime of "murder." If

life had been wilfully taken, the fact had to be recognised and punished at once, or a tribe might be annihilated. The slightest leak had to be *stopped*, not merely checked; pestilent weeds rooted up, not cut down. From refusing to a white man the ordinary courtesy a native would have readily given in his wild state to his chief, or any one in authority, there is but a short step to hustling women off the pavement and worse. It is one thing to head an anti-slavery deputation to an over-worked Colonial Secretary, but a vastly different matter to be on the spot when wholly new machinery is being brought into use; and it is easy, as every permanent official knows too well, to pull the wrong lever and wreck a province.

There was no booming of Nyasaland; its progress was rapid, but without ostentation. No gold-mines blinded the eyes of settlers to the profits of agriculture, the best of all foundations for a colony. "Keep to the land" was the rallying cry, and soon coffee was produced that realised fancy prices, though the young industry was crippled for a time through want of knowledge and capital, shortage of labour in the proper season, and various insect pests.

Every ounce of goods in transport was at first carried on men's heads, until it became impossible to keep the clock back any longer, and the first sod of a railway was cut.

At the very spot where the captain's boy fell overboard, and we were stranded on the sandbanks, a target for sneaking natives behind bushes on the banks, railway trucks now roll over the river on a bridge. Where once stood the famous stockade of young Chikusi, who, in revenge for the murder of his relative by a white man, attempted to seize the white women at Blantyre, Government offices, stores, railway station, and tennis-courts are crowded together in the usual up-to-date style.

The unhealthy reeds and marshes, through which we were forced to travel in narrow canoes, are now forsaken for a rapid passage in a luxuriously upholstered railway carriage,

and one may get decent lunch *en route*. In place of a long weary line of over-weighted black men, toiling up the steep ascent to the Shire Highlands, a locomotive drags hundreds of tons of merchandise over hill and dale. Where I looked with admiration at that large herd of elephants, quietly feeding in the marsh near Chiromo, may now be seen acres of cotton plantations, and the traveller would be more likely to meet a motor-car than an elephant.

In Blantyre, where they stole the ivory out of the store during my first visit, and where there lived but two Europeans besides missionaries, you may collide with agile telegraph-boys, be knocked down by natives in European costume, riding home from business on bicycles; or be jostled by some over-anxious first-class passenger rushing to catch the Eastern express, armed with Cook's coupons to London, England. I have but to drop a newspaper into the pillar-box at the top of any road, and I may be certain of cheering up some chum on distant Tanganyika at a scheduled date, with the details of yesterday's flight across the Channel.

When listening to the legend about the man from Katanga, with copper—who drank at the secret well, causing the Tanganyika to overflow the plain—I little thought of living to see two railways being built with the object of removing thousands of tons of copper and other minerals which are being smelted at that spot, for the markets of the world.

Explorers, churchmen, and statesmen, each in their respective spheres, have originated new movements, and maintained them at ever-increasing speed; but science, philanthropy, and law are by no means the only influences which have been at work in Equatorial Africa. Commerce was early awake to the vast possibilities of the Interior, and sent a fine body of representatives to bring under cultivation the almost virgin soil! Men with but limited capital sank their all in the enterprise, working from daylight to dark

in unhealthy places, turning up the ground and planting the coffee bean.

They saw tens of thousands of yards of calico being annually used by the black population for clothing, and they made the land produce tons of the raw material, which an expert lately declared to be "better than the Egyptians could grow from their own seed."

They observed the broad-leaved tobacco-plant growing near most villages, and at once conceived the idea of competing with Havana. Expensive experiments were patiently carried on by our commercial pioneers, with varying results. Excessive rains, which washed away most of the rich surface-soil as soon as the dense vegetation was cleared, were followed by periods of drought, when the pitiless sun blackened whole plantations; but the latest report states that better American tobacco is now grown than can be produced in the United States. If this is true, none will be more pleased than our energetic kinsmen across the Atlantic, to know that such a young community has taken on the task of "beating creation."

We should, I think, altogether miss the mark if we simply attempted to tabulate the work of these men in columns of £ s. d., or trade-returns. To any thinking man it must be apparent that, in the achievement of these commercial successes, the rising generation of coloured men are being trained in the healthy school of exercise and strict discipline, their masters being men who let them understand that they have come not merely to emancipate them from slavery, but in pursuit of wholesome enterprises of their own. Thrift, industry, and perseverance are lessons learnt by thousands whose motto had previously been: "What cannot be done to-day can be done to-morrow, or next year."

On the land—the best of all places for the population of an awakening country—and brushing against our hardy sons of toil, these Africans acquired many new virtues, and those who

embraced Christianity in any of its various forms were at once called upon in daily life to put into practice the lessons learned in their churches. When seeing coffee-berries drop off their trees, killed by the dreaded borer insect, and the labour of three years wrecked in a night, our agricultural friends could scarcely be expected to tolerate much merely emotional religion during the uprooting process. They needed sterling good workers, and those natives, whose first thoughts had been directed by missionaries, learned many a new and valuable lesson amongst the cotton-bushes, which tended to make their civilisation very real. We have much to thank the planters for in Nyasaland.

These are not events of the past century, but of yesterday and to-day. Africa is compiling history, not by single pages, but in whole volumes at a stroke. The grass growing around Mary Moffat's grave, by the rushing Zambezi, is daily blackened by the smoke from river-steamboats, whose almost ceaseless paddles revolve in a mist, typical of the days when she closed her eyes, vainly endeavouring to penetrate the dense fog enshrouding a Continent. As she sat on the Zambezi banks—watching uprooted palm trees and reedy islets floating past to the ocean, brought down from far-distant solitary places up the river, beyond the thunders of the Zambezi Falls—did she ever imagine that, before the letters on her tombstone had mouldered, that very chasm would be crossed by a hissing locomotive, rushing towards the Equator, and scaring into the bush with its shrill whistle, animals of species now fast becoming extinct?

What a series of moving pictures!—and one chafes at the thought that the light must go out, and we must come to the end of the film. Some one else must photograph the future scenes. Some of us would fain live on, and fain commence another task, such as we imagine needs to be undertaken in other parts of Africa.

At present I live in the past. When I take off a boot

in the quiet of my chamber, I seem to hear an invisible companion whispering, "You've got no toes!" and on instinctively challenging the assertion, I am met with the discovery, "You're white all over!"

Amid the prattle of romping children, in the sweet fresh-mown grass, I hear the warning of my little black boy—"Master! never sleep again in grass, plenty fire!" A group of village girls, dancing on the green, around a street organ, brings back to my mind the dark-brown lass whose dance was followed by that cruel night attack, and I wonder if the scar remained, or how long she lived, waiting for an answer to her—"When will you come back?" The past and present seem without a clear dividing line, and yet it is a long step from a slave chain to railway couplings.

At one time we expected that Equatorial Africa would have to be transformed by influences coming from the Cape and up the Nile, that there would be a gradual education of tribe after tribe, light and reason, by easy degrees, displacing savagery. But the exact opposite occurred.

Nyasaland was regenerated from within. The initial blow which set them free came from without, but all the rest was built up on the remains of its own old institutions, wrecked by the slave-raiders, and surrounded by tribes who continued to live in semi-savagery long after Nyasaland awoke from slumber.

The immediate need for room to expand was felt by an awakened tribe; they wanted to know what existed in the regions beyond; and as I saw some Nyasaland soldiers in khaki lying on the grass in a London park, surrounded by laughing white girls, I thought their desire had been fairly well gratified, although the prudence of giving them so much scope has been seriously questioned by experienced men.

I have been repeatedly asked what effect a visit to Europe has on a native, and I have no hesitation in replying: It does them harm, from the very fact that people do

not keep them in their proper places. They are completely spoiled. The innocent freedom of our women is totally foreign to them, and is misunderstood. There is nothing gained by bringing them to these countries, for everything they see is too wonderful for their brains to grasp. A few facts are indelibly fixed in their minds, such as the intensely cold wind; or the great show of meat; or the hosts of people and houses: nearly everything else soon vanishes from their conversation. Having received many foolish attentions from both sexes, they return with what is known as "swollen head," and are utterly useless as servants, looking on work as something for pagans to do.

One of these spoilt boys, who had been taken to England by his master, returned not long since to Blantyre, and met an old acquaintance, who inquired in the usual manner, "Friend, what is the news of Europe?" The old chum, now clad in boots, trousers, coat, and hat, all looking disreputable, turned towards the questioner with a look of scorn, replying in ready English, "Who the devil are you? Clear out!"

That answer gives a not unfair idea of the demoralisation of the native which too often results from unrestrained contact with large numbers of Europeans, and the tens of thousands who travel to South Africa for work return home very much the worse for their introduction to other tribes. They lose all desire to return to the land, thus becoming more dependent on a demand for other kinds of labour; when this fails, there is aggravated suffering from want, for the food supply is gradually being diminished. The women who are left at home are quite unable to keep the family gardens cultivated, and the majority of the people are compelled to live from hand to mouth; whereas in former days each family possessed its own grain stores, their forefathers having taught them that this was the natural, safe, and happiest manner of living. The adventurer from the tribe

BASKET WORK

The lower basket is made of split reeds and is used chiefly for carrying maize cobs; the upper one is plaited closely to hold flour. The corners are protected by strong cord, manipulated to form a cap such as sailors use to prevent wear by friction. All articles are carried on the head, seldom by hand.

THE DAWN OF CIVILIZATION

A young goat-herd with a keen sense of humour has made an attempt to ape his master, blissfully ignoring right or left boot, and daring to cover his woolly head with the crown of authority.

comes back from the rich goldfields with fancy blankets, cheap watches, brown-paper boots, common tin trunks, and briar pipes, only to learn in a few months, by bitter experience, the old lesson that "A man's happiness does not consist in the abundance of things which he possesses."

It is now extremely rare to see the primitive hand-loom at work in a Nyasaland village. The custom of smelting iron ore, forging hoes and axes, is fast being supplanted by trade goods imported in thousands. The rising generations know scarcely anything about woodcraft, and the number of curative herbs in use is fast decreasing.

But there is much to be said on the other side. All natives are not like those whom I have just described. There are tens of thousands who have thrown away many of their old vile customs, and who are honestly trying to move upward out of the gloom which for so many centuries has enshrouded their race. Since Bishop Hannington was murdered by order of the Uganda king, hundreds of thousands of religious books have been purchased by his subjects, and not a few have laid down their lives in defence of the truths the martyred Bishop endeavoured to teach them. Throughout the length and breadth of Nyasaland, it would be difficult to find a village which has not come under the influence of Christian missions. Their work, like that of all other human agencies, has many weak spots, but all those who have been privileged to see beneath the surface, and who can bear in mind the youth of these organisations, know it has been aptly described as "on the side of the angels."

No matter what our own private belief may be, we are bound to recognise the great work done by our fellow countrymen who have penetrated Africa in order to preach their creeds, and as one writer has said :—

"One of the most sublime illustrations of consecration to a great cause has been the fact that volunteers for missionary

service in Africa have doubled and quadrupled as one after another of those who had previously gone out laid themselves down to die. No clash of arms has ever revealed nobler courage and fuller persistence of purpose than modern missions in Africa. Yet there may be something nobler in carefully studying the laws of health in tropics, and going there to live, rather than in hazarding life by ignorance, and going there to die. Many lives might doubtless have been saved if men had observed the limitation of African environment; but it was almost inevitable in many low coast stations in the tropics, and in the great waterways of the interior, that lives should have been sacrified."

Dr. Scott Keltie, I think, put the whole matter of the different agencies into a nutshell when he said:

"In the building up of our world-wide Empire we have no doubt done many things which we ought not to have done, and left undone many things which we ought to have done. Yet the name of our country still stands high among our less advanced brothers in Africa, for many of those qualities which exalt a nation."

CHAPTER XX

Traits of Character—Resources of the Country

A FEW remarks about the natives may not be out of place in our closing chapter; but let me say at once that my observations must not be taken as applicable to all Africans; they deal exclusively with those amongst whom I travelled, and in the midst of whom I lived for many years.

Probably no two persons look at the natives from exactly the same standpoint, but there are certain outstanding characteristics obvious to all, except the man who merely rushes through their country on business or pleasure. One writer, I think, has put the matter in a nutshell: "The negroes not yet spoiled by contact with the slave trade are distinguished for friendliness and good common sense. Some can be guilty of great wickedness, and seem to think little about it. Others perform actions as unmistakably good with no self-complacency, and if one calculated all the good deeds and all the bad ones one came across, one might think them extremely good or bad, instead of calling them, like ourselves, curious compounds of good and evil."

They have been described as "selfish, inhospitable, intensely avaricious, and treacherous"; but none of these adjectives apply to the people I have met—not at least to any one tribe taken collectively; perhaps the Wagogo came the nearest to deserving them. Wherever I have been, any man could have gone, provided he was civil and paid respectful deference to the ordinary rules which governed the social life of the different tribes. That they are highly super-

stitious is not to be wondered at. Many of their customs are based on sound principles, but have been, like many of our own, distorted out of all recognition. The ordeal by poison has perhaps received a too sweeping condemnation, for something of the kind was almost a necessity before we supplanted it with Courts of Justice. A peaceful social life could not have existed without some means of obtaining a decision against which none would rebel.

Neither chiefs nor people possessed the power of procuring witnesses of crime, and it would have puzzled our best judges to satisfy clamouring plaintiffs, half mad with rage over some terrible wrong, when no proofs of guilt had been laid before them which would justify a conviction. Yet an acquittal was equally impossible. A simple wave of the hand would by no means have dismissed the case; on the contrary, it would have been a direct incentive to fresh crime. Chiefs dared not permit the tribesmen to take law into their own hands, and when it was impossible to separate the truth from falsehood, they allowed an appeal to the only Cæsar, viz. the "poison ordeal." To that tribunal all rendered absolute submission. No people can exist without a court of final appeal, and until we came and set up the machinery of our law, it is not easy to imagine what other course was open to those half-civilised races.

For honesty they compare favourably with any of the white races. I question if stealing, as a means of getting a living, was ever known to them before our advent. The charge of ingratitude may be dismissed at once, when we understand that the black man considers it an act of supreme folly to give away anything. It is not because he is altogether selfish, but because he considers it stupid, and perhaps as a bribe.

This feeling will be better understood when we bear in mind that they are practically independent of each other.

A gift seems to them as strange a thing as we should think it if we saw a cow pluck up grass and give it to her companion. And yet they often give one another little things; but it is treated more as an act of *sharing* with one another something which has by good luck come into their possession, and to which some one else has a partial right. Some people may be inclined to call this Socialism. Whatever name you give to it, the fact remains, and not a few grave errors are made by Europeans who fail to understand what is the real feeling of these races when they appear ungrateful for gifts of any kind. Personally, I do not remember ever winning either their confidence or good service except by justice and fair recompense for work done. Although I had many loyal, faithful, and brave servants, there was always a great gulf between us, and whenever it is a question of white or black, they naturally cling to their own colour, no matter how long they may have been attached to you.

A native was once asked by his own master, in my presence, whether, in case of a rising against Europeans, he would kill him, and he replied: "No! never. But I would go over to those other white men and kill them if I could, and their boys would come here and kill you." That is probably exactly what would happen in the majority of cases. "We do not think of to-morrow," is a common expression amongst them from childhood. It is "*now*, the present." Anticipation is not in their case "half the pleasure of life."

Dr. Moloney, when attempting to drill them, was quick to observe that "the average black is incapable of concentrating his attention on any one thing for more than a few consecutive minutes; his train of continued thought is remarkable for its brevity; his memory concerning that which the white man would have him remember is that of a little child. He has a firmly rooted idea that medicine is at the back of all good shooting, and trusts, in his preliminary stages,

rather to the efficacy of an elephant's hair plaited around the stock of his rifle than to his own great physical advantage of fine sight. On the other hand, he is imitative to a degree, and manipulates his rifle well. It receives an amount of care and solicitude which betokens a conviction of its possibilities. He is a fatalist, and at his best makes a good soldier."

Probably every pioneer will endorse the remarks on polygamy which were printed in a Nyasaland mission paper:—

"The question is one fruitful of much debate in some circles. In Europe, the matter as to the difficulty of dealing with polygamy is apt to be confused by a sentimental appeal such as our knowledge of African thought and feeling show to be plainly beside the question. People at home, for instance, say, 'If you compel a polygamist to give up his harem, a cruelty is inflicted on the discarded wives.' It might be so if the wives were not allowed to seek other husbands. Yet we know of no veto on their doing this; while as to the assumption that the discarded wives will consider themselves injured, give themselves up to despair, or even deeply grieve, because a man who is father to their children no longer requires them as his partners, it may be dismissed as wholly contrary to facts as we meet with them here. The generality of heathen African women appear to me to be by no means unready for a change when their husbands propose separation, not troubling themselves much to inquire into the reason why their spouses are tired of them, provided they themselves are not accused of unfaithfulness. It is a mistake, certainly, to suppose that in heathen marriages in Nyasaland any real deep feeling of attachment on the part of a wife towards a husband who has other wives exists *as a rule*. Occasionally, it may be granted, such a feeling will be found; but these cases are the exceptions, *not* the rule."

It is sometimes asked whether they ever sell their children for gain. We cannot do better than quote a Nyasaland missionary of great experience. He says:—

"Yes! they do, but only under the stress of famine, or under very peculiar circumstances. In the former case only when the famine is intense, and then not to get filthy lucre, but to preserve life, and when they do it, leaving a strong feeling against the man who does it.

"Exceptional circumstances, as, for instance, the redeeming of a chief member of the clan. Better a few go into captivity than the head of the clan be disgraced. All boys and mothers feel the propriety of this.

"It is a terrible thing to be without kindred in this land, and as terrible a thing, in its degree, to see your clan lopped of its strong men by a raid. Another time, a son by a slave woman was paid for the ransom of his father; it was managed by the clan, and the father was not asked. Better we all fall this day, and not the able-bodied man.

"There was also the system of giving over a sister's son in pledge. A lawsuit threatens to eat up a family already weakened as above, by a raid; something, or some one, must be paid, or extremes suffered. A benefactor is found to advance an ox or slave; he may not want a pledge, but his heir, who has not the same sympathies, may; then any near relation may be, and was, given in pledge to serve him.

"Again, any one was forced to assent to giving up a near relative when a crime had been committed by one of the family and this crime was brought home to one amongst them. This case is much the same as above, only no friend in need can be found; some person has to be given up 'willy-nilly.' We must bear in mind that, however degraded a thing the sale of a son by a slave may be, we must try to realise the transaction to be a wholly different thing from saying that a man is devoid of affection to his family. Nowhere in all this is there any selling of a child 'for a pair of shoes,' and, elsewhere than in Africa, hunger has often made the 'eye of a mother evil towards the child at the breast.'

"So far as to inhuman conduct to children: but is there

room for any strong attachment, is there any romance about the family roof-tree, even if they do not sell each other like live-stock?

"Positively, the mother is more than willing to feed her child, not only in childhood, but often long after; she is ready to fight his battles against any one, and certainly in most cases the boy is the light of his mother's eyes.

"When the child goes off on a journey, the mother awaits his return anxiously; sometimes, it may be, making a vow not to shave her head until he returns; on his return, she goes through a wild dance of joy, often casting white ash, or flour, over herself, and making a shrill noise: 'Lululuta.' She clasps her child round the body, sometimes round the neck, herself kneeling; she sees nothing of onlookers, of white man, or steamer. Then she must be poor indeed if she cannot provide porridge enough for him, and a friend or two. Often she may exercise a very doubtful influence over her offspring; one may depreciate the standard of affection, but travail, years of pinching, hoeing, and backache for him, do not issue in bitterness or estrangement; they must, to a certain extent, grace her with the rank of a mother, even in the face of the civilised world.

"Then there is the abandonment in grief when the child dies; the long wail going on through the night, the longing to look on the face of the dead. It is a debt of sorrow, paid to the full at the time, and then the bitterness is a good deal gone. The self-abandonment is complete, the sympathy with death an effort of the whole nature. If the body does not come home, then the solace of the mourning is lacking. Often relatives come in with claims for payment, but the sordid surroundings cannot hide the parent's feelings.

"The solidarity of family life is brought out when competitors arise on the field, in the form of European offers of work, or school, carrying as they do so many

DEATH IN THE FAMILY

The rolled-up bed mat standing against the hut. The deceased's hoe, axe, and knife are crossed in mute appeal to their owner to return and use them. Bands of white calico encircle the foreheads of the mourners, and the two poles used for pounding maize have been thrown down in the dirt, the bereaved wife having no desire to eat again. Grief sincere and acute is on each face.

advantages. Do the home ties vanish like morning mists? No! few boys care to be away from home any length of time. I have never known a boy willing to leave his people at the time of a funeral, or when war was impending, and the action of both men and boys leaves me with the impression that, so far from their home life being a blank to them, it is all in all, and very likely they can spend years amidst all we can offer of a parallel kind, and yet feel it all like a play at the theatre. The reality of life comes in news of a death at home, a family quarrel, or a raid—and what the man has been dallying with ceases to interest him. 'I must have leave on most important family business.'

"The same feeling is there, with many a slave, or slave boy, who laughs and chatters merrily enough. The white men come and go, the lad may have many a dance and many a journey with those who seem near him, but nothing can fill the place of his mother, his mother's brother, his own elder brother and sister, and his father—'Something that goes deeper than his dinner.'"

The reader may wonder whether, in this land of conflicting religions, there is any general belief in a Creator common to most Africans.

Without attempting to define the various shades of their ideas, I may say that they appear to place on a pedestal a Creator who, to them, is a Being gifted with absolute power, the Chief of Chiefs. With Him the inhabitants of earth can have no direct dealings. Nothing can be done to alter His wishes; no sacrifice could bribe Him. He is both invisible and inaccessible.

After death, they imagine the spirits live in a world apart from the Creator, but they are granted certain powers, which are exercised for or against men on earth, their good offices being obtainable, and their anger appeased, by sacrifice. Appeals to spirits are not lightly made, and are of a simple

nature, such as the placing of a little flour near their graves. When distressed by a great bereavement or other sorrow, they piteously call the departed by name, as did the girl who leaped from the cliff calling, "Amai! Amai!"

This implicit faith in the good intentions of departed spirits made them criticise the repeated supplications as practised in mission churches. They asked: "Why do you keep on praying to your God? Is He always watching for an opportunity to injure you, or stop your rain? Does He get tired of preventing bad spirits putting medicine into your porridge? Our spirits never sleep, and we let them alone as much as possible."

I have never met an African agnostic, and some of the most advanced pupils in mission colleges are known to cling to many of their old ideas of a future life in preference to ours. There seems no *death* in their creed; it is merely a transformation. The lofty mountain peak is not looked on with a sense of awe because its summit is lost in cloud-land, but rather because it is the watch-tower of some departed chief's spirit. A massive block of granite is not simply inanimate stone to them; it holds the still beating heart and sleepless eyes of some dead warrior. The distant stars are not balls of fire, but the ever-watchful retinue of the great "Chiuta" (God). Sneaking, blood-thirsty leopards are not animals, but assumed disguises of evil spirits intent on drinking blood.

Death? Annihilation? It is as unthinkable to them as that the sun does not revolve around the earth. To tell them there is a Creator adds nothing to their knowledge. That they shall live again! They treat it as gratuitous information. That the Christian's God is a Father! They doubt whether you yourself believe it, judging by your repeated solicitations for His assistance. Tell them they are wrong—they will answer that they had nothing to do with creation and that they are children. Endeavour to impress on them that they will be punished after death if

they do this or neglect the other, the invariable reply would be: "Nothing can hurt me unless the spirits get permission from God, and if He wished to kill me I am powerless." Attempt to tell them anything beyond what they have always believed, and you get the direct challenge, as I did—"*How do you know?*" They see nature is apparently governed, but by whom or what? To them the hand is invisible, but nevertheless there all the time.

Before the pen is laid down, some attempt must be made to answer a question which naturally arises, for whatever the past may have been, we are more interested in the future. Can Europeans hope to live in the lands I have been describing, and rear their offspring?

In the early days it was difficult; the life was altogether too rough, necessaries being reduced to a minimum. Constant anxiety, coupled with ignorance of what to use for the best and what to avoid as detrimental to health, brought premature old age to many settlers, if it did not cause complete collapse. But with present-day comforts one could live on the higher plateaux, although it is questionable whether our race would not physically deteriorate.

There is no getting away from the fact that the mosquito, even the most harmless species, is a great nuisance in everyday life; and, bearing in mind that to-day residents in some of England's most beautiful seaside resorts are compelled to sleep under mosquito-curtains, it seems difficult to look forward to a time when the pests will be eliminated from the regions under review.

But these are trifles, and cannot stand in the way of progress. The agricultural prospects would be good if only the means of transport were improved. At present it is so expensive that it would be a mistake to invest too much capital in agricultural ventures far removed from the coast, especially as the price of labour is tending upwards.

RESOURCES OF THE COUNTRY

So far as Nyasaland is concerned, the country is nearly out of the running, on account of the want of railway communication with the coast. There is a small railway commencing up-country near the junction of British and Portuguese territory, and running up as far as Blantyre in the Shire Highlands, but this is simply playing with the country. It is astonishing that John Bull has not long ago ordered the railway to be constructed up to Lake Nyasa and down to Beira, or negotiated with Portugal for its extension to Quelimane, with a lease of the port, to the financial benefit of both countries. If Nyasaland is ever to become a valuable asset to the Empire, the railway ought at once to be constructed; otherwise, from a financial point of view, there seems no alternative but to turn the whole population into labourers for the northern and southern mines. It is simply a question of which will pay best in the long run, and I hope the casting vote will be given to the building up of a solid foundation on agriculture; but this can only be accomplished by connecting the plantations with some coast port.

So far I have said nothing about minerals, which are known to exist in large quantities, *e.g.* limestone, coal, iron, graphite, and galena. Gold, silver, and precious stones have been found in small quantities, but the general geological formation of Nyasaland is not attractive. I cannot forget the immense sandstone deposits at South Tanganyika, traversed by quartz veins, and I have always regretted not having had time to prospect for gold in that region, as it seemed a most attractive field for geological study, and there is no reason why we may not have another Rand not far from the Lofu River.[1] But this is speculative, and I must not pursue the fascinating subject.

The basins containing the great lakes are gradually filling up with débris washed down by the torrential rains, but it must take centuries to reduce those inland seas to long river-courses.

I have designedly refrained from touching on the pheno-

[1] Since this was written the Abercorn gold reefs have been discovered.

menal advance made in the East African Protectorate and Uganda, as they are countries through which I have not travelled; but I know enough of them to be sure that each would require a separate volume to do it justice, and the writer should be one of the old brigade who lived in the days of Mackay.

We must grapple successfully with the sleeping sickness, if we are to save some of the African races from extinction, and to preserve the enormous labour supply which is so necessary to the country during its early competition with the open markets of the world. As the great Mitamba forests are attacked by our woodmen in search of pulp to supply the ever-increasing demand for paper, and the equatorial backbone of Africa yields up its untold mineral wealth, not only its own internal labour supply will be required, but the Chinaman, the Japanese, and the Indian will swarm to the busy heart of a too long dead continent. Then will those mighty streams, the Nile and the Congo, bear down to the ocean flotillas carrying ebony, teak, and mahogany from the present haunts of the Pigmies and the lordly elephant. The "Darkest Africa" of Stanley will export its millions of tons of vegetable and mineral oil, rubber, ground-nuts, millet, rice, cotton, sugar, coffee, corn, spices, fibres, tobacco, and a host of other valuable products, long after the supply of ivory, that old curse of the land, has ceased to exist; and European politicians already born may be called upon to regulate an ever-increasing flow of wealth to this country from the land which, but yesterday, was shrouded in gloom and sorrow, where the hideous slave trade set every man's hand against his brother, and life was little better than a living death.

The Hebrew prophet spoke of "a nation born in a day," and we instinctively turn our eyes eastwards. May we not look nearer home to what is no longer "Dark Africa," but a land we know, and whose possibilities make us shudder

as we think of the driving force now being generated, and beginning to be applied at every point of its social economy?

A hush seems to pervade a congregation of men and women in this land who think of Africa, when one asks: What of the race problem? White or black? Which wins? The blacks are thronging to the mines, where they compete with white labour, abandoning their natural and healthy occupation of agriculture. What will become of the native races under these new conditions? Will they dwindle and decay, like the Maori and the Red Indians?

And what is to become of the land which they are ceasing to cultivate, and of the far larger tracts which they have never cultivated? Countless numbers of wild animals gallop over millions of acres of silent forest land in Africa, which yields not an ounce of food for the human race, or contributes a penny towards the administration of the Protectorate.

Could we not encourage men from our own country to go in and possess these lands, the only title-deed required being a pair of willing hands and capital to develop industry? Would it not be wise to open these doors as wide as possible to the manhood of our overcrowded towns? It is not so much the attention of the Revenue Collector and Surveyor which is appreciated by young planters, as the encouraging assistance of a sympathetic Governor whose interest in each separate empire-builder's little try is felt to be as keen as his love of sport. If every possible inducement is given to good men to settle around the great lakes, our Protectorates will the sooner become a valuable asset to the old country, worth treble the amount received from it during the early stages of their childhood.

We cannot afford to waste time. Are we not called on to act as well as think in continents? If there still remain slave chains in any portion of Africa, there are willing hands

ready to snap them. It matters nought if there exist a thousand counterparts of Tip-pu-Tib, there are not wanting men and women who will show them "rain-clouds" in the sky. We know the age of romance, courage, and adventure did not pass away with the Crusaders. Would not some of the people who dash along our roads in motor-cars just as readily kneel down in a dirty African village by the side of a black maiden, and stitch up her lacerated breast, if there was no one else to do it for her, and no one to see them do it?

What may seem too like a lack of commercial enterprise is not difficult to understand when one sees British officers and troops transported from one African Protectorate to another under a foreign flag, because one British company after another cannot make its steamers pay against the competition of a foreign line subsidised by a foreign government.

Cannot my countrymen realise that the commercial invasion on terra-firma and ocean highways is an accomplished fact, whilst the aerial one is a theory? Did we sweep the hordes of Rugaruga out of those thorny stockades, and, in isolation, fight malaria and poisoned arrows for a quarter of a century, in order that some other nation might establish markets for their manufacturers?

If at home there is fear of our national glory departing, there is none away yonder under the Southern Cross from snow-clad Ruenzori peaks to the ocean. From every canvas tent, every mud hut, forest camp, and swamp, pioneers of civilisation send words of cheer back to the home land. If they are handicapped by the ravages of fever, they fight on, thinking only of a one-armed man who triumphed at Trafalgar. When the oppression of an isolated life makes the heart tired, they think of the lonely traveller who, year after year, plodded on and on, always penetrating deeper and deeper into the great unknown, and at last, worn out by disease amongst the marshes of Bangweolo, knelt down by his bedside, surrounded

by none but black men, and died with his face to the goal. The picture cheers them up, and the Cape Express, thundering across the Zambezi, tells them that "Africa's open sore" has been healed in British dominions, and David Livingstone's appeal answered.

Yes, indeed! answered far beyond his loftiest flights of faith. An upright magistracy and honest officials have supplanted the poison ordeal and slave chain. Laughter, dance, and song make the evenings welcomed by ten thousands of young Africans, who in the old hideous times were compelled to restrain their youthful desire to burst into merriment as the sun set, and forced to creep away in terror out of the reach of unseen enemies.

It was all work worth doing. Old memories of fever, fatigue, isolation from cultured companionship with kith and kin, do not count. What *does* count is the echo of children's voices which the waves often bring to me as I sit on the sea-beach, echoes of merry ringing laughter, and the rhythmic beating of distant village drums. These sounds are inaudible to the holiday crowd passing along the parade. They are vibrations which can only be caught by an ear which, long ago, listened to the cry of black men and tried to answer it. To my comrades still in the field I repeat the farewell of that British sailor at Zanzibar in 1882—"So long!"

INDEX

A

Africa, the geography of, 20
African humour, 26
—— travel, fascination of, 44
Agricultural products of the Warundi, 222
Agriculture and transport, 349
Albert Edward Nyanza, the, 221
Alexandria, bombardment of, 21
Alston, Lieut., 312
Amambwi, the, 116
Ancestor worship, 208
Angoni, the, 61, 135, 280
—— Indaba, an, 301
Antelopes, 145
Ants, ferocious, 106
Arab system of slave-raiding, 62
Arabs, courtesy of the, 245
—— hostility of the, 81
—— and Germans, 157
Aruwimi River, the, 180
Ashe, Mr., 22
Awemba, the, 89, 119, 256

B

Baba Daud and Bula Matali, 75
Baby, a deserted Walungu, 193
Bachelors' quarters, 123
Barthelot, 174
Baskets for catching fish, 304
Belgian officers on the Congo, 180
Belgians and Arabs, 242
Big-game hunting, 291
Birds, aquatic, of the Rusizi River, 232
—— —— of Lake Tanganyika, 232, 217
Bitumen at Ujiji, 79
Blake, Mr., Dutch missionary, 301
Blantyre, 136
—— transformed, 330
Boiling springs, 207
Boots, natives and the white man's, 42
Boyce, Dr., murder of, 315
Breaking the twig, a sign of friendship, 161
Brooks, Arthur, and his murderer, 39, 165
Buffalo, escape from an enraged, 61
Buganda, the, and Bp. Hannington, 20
Bush, hunting in the, 58
Bushbuck fighting, 145

C

Cannibal, a, 222
Canoes, 77
Cape to Cairo, 242
—— telegraph, 278
Cash, African equivalent for, 25
"Cat's-cradle," the game of, 283
Cathedral, a beautiful, native-built, 327
Chambezi River, the, 122
Character, an analysis of the native, 339
Characteristics of the natives, 31
Charms, belief in, 67
"Chikote" or hide whip, 84
Chikusi, 143
Children, education of, 289
—— parental feeling towards, 343
Children's games, 283
Chunyo, 53
Climate, 122
Coast and Interior, people of the, compared, 40

INDEX

Coffee, cultivation of, 329
Commercial enterprise, lack of, 353
Congo, Belgian officers on the, 180
—— State officials, the, 245
Cotton-growing, 331
Creator, belief in a, 347
Crocodiles, a conjuror of, 229
—— quartz found in the stomach of, 226
Currency, past and present, 328

D

Dance, an impromptu, 250
Delimitation negotiations, 316
Developing the land, need for, 353
Dineen, Dr., 107
Disease amongst the Walungu, 198
Doctor and the lion, 291
"Domestic slaves," 40
Duel, a, 108
Dutch Reformed Church, the, 304
D'zeoli, 301

E

Earthquake shocks, 208
Eclipse of the moon, an, 297
Educational successes, 275
Elephants, 143; an invasion by, 120; hunting, 292; shooting, 307; destructive, 318
Elmslie, Dr., influence of, 280
Emin Pasha, 180

F

"Father David," 141
Fauna of the Rusizi neighbourhood, 233
Fetish heaps, 69
Fish, baskets for catching, 304
Food, the necessity for good, 32
Forest, the African, 45
Fort Maguire, 300
Fotheringham, defender of Wankonde, 277
Free Church of Scotland men, tact of the, 281
Future life, belief in a, 347

C

Game and sport, 77, 89, 95, 122
—— pits, danger from, 187
Games, children's, 283
Geographical problems, 154
Germans in Africa, the, 157
Gifts, how regarded by the natives, 341
Giraffes, 167
Gold-fields, labour in the, 324
Goma Mountains, 70
Good News, building the, 90; launch, 102
Gordon of Uganda, 22
Graphite, 212

H

Hammock, travelling by, 150
Hannington, Bishop, 22
Hartebeeste hunting, 41
Hippopotamus, hunting the, 110, 205
Hoes, native-made, 222
Honey, 212
Hore, Captain, 19, 54, 57; Mrs. H., 22
—— and the scenery of Lake Tanganyika, 215
Hunting in the bush, 59

I

Images, wooden, 127, 208
Indaba, an, 189
Industrial development, 323
Industries about Tanganyika, 212
Infant mortality, 319
Insect life, 32
Iron ore, deposits of, 212
—— wire as a currency, 222
—— work amongst the Warundi, 226
Itawa Arabs, the, 255
Ivory, the value of, 49, 75; and slaves, 76, 179, 221

J

Jacques, Captain, 180, 245
Jellyfish in Lake Tanganyika, 215

INDEX

Johnston, Sir Harry, 21, 191, 203, 242
Johnstone and the elephant, 292

K

Kabatawe and the hippopotamus, 101; and the slave-raider, 102
Kabunda, 191
Kakungu, 259; capture of, 269
Karema, French station of, 105; attacked by natives at, 204
Karonga, 135
Kavala Island, our base at, 88
Keltie, Dr. Scott, 338
Kidd, James, and the game pit, 187
Kilangozi or leader, a, 41
Kirk, Sir John, 23
Kitimbwa, Chief of the Walunga, 95, 189
Kitimkuru, Chief, 119
Kotakota, 135
Kwakwa River, the, 150

L

Lady Nyasa, the, 135
Lake Kiwa, 233
Law wounded, 266
Law Courts, the work of the, 321
Laws, Dr., influence of, 280
Leopards, attacked by, 235
Leza or the Creator, 208
Licence for big-game hunting, 318
Likoma Island, 295
Lions, 65; and the Walungu curse, 201; attacking tents, 281; hunting, 291; at Kotakota, 299, 317
"—— and leopards," the game of, 283
Livingstone and the slave-trade, 50; and Stanley, 70
—— Mrs., grave of, 148
Lofu River, the, 89, 191
London, H.M.S., 23, 30
Luapula River, the, 314
Lusigi River, the, 70

M

Makanjira and Mponda, 135, 300
Malagarasi River, the, 68
Malaria and mosquitoes, 33
Mamba snake, the, 147
Mamboia, attack of fever at, 45
Man-eater, a, 299
Manna, 116
Manyema, the, 180; as cannibals, 243
Maples, death of Bishop, 309
Marine fauna of Lake Tanganyika, 79
Marriage customs of the Walungu, 194
Masai, an encounter with, 158
Matches, natives and the, 43
Medical impostors and *bona fide* practitioners, 107
"Medicine," 67, 91, 102
—— white man's, 163
—— men, influence of, 127
Mfiti or cannibal, 128, 225
Mgunda-Mkali Wilderness, the, 56
Minerals in Nyasaland, 331, 350
Mirambo, the great, 58, 61
Missions, work done by the, 337
Mkambi, 53
Mlozi and Jumbe, 87, 135, 300; capture of, 311
Moffat, Mary, 332
Moir, Mr. and Mrs. Fred, 90, 204
Monkey, a mischievous, 250
Monsoons on Lake Tanganyika, 237
Moore, death of, 216
Morambala mountain, 143
Morning Star, the, transport of, 25, 85
Mosquitoes and malaria, 33, 137, 349
Mourning, signs of genuine, 106
Mpezeni, Chief, 269, 315
Mponda, 135
M'pwapwa, 48
Msakambewa, 301
Music, African, 33
Mwasi, 300, 311

N

Native character, insight into, 46
—— chiefs, official treatment of, 279

INDEX

Native industries and imported goods, 337
Natives, the, how they are spoiled, 336
Noses, a difference of, 287
Nugget from Ujiji, a, 211
Nyanza, Emin Pasha at, 183
Nyasa, Lake, 122
Nyasaland, devastation of, 277; rapid progress of, 329; natural products of, 351

P

Packing for transport, 25
Palm-oil, 211
Parental affection, 344
Pearl mussels, 222
Penalties amongst the Amambwi, 119
Pioneer, the protection of, 187
Poison ordeal, 128, 340
Polygamy, 342
Porters, African, 25, 35
Postcard, the first, to Cairo, 312
Presents, attitude of the African as regards, 226
"Prisoner's base" in the water, 284
Products, natural, of Nyasaland, 351
Puff-adder, death from the bite of a, 146
Pulley, Lieut., 90
Punch as a literary tonic, 29

Q

Quelimane, 150

R

Railways, the, 329
—— want of, 350
Ramakukane, 141
Rees, Miss, of the Universities Mission, 296
Regatta, an African, 218
Religious progress, 337
Revenge, an act of, 253
Rhodes, Cecil, 312, 323
Roxburgh, James, 105
Rugaruga bullies, 96, 178
Ruiche River, the, 73
"Rule of the Road, the," 41
Rumaliza, 75; character of, 87, 169, 180, 204; and the Belgians, 242; death of his wife, 270
Rusavia, Chief, 233
Rusizi River, the, 212, 232

S

Saadani, the head-man of, 39
Saidi Mwazungu, treachery of, 282, 291, 300, 311
Salisbury, Lord, and the Cape to Cairo route, 242
Salt, 212
Salving a swamped boat, 240
Sangala, a large fish, 77, 188
Seine-fishing, 77
Shellfish and shrimps in Lake Tanganyika, 215
Shire Highlands, the, 279
—— River, 135
—— —— Valley, the, 319
Shupanga, 147
Sickness, how it is regarded, 249
Simm, Arthur Fraser, 310
Slave-raiding, organised, 62
—— trade, cruelties of the, 21, 48, 98
Snakes, 145
Spirit-houses, 69
Spirits, the belief in, 347
Sponges in Lake Tanganyika, 215
Stairs, Lieut., and the sangala, 188
Stanley and Tip-pu-tib, 173
the "Stone-breaker," 75
Steel boat, building the, 82
Stevenson Road, the, 122
Stockades, 65
Stokes, Charles, 153
Storm on Lake Tanganyika, 88
Storming a stockade, 261
Storms, Captain, 179

INDEX

Sultan Jumbe, 135, 291
Surgery, native, 107
Swamped in Lake Tanganyika, 237
"Swollen heads," 334

T

Tanga, legend of the man from, 78
Tanganyika, first view of, 73; legend of, 78; area of, 79; marine fauna, 79, 215; tribes about, 80; a storm on, 88; industries about, 212; scenery, 215; waterspouts, 237
Tattoo marks, 221
Taxes, 319
Telegraph from Cape to Cairo, 323
Telephone, a primitive, 283
Tip-pu-tib, 75; character of, 86, 171
Tobacco growing, 221, 331
Tom, tragic death of, 91
Transport, the difficulties of, 29
Treaty-making, 191
Trees and creepers, 211
Tribal laws, 289
—— spear, breaking a, 304
Tribes about Tanganyika, 80
Trivier, Captain, 185
Twins and taxes, 320

U

Ujiji, importance of, 73, 75, 168
Unyamwezi, the, 58, 61
Unyanyembe, 62

V

Vegetation, 44
Vicenti, 150

W

Wafipa, the, 98, 248
Wagogo, greed of the, 56; and the Germans, 178; character of, 339
Wajiji, the, 76
Walungu, the, 89, 189; calamity to, 192; tuition of girls, 193; marriage customs, 194; curse, 201
Wankonde, the, 122; annihilation of, 277, 312
Wanyamwezi, the, as porters, 25
Wa'nyika, legend of the, 78
Warundi, the, 221
Wasakumu, 153
Waterspouts on Lake Tanganyika, 89, 237
Watusi, the, 222
Wavinza, the, 68
Wax, 212
Wazigi Tribe, the, 221
Whitebait, 205
Wissmann, Major Von, 50, 120, 178
Witch-finder, a, 133

Y

Yao Chief, 280 *n*
Yule, James, the pioneer and hunter 262

Z

Zambezi, the, 144
Zanzibar and the slave-trade, 22
Zarafi, 300

THE END

Library: The New York Times.

Printed by BALLANTYNE, HANSON, & Co
Edinburgh & London

MAY 19 1941